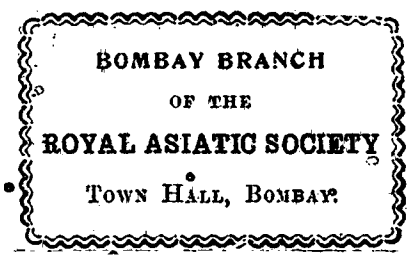
00024057



Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 06 February, 2016

00024057

MEMOIRS

OF

BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON,

FROM HIS JOURNALS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

yyi 14

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.
1853.

MEMOIRS

OF

BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON,

FROM HIS JOURNALS.

At this point Haydon's autobiography breaks off. Henceforward his life must be traced by help of his journals. These journals are curious volumes, twenty-six in number, bulky, parchment-bound, ledger-like folios. He has recorded in them the incidents of his days, his deductions from books he has read or pictures he has seen, and such passing thoughts as seemed to have been worth arresting and fixing in this way. By their help one may follow the progress of all his pictures from the first conception, — often the best, — through all the alterations in composition, the trials of effects in light and shade, studies of groups, single figures, and parts of figures. All these drawings are dashed in with pen and ink, careless and hasty, but almost always spirited, and instinct with characteristic action. Under sketches of the same subject, in different arrangements, are often written the reasons why one is better than another; and so with draperies, hands, and feet. From these may be determined, with tolerable precision, the time each picture was in hand from first to last.

I find the earliest sketches for Lazarus about June, 1820; but it was not till his return from Edinburgh that he fairly began the work on canvas.

It may be worth remarking that after the first scarcely intelligible sketch — little more than an arrangement of

lines — comes a composition almost exactly the same as that finally adopted for this picture, which now hangs on the staircase landing of the Pantheon in Oxford Street.

Long before I knew anything of Haydon or his life, I have often paused before the awful face of Lazarus in that picture, wondering how such a work came to be in such a place, and how the same mind that conceived the Lazarus could have fallen into the coarse exaggeration of some of the other figures of the composition.

I am much mistaken if this picture does not bear an impress of power which will hardly be found in the work of any other English historical painter. In spite of obvious blemishes, and the exaggeration of parts, I cannot but think it worthy of a place of honour in any part of a future National Gallery which may be appropriated to the works of British artists.

Haydon had written to his friend William Allen of his returning to London and work from his Edinburgh visit.

"I felt as if for a fortnight I had been sailing with a party of fine fellows up a placid and beautiful river, now putting in and dancing on the shore, now singing, and laughing and revelling, when suddenly the course of the river had brought me again to the turbulent sea on which my destiny was fixed to buffet. I declare to you I plunged into it with that sort of feeling a man has when he takes a dive in a gale of wind, watching each wave as it mounts, and then darting through it before it has time to smother him."

At the beginning of 1821* he says, "I now see difficulties are my lot in pecuniary matters, and my plan must be to make up my mind to meet them, and fag as I can — to lose no single moment, but seize on time that is free from disturbance and make the most of it. If I can float

* The journal for that year bears the motto, Ἔργα, Ἔργα, Ἔργα, and this (from Tacitus de Mor. Ger.): "Reges ex nobilitate, duces ex virtute sumunt .... et duces exemplo potius quam imperio; si *promti*, si *conspicui*, si *ante aciem agant*, admiratione præsunt." The italics are his own.

and keep alive attention to my situation through another picture, I will reach the shore. I am now clearly in sight of it, and I will yet land to the sound of trumpets and shouts of my friends."

Already by the 3d of January he was settling his Lazarus; balancing his composition so as to make the Christ the leading figure of the group, while Lazarus should share attention by his expression. "The author of the miracle first strikes the eye. He is alone,—as he ought to be; standing erect and visible from head to foot: while the object of his power, on the point of appearing, is sufficiently seen to account for the agitation, without interfering with Christ, the first cause."

Wilkie wrote more eagerly than usual (January 2d) "that he has a great deal to tell him;" and comes, his look, his walk important, his form dilated; sits down breathing with that consciousness of victory a man has after a successful argument. Drawing near the fire and chuckling with inward triumph, out it comes at last. He has made his maiden speech at the Academy, has carried his motion, has been praised, and begins to feel his weight. He tells Haydon his wonder at finding himself listened to; and is all eagerness for speech-making. "The next time he dines with me I am perfectly convinced he will get up and say, 'Mr. President, I propose that the candle be snuffed.' "He is now off," writes Haydon, "for the next fortnight;" and actually told me, when I asked how Lord Wellington's picture (the Chelsea Pensioners) was going on, that it was too cold to paint! What a character! Never was such simplicity, such genius, such prudence, such steadiness, and such inconsistency united."

Among his correspondents of this date was Sir Walter Scott, who gave him (December 27, 1820) an outline of a course of Scottish history, and (January 7) sent him the story of "the Laird's Jock," as a good subject for a sketch, like the mode of Salvator, though perhaps better adapted for sculpture.

Sir George Beaumont (Feb. 14) renewed his judicious

advice to paint down your enemies (if you have any) rather than attempt to write them down, which will only multiply them. "There is no man so insignificant as not to stand his chance of having it in his power to do you a serious injury at some time or other,"—advice which Haydon felt the full value of, but always forgot on the first provocation.

(*March 10th.*) Haydon spent an evening with Mrs. Siddons, to hear her read Macbeth. "She acts Macbeth, herself," he writes, "better than either Kemble or Kean. It is extraordinary the awe this wonderful woman inspires. After her first reading the men retired to tea. While we were all eating toast, and tingling cups and saucers, she began again. It was like the effect of a mass bell at Madrid. All noise ceased; we slunk to our seats like boors, two or three of the most distinguished men of the day, with the very toast in their mouths, afraid to bite. It was curious to see Lawrence in this predicament, to hear him bite by degrees, and then stop for fear of making too much crackle, his eyes full of water from the constraint; and at the same time to hear Mrs. Siddons' 'eye of newt and toe of frog' and then to see Lawrence give a sly bite, and then look awed, and pretend to be listening. I went away highly gratified, and as I stood on the landing-place to get cool, I overheard my own servant in the hall say 'What! is that the old lady making such a noise?' 'Yes.' 'Why she makes as much noise as ever!' 'Yes,' was the answer; 'she tunes her pipes as well as ever she did.'

On the 15th of February, 1821, John Scott, Haydon's old and warm friend, editor of the Champion and of the London Magazine, was killed in a duel.* There had been

* The duel took place in consequence of the following circumstance: Mr. Lockhart, the reputed author of "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," having been violently and personally attacked in the London Magazine, came to London for the purpose of obtaining from Mr. Scott an explanation, an apology, or a meeting. Mr. Scott declined unless Mr. Lockhart would first deny that he was the editor of Blackwood's

a coolness between him and Haydon for some time before the sad event. But this catastrophe broke down the pride which had kept Haydon aloof from his friend, and he thus (March 9th) records the impression made upon him by the funeral.

"Poor John Scott! and thou at last 'home hast gone, and ta'en thy wages.'

"For a fortnight before his burial, I exhibited a fine instance of wounded pride struggling to keep down the urgings of former affection. I held out to the hour before his funeral, and then a sudden blaze of light on my brain, showed me his body, stretched out dead! My old affections burst in like a torrent, and bore down all petty feelings of irritation. I hurried on my clothes and drove down to his door. As the room began to fill, I felt my heart heave up and down; my feelings were too strong to be restrained. I hung back and suffered every one to go before me; my very nature was altered! I, who was always panting for distinction, even at a funeral, (for I felt angry at Opie's that I wasn't in the first coach,) now slunk away from observation with my lips quivering, my eyes filling, and my mind struggling to subdue its

Magazine. This Mr. Lockhart did not consider it necessary to do, and the correspondence ended with a note from Mr. Lockhart containing very strong and unqualified expressions touching Mr. Scott's personal character and courage. Scott published his account of the affair, and Mr. Lockhart published his, in which he stated that a copy had been sent to Mr. Scott. The copy circulated by Mr. Lockhart contained a denial of his being the editor of Blackwood's Magazine. The copy sent to Scott did not contain this denial. Scott on this charged Mr. Lockhart with falsehood. The discrepancy between the copies arose from an oversight in printing the statement. But Scott's charge produced a reply from Mr. Christie, who had acted as Mr. Lockhart's friend in the affair, and Mr. Christie's reply led to a challenge from Scott, which was accepted. The parties met at Chalk Farm at nine o' clock at night, an unusual hour chosen on Mr. Scott's suggestion. Two shots were exchanged: Mr. Christie fired wide the first time, intentionally, but on the second fire his ball entered Mr. Scott's side, and the wound was fatal; Mr. Scott dying on the 27th. (Abridged from the Annual Register for 1821.—Ed.)

emotions into a stern feeling of painful sorrow; nature would not be commanded; when I got into the coach, I hid my face in my cloak and cried like a child. By the time we reached the church, I was relieved: happily I was so, for the world would have regarded any exhibition then (however genuine) as affectation. As I squeezed by the coffin that contained the body of my former friend, with the long pall and black plumes waving and trembling as the wind moaned up the aisle, I shivered. All our conversations on death and Christianity and another world crowded into my mind.

"As the coffin was carried to the vault, the plumes were taken off, and as they nodded against the light window, I thought them endowed with human features—fates that bowed as we walked in submission to their power!

"I descended the steps into a dark chamber and saw at a distance doors open and piles of black coffins, each with a trembling light fixed to its side. The mourners crowded forward: I felt too much to move; I heard the dry scraping of the cords, and then a dead jerk as the body sunk into its place. Immediately a voice rose breathing forth the beautiful words of our funeral service. Poor Scott! I took a last look at the coffin and walked away.

"Daylight was painful; the stir in the streets seemed disgusting. I went into an obscure alley and so home.

"Poor Scott, peace go with him! It is a consolation to think that in those very fields where he was shot, he told me, last summer (after his boy's death), that he felt life as a bridge over which he was walking to eternity."

The same month brought news of a heavier loss, (March 29). "Keats too is gone! He died at Rome, the 23rd February, aged twenty-five. A genius more purely poetical never existed!

"In fireside conversation he was weak and inconsistent, but he was in his glory in the fields. The humming of a bee, the sight of a flower, the glitter of the sun, seemed to make his nature tremble; then his eyes flashed, his cheek glowed, his mouth quivered. He was the most unselfish

of human creatures: unadapted to this world, he cared not for himself, and put himself to any inconvenience for the sake of his friends. He was haughty and had a fierce hatred of rank; but he had a kind gentle heart, and would have shared his fortune with any man who wanted it. His classical knowledge was inconsiderable, but he could feel the beauties of the classical writers. He had an exquisite sense of humour, and too refined a notion of female purity to bear the little sweet arts of love with patience. He had no decision of character, and having no object upon which to direct his great powers, was at the mercy of every petty theory ——'s ingenuity might start.

"One day he was full of an epic poem; the next day epic poems were splendid impositions on the world. Never for two days did he know his own intentions.

"He began life full of hopes, fiery, impetuous and ungovernable, expecting the world to fall at once beneath his powers. Poor fellow! his genius had no sooner begun to bud, than hatred and malice spat their poison on its leaves, and sensitive and young it shrivelled beneath their effusions. Unable to bear the sneers of ignorance or the attacks of envy, not having strength of mind enough to buckle himself together like a porcupine, and present nothing but his prickles to his enemies, he began to despond, flew to dissipation as a relief, which after a temporary elevation of spirits plunged him into deeper despondency than ever. For six weeks he was scarcely sober, and to show what a man does to gratify his appetites, when once they get the better of him, he once covered his tongue and throat as far as he could reach with Cayenne pepper, in order to appreciate the 'delicious coldness of claret in all its glory,'—his own expression.

"The death of his brother wounded him deeply, and it appeared to me that he began to droop from that hour. I was much attached to Keats, and he had a fellow-feeling for me. I was angry because he would not bend his great powers to some definite object, and always told him so. Latterly he grew irritated because I would shake my head

at his irregularities, and tell him that he would destroy himself.

"The last time I ever saw him was at Hampstead, lying in a white bed with a book, hectic, and on his back, irritable at his weakness, and wounded at the way he had been used. He seemed to be going out of life with a contempt for this world and no hopes of the other. I told him to be calm, but he muttered that if he did not soon get better he would destroy himself. I tried to reason against such violence, but it was no use; he grew angry, and I went away deeply affected.

"Poor dear Keats! Had nature but given you firmness as well as fineness of nerve, you would have been glorious in your maturity as great in your promise. May your kind and gentle spirit be now mingling with those of Shakespeare and Milton, before whose minds you have so often bowed. May you be considered worthy of admission to share their musings in heaven as you were fit to comprehend their imaginations on earth!

"Dear Keats, hail and adieu for some six or seven years, and I shall meet you.

"I have enjoyed Shakespeare more with Keats," he adds, "than with any other human creature."

"*March 7th.*— Sir Walter Scott, Lamb, Wilkie, and Proctor have been with me all the morning, and a most delightful morning have we had. Scott operated on us like champagne and whisky mixed. In the course of conversation he alluded to Waverley; there was a dead silence. Wilkie, who was talking to him, stopped, and looked so agitated, you would have thought that he was the author. I was bursting to have a good round at him, but as this was his first visit I did not venture. It is singular how success and the want of it operate on two extraordinary men, Walter Scott and Wordsworth. Scott enters a room and sits at table with the coolness and self-possession of conscious fame; Wordsworth with a mortified elevation of head, as if fearful he was not estimated as he deserved.

"Scott is always cool and very amusing. Wordsworth often egotistical and overwhelming. Scott can afford to talk of trifles, because he knows the world will think him a great man who condescends to trifle; Wordsworth must always be eloquent and profound, because he knows that he is considered childish and puerile. Scott seems to wish to appear less than he really is, while Wordsworth struggles to be thought, at the moment, greater than he is suspected to be.

"This is natural. Scott's disposition is the effect of success operating on a genial temperament, while Wordsworth's evidently arises from the effect of unjust ridicule wounding an intense self-esteem.

"I think that Scott's success would have made Wordsworth insufferable; while Wordsworth's failures would not have rendered Scott a whit less delightful.

"Scott is the companion of nature in all her feelings and freaks; while Wordsworth follows her like an apostle, sharing her solemn moods and impressions."

April 20th.—I find a letter from Miss Joanna Baillie, who, having been unable to attend the private view of Jerusalem, which she had now seen, writes to congratulate him "on having produced a most splendid and interesting work, so honourable for the artist and for the nation." Here, too, in his journal he has inserted some complimentary and playful Latin verses on that picture sent to the Examiner under a signature in which the reader will recognise the name of Charles Lamb. I do not remember to have seen any other Latin poetry from that pleasant hand, and certainly this specimen is more monkish than classical.

In tabulam egregii pictoris B. Haydoni, in quâ Judæi ante pedes Christi palmas prosternentes mirâ arte depinguntur.

Quid vult Iste Equitans? et quid velit ista virorum
Palmifera ingens turba, et vox tremebunda Hosannâ?
Hosannâ Christo semper semperque canamus.

Palma fuit Senior Pictor celeberrimus olim;
At palmam cedat, modò si foret ille superstes,
Palma, Haydone, tibi; tu palmas omnibus aufers.
"Palma negata macrum, donataque reddit opimum."
Si simul incipiat cum famâ increscere corpus,
Tu citò pinguesces, fies et, amicule, obesus.
Affectant lauros pictores atque poetæ—
Sin laurum invideant (sed quis tibi?) laurigerentes
Pro lauro palmâ viridanti tempora cinge.

CARLAGNULUS.

About this time, too, he made the acquaintance of Belzoni.

April 21st. — "Belzoni is a glorious instance of what singleness of aim and energy of intention will accomplish. He was a man with no single pretension to calculate on attaching his name to Egypt, but by his indomitable energy he has attached Egypt to his name for ever: I saw him to-day and was struck by his appearance, good sense and unconquerable spirit. He has that union of enthusiasm of conception with patient investigation before he acts, which is so seldom met, and thus what looks like madness to others is to him clear and practicable. He seems a man of great simplicity; tells all his pains, pleasures, and mortifications, all his hopes, fears, and anticipations, with the openness of a child. This gives a value to everything he says or describes. When a man tells what the pride of most men would keep from the world, it may naturally be concluded that he has told the truth. The people of Europe will, perhaps, never completely enter into Belzoni's raptures at finding the first tomb. He only can properly estimate his feelings who has wandered among a savage people, in a bare, sandy country, amidst shattered temples, prostrate figures, broken columns, and solitary pyramids. He only can share his delight at plunging into a tomb, twenty feet below the surface of an arid soil, and discovering it to be rich in colour, abounding in ornamental pictures, fresh as when first painted, and unseen by human eye for perhaps three thousand years!

"The whole thing is like a fairy tale, and you read on with breathless attention. He took down two priests, expecting rapturous applause at his success, and his disappointment, when they coolly took snuff without a single observation, is a true touch of nature. Then came the Kislar Aga, and the only idea this extraordinary tomb suggested to him was, that it would make a good place for a harem, because the women would have something to look at. In a short time, such is your conviction of Belzoni's truth, you resign yourself completely into his hands, relish his difficulties, share his successes, hope in his beginnings, fear in his progress, and clap your hands when he has succeeded."

There is a characteristic reference to himself in the following:—

"In every sense Belzoni is a grand fellow. He suffered in his progress, as all suffer who dash at once upon great undertakings which thousands have feared to touch. The attempt alone is an insult to the understanding of all those who have never attempted, and would never attempt such a bold attack. When a great undertaking is accomplished, it is 'opportunity' and 'luck.' When it was undertaken it was 'insanity.' They first endeavour to hinder a man from all attempts beyond the ordinary course, by asserting the impossibility of success, and when he proves them in error, they charitably attribute his success to 'happy chance,' to anything in short but a combined action of his own understanding and will.

"How strange it is, that the very people who make a man celebrated by talking of his name (which they cannot avoid) revenge themselves by attaching everything to it that can bring him down to their own level.

"*April 27th.* — I saw to-day some heads in chalk, from Raffaele's School of Athens. What expression! Eyes, mouth, nose, all seemed quivering with feeling — each feature sympathising with its brother feature. O Raffaele, Raffaele, what futile stuff is my art after thine!

"But it shall not be in my Lazarus. I see deeper than I ever did, and have grander notions of my art. O God! grant me life, health, and memory, to realise my views.

"*28th.* — As I stood last night in the midst of a conversazione of celebrated men, I thought of Johnson's saying 'That there was not one of them but would feel pain at his own reflections before midnight.' I first encountered Soane, smiling and talking to many others, a man of good heart but with a caustic temper that has rendered his life a burthen. Then I saw the Duke of Sussex, with a star on his breast and an asthma inside it, wheezing out his royal opinions; and in this way I went through the greater part of the company, and ended with myself aching in heart and tortured in mind with pecuniary difficulties. After a few hours, away we all went to our respective pillows, delighted with our host's brilliant conversazione, and he enraptured that we were gratified.

"And must there not be a world of justice, of peace, of truth hereafter, where souls may show themselves what they are, without bodies to disguise their real essence? There must be? Ah! Scott, you know it by this time, and poor dear Keats too. I strolled the Kilburn meadows last evening. The influence of my two friends seemed breathing about me. The endeavour of this present breath must soon be over. I never felt so strongly the insignificance of life as I have lately: I see through its pretences thoroughly. Perhaps my highest days are over. I have enjoyed the greatest success, all the triumphant feelings of conquest and glory, and what then? One's heart sinks inwardly on its own resources and yearns for something higher, some immaculate virtue unattainable on earth, some radiant peace beyond the apprehension of man — angelic smiles and angelic sympathies — the calmness of a brighter region, and the approbation of a God!

"All these feelings have been generated by that head of Raffaele. First I felt its beauty, then mused on its expression, then thought of God who could give such features to

express thought, and then of the being who had the genius to represent those features with a brush and a little colour, so as to excite such sensations. One thought led to another till it ended as I have written."

His pecuniary difficulties were now again pressing on him. He writes:—

"*May 2nd.*—There is always a species of disgust in encountering pecuniary difficulties after having once felt the blessings of repose. It is a painful sacrifice of pride to be obliged to call on tradesmen as one did when an unknown student. As I awoke at two o'clock this morning, something like inspiration came over me and said "Why do you not act with your old energy of mind? why do you lie here without looking your difficulties in the face? why do you leave yourself to the power of your imagination? Act! act! Plan after plan darted into my head until I fell asleep, woke, got up, sallied forth for five hours, satisfied everybody, came home and found a pupil with 70*l.* I ate my dinner with a calm mind.

"I am inclined to imagine that much of the pain and anxiety of mind I have suffered for the last few days arose from nothing more or less than *indigestion.* My stomach was heated and affected my brain. Suppose in that humour I had shot myself? Would a superior Being have destroyed my soul, because, my brain being irritated by an indigestion, I had in a state of perturbation put an end to a painful exitence? Surely not!"

It is curious to observe how frequently Haydon recurs to the thought of suicide in this questioning fashion. "I am sorry to say," he writes soon after this, "that I am not so convinced of the wickedness of suicide as I am of its folly." All through the journal of this period he seems harassed and disturbed, mainly I believe from the longing he had to marry, and his sense of the imprudence of doing so, in the present condition of his affairs.

"*May 3rd.*—Read the whole day and considered deeply on the head of Christ and on the expression for Lazarus.

"There are two things which press upon one's mind dreadfully, viz. the passing of time and the growing of children!

"If children would but remain smiling cherubs for ten years what delights they would be! As to 'time,' nothing is such a stimulus, or such an eternal haunter of my conscience. I have got into such a habit of thinking of this, that resting a moment makes me start up as if I heard time's eternal waterfall tumbling into the gulf below! I bustle myself into action and get rid of the roar.

"*4th.*—Went to the private view of the Academy; there is an evident making out in the portraits now, and a struggle to do things better, more correctly, than formerly. I think I can perceive that the influence of Reynolds in his most vicious habits is on the wane: hands begin to have bone; heads to have ears; legs, shape; and coats, arms beneath them. The whole lengths have been lowered a foot; artists are beginning to show an evident desire that their works may be looked into. This indeed shows an advanced feeling. The most entertaining thing is the vast strain to get something in the shape of historical pictures. Unable to conceive anything new they have been compelled to violate one of their own laws, and allow an old member to hang a picture that has been painted for thirty years. Feeble as it is, it yet shows their disposition. The poor historical painters! A historical painter in the Academy is something like the log Jupiter sent the frogs for a king.

"*5th.*—Called on Jeffrey and found him preparing to have his face cast. Breakfast was ready and friends began to drop in. In spite of all efforts to conceal it, he was pleased at having his face cast before others. Can it be possible that critics should be liable to the weaknesses of human nature? Sidney Smith came in, the most playful, impudent, careless cassock I ever met. Mrs. Jeffrey and another Scotch lady were with us, and Sidney Smith began playfully to plague them by affecting to agree with them, giving in to all their little prejudices, sympathizing

with all their little grievances, and bantering all their little nonsenses in a way the most agreeable and amusing. I saw that he was drawing them out for materials for a good story for the evening, and capital materials he had.

"By this time Jeffrey's coat was off, his chin towelled, his face greased, the plaster ready, and the ladies watching everything with the most intense interest. Mrs. Jeffrey began to look anxious; the preparations for casting a face are something like those for cutting off a man's head. Not liking to seem too fond before others, she fidgetted in her seat, and at last settled on the sofa with her smelling-bottle barely visible, grasped tightly in her hand. The plaster was now brought, a spoonful taken up, Jeffrey ordered to keep his mouth close and his nerve firm, and the visitors to be quiet. Sidney Smith was dying with laughter, and kept trying to make Jeffrey laugh, but it would not do. When his face was completely covered, up jumped Sidney mock heroically, exclaiming, 'There's immortality! but God keep me from such a mode of obtaining it.' Unfortunately Jeffrey's nostrils were nearly blocked up, breathing became difficult, his nerve gave way and the mould was obliged to be jerked off and broken. So much for *this* attempt at immortality.

"Sidney Smith took up the cartoon of the Beautiful Gate, and began reading the fine speech of St. Peter to the beggar, 'Silver and gold have I none.' 'Ah! that was in the time of the paper currency,' said he!

"*8th.*—Belzoni dined with me, and we had a pleasant evening. Rank and situation are more adapted for the world than the naked majesty of talent or character. A man who depends on the esteem of the world, and has nothing but his talents or his character to keep it up, can do nothing inconsistent with either without losing that esteem; but a man who is fenced with rank or office can do what is inconsistent with principle, and though in the world's eye he tarnishes his rank, yet he is held up and protected by those equally elevated, for the sake of his position.

"These (if this be true) are the privileges of rank and wealth; the privileges of thought have not yet been defined."

Money straits and love longings together much disturbed the steady progress of the painter's work about this time.

"Nine days," he writes, "have passed in May, and I have not touched a brush. I wish to God I could keep up that principle of '*nulla dies sine linea*.' And if I had nothing but my art to attend to, I would; but, alas! pecuniary difficulties are sad obstructions to regularity of study." He seems even to frame excuses out of his work itself, for dallying with it. The head of Christ makes him pause before beginning. His mildness of character is so difficult to reconcile with depth of thought: the form that gives the one destroys the other. "Idle!" (he writes, on the 14th), "I have done nothing yet but walk about with a sort of fury, as if my life depended on it, when I had nothing in the world to do out of doors." The sale of Reynolds' works at Christie's gave him a tempting excuse for staying out of his painting-room. He has whole pages full of criticism of Reynolds, to whom, at this time, he hardly did justice. He complains of his picture of the Cardinal Virtues as having emptiness for breadth, plastering for surface, and portrait individuality for general nature. His tone is too much toned. Raffaele is pure and inartificial in comparison. He compares Reynolds to a man of strong feeling, labouring to speak in a language he does not know, and giving a hint of his idea by a dazzling combination of images; Raffaele to a master of polished diction, who conveys in exquisite phraseology certain perceptions of truth. But still he felt the spirited competition for Sir Joshua's pictures, and the high prices they brought at this sale, to be the most triumphant thing for the art of this country. He compares the indifference with which a fine Teniers, a respectable Titian, and an undoubted Corregio, were put up, knocked down, and carried off, with the enthusiastic eagerness when a picture of Reynolds was offered. On the principle of seeking in each master his characteristic excellence, he avows his

preference of the Charity to any of his larger productions. "It may take its place triumphantly," he says, "by any Corregio on earth." And next to this, he thinks his Piping Shepherd one of the finest emanations of the painter's sentiment. (19th May.) He made Mr. Phillips * buy this picture for 400 guineas, who being a new hand at buying, looked rather frightened at having given so much. "But it was worth 1000 guineas," says Haydon. "It is the completest bit of a certain expression in the world. Eyes and hands, motions and look, all seem quivering with the remembrance of some melodious tone of his flageolet. The colour and preservation are perfect. It is a thing I could dwell on for ages."

"*20th.*—Went again to Reynolds' sale. I found the 400 guineas of yesterday had made a great noise in town, and Phillips was assailed by everybody as he came in. I soon found it was considered by the artists a sort of honour to be near him; and in the midst of the sale up squeezed Chantrey. I was exceedingly amused; I turned round, and found on the other side Northcote! I began to think something was in the wind. Phillips asked him how he liked the Shepherd Boy. At first he did not recollect it, and then said, 'Ah! indeed! Ah! yes! it was a very poor thing! I remember it!' Poor Mr. Phillips whispered to me, 'You see people have different tastes!' It served him heartily right, and I was very glad of it; he does not deserve his prize. The moment these people heard I was the adviser, they all began to undervalue it. I knew that Northcote's coming up was ominous of something. The attempts of this little fellow to mortify others are quite amusing; he exists on it. The sparkling delight with which he watches a face, when he knows something is coming that will change its expression, is beyond everything. And as soon as he had said what he thought would make Phillips unhappy for two hours, he slunk away.

Afterwards Sir George

"I have gained immense knowledge this last week, examining these pictures."

On the 22nd, Haydon was still lamenting his idleness. Since he finished Christ's Agony in the Garden (the unsuccessful picture for Sir George Phillips), on the 26th of February, he had done nothing. With common energy he might have done wonders. To the readers of the journals there was no need for his adding, as he has done to this confession, a note of *1822*. "The reason I was so idle at this time was, uncertainty about being able to marry, and being deeply in love." Still he consoles himself by the thought, that the sight of Reynolds's pictures has done him great good; and he thinks that his next head (which he is so slow to begin) will be "more solid and ponderous in power." He was now in that mood when trifles move a man strongly. Strolling about on the 26th, "in agony of mind, torture of body, and racking of conscience," he accidentally fell in with the Georgian Gazette, and lighted on this passage: "Suffer not your zeal and activity to end with the occasions that call them forth; but let duty stimulate you, and persevere, unshaken by difficulties, unappalled by danger." This sank into his soul, "as if a hand had turned a leaf in it;" and by Monday next, in the evening, "he hopes to give a better account of himself." But the very evening of this virtuous resolution, I find him again strolling in the British Gallery; and on the 27th, the entry is "up late last night, did nothing to-day;" and on the 28th, he spends his day again at the Gallery, but consoles himself by reflecting "that May is now nearly over, which, from whatever cause, is always the idlest month of the year with him." And on the 31st is the triumphant entry, "Began at last at the head of Christ." For these lazy, strolling, desponding, and self-condemning days, I find hardly a sketch in the journals; but with renewed diligence the sketching pen was again busy, and the pages are filled as usual with studies of heads, legs, arms, figures, groups, and effects of light and shadow; and as the cheering result

of hard work, in this energetic mind, he declares (June 4th) that since he began to work he has not had one uneasy moment. Wilkie called constantly, and they held grand consultations about his picture, which, under the combined effects of Wilkie's advice and his own thinking, improved amazingly. So he worked diligently at his figure of the Saviour till (June 22nd), "a remarkable day in my life," he writes; "I am arrested. After having passed through every species of want and difficulty, often without a shilling, and without ever being trusted; now when I am flourishing, I become a beacon, and a tradesman, who, if I had been on a level with himself, would have pitied my situation, is proud of an opportunity to show me he is as good a man. Law in England is often made subservient to gratify the democratic energy of the people, and used oftener as a means to vent their spite against rank and talent, and to give bread to attornies, than for the abstract sake of justice or self-righting. Here was a man, to whom I had paid 300*l.*, who, because I employed another to fit up my last room, out of pique arrested me for the balance. The officer behaved like a man. I told him I must shave, and begged him to walk into the painting-room. I did so, and when I came down, I found him perfectly agitated at Lazarus. 'Oh my God! Sir,' said he, 'I won't take you. Give me your word to meet me at twelve at the attorney's, and I will take it.' I did so. At the attorney's we argued the point, and I beat him in the presence of the officer. I proved the gross injustice of the proceeding, and the officer said 'he'd be damned if he did not see me through it.' I appointed the evening to arrange finally. 'But you must remain in the officer's custody,' said the attorney. 'Not he,' said the officer, 'let him give me his word, and I'll take it, though I am liable to pay the debt.' I did so, and this man, who never saw me in his life, left me free till night. At night I settled everything. The expenses were 11*l.* The footpad, who risks his life by braving the gallows, is a noble being, and entitled to sympathy, in comparison with the wretch, who, taking

advantage of a law framed for the benefit of society, uses it as a means of oppressing society, and robs those whom he knows can pay him to supply his own wants. Will not the Great Judge, who will unravel the muffled hypocrite by a look, will He not see the difference between an attorney, who robs by law, and a poor starving creature, who is goaded to break a particular law made to secure property, probably amassed by legitimately robbing others? Alas! alas! how things will be one day changed!"

The compunction of the bailiff before the great canvass of Lazarus, I cannot help thinking as striking an incident in its way, as that of the bravoes arrested in their murderous intent by the organ-playing of Stradella. Nor ought one to be surprized that this arrest embittered the poor painter into three folio pages of angry comment on the hollowness of such institutions as laws against debtors, and the mockery of justice which they secure, in which he institutes a comparison between actions and their consequences in Lord Castlereagh, John Hunt (then undergoing incarceration for an attack on that nobleman in the Examiner), a poor boy of St. Giles's, and himself. The same evening brought its striking contrast. "From the bailiff's house, I walked to Lord Grosvenor's, and my mind was extremely affected, after the insult I had just received, on entering a room full of lovely women, splendid furniture, exquisite pictures: all was gay, breathing, animated voluptuousness. I strolled about amidst sparkling eyes, musing in the midst. I met Sir George: he asked me to come home and see what he had been doing; so I walked home with him, and as I wanted to know where somebody lived, he sent his servant to accompany me, and so I walked across the square, with the servant of a man of high rank at my heels, as grandly as a bashaw, after having been tapped by a bailiff two hours before! I then went home, where I found the son of an old friend of my father, without a shilling, having lost a situation from his eccentricity. He had come by the coach, and left his trunk as security for his fare, which he

wanted me to pay. I lent him what I could spare—little enough, God knows! and away he walked as happy as I did from the sheriff. In the evening I went to the sheriff's house, and, as I waited in his parlour, saw the tax-gatherer's paper over the chimney for taxes due, with a note of a peremptory nature! Here is a picture of a human day, of human beings, human delusions, human absurdities, and human law."

Haydon thus sums up his reasoning on this day of 1821, in a note added afterwards: "Is it not more than probable, that J. Hunt, the poor boy of St. Giles's, Lord Castlereagh, myself, the bailiff, and the attorney, will be equally subjects of commiseration, pardoned, made happy, and all follies, motives, and weaknesses forgotten, at the same time?" Yet he cannot content himself with this sweeping consolation. "Alas!" he adds, "reflection cannot be borne, it shakes one to stupor."

"*July 4th.*—I thank God my mind is now in the right tone, and not till lately has it been so. My error has been always expecting every picture I brought out to do everything I hoped, and put me above anxiety. My ambition is greater than ever, but my dependance on any single effort moderated. I have made up my mind to do as well as I can, if free from trouble so much the better; if not, to do all I can in spite of trouble. This is the true state of mind to act in. I thank God for it. Wilkie drank tea with me to-night, and brought me news Napoleon was dead! Good God! I remember in 1806, as we were walking to the Academy, just after the battle of Jena, we were both groaning at the slowness of our means of acquiring fame in comparison with his. He is now dead in captivity, and we have gone quietly on, '*parvis componere magna*,' rising in daily respect, and have no cause to lament our silent progress. Ah, Napoleon, what an opportunity you lost! His death affects me to deep musing. I remember his rise in 1796, his glory, and his fall. Posterity can never estimate the sensations of those living at the time."

July 10th.—Haydon was now very happy, for his future wife had arrived in town.

And now came the coronation, at which Haydon was present, in Westminster Hall. His description is an effective word-painting of the most gorgeous ceremonial of our time, the last coronation at which the champion threw down the glove against all gainsayers of the king's right and title.

"*July 19th.*—I only got my ticket on Wednesday at two, and dearest Mary and I drove about to get all that was wanted. Sir George Beaumont lent me ruffles and frill, another friend a blue velvet coat, a third a sword; I bought buckles, and the rest I had. I went to bed at ten, and arose at twelve, not having slept a wink. I dressed, breakfasted, and was at the Hall door at half-past one. Three ladies were before me. The doors opened about four, and I got a front place in the Chamberlain's box, between the door and the throne, and saw the whole room distinctly. Many of the door-keepers were tipsy; quarrels took place. The sun began to light up the old Gothic windows, the peers to stroll in, and other company of all descriptions to crowd to their places. Some took seats they had not any right to occupy, and were obliged to leave them after sturdy disputes. Others lost their tickets. The Hall occasionally echoed with the hollow roar of voices at the great door, till at last the galleries were filled; the hall began to get crowded below. Every movement, as the time approached for the King's appearance, was pregnant with interest. The appearance of a monarch has something in it like the rising of a sun. There are indications which announce the luminary's approach; a streak of light—the tipping of a cloud—the singing of the lark—the brilliance of the sky, till the cloud-edges get brighter and brighter, and he rises majestically into the heavens. So with a king's advance. A whisper of mystery turns all eyes to the throne. Suddenly two or three rise; others fall back; some talk, direct, hurry, stand still, or disappear. Then three or four

of high rank appear from behind the throne; an interval is left; the crowds scarce breathe. Something rustles, and a being buried in satin, feathers, and diamonds rolls gracefully into his seat. The room rises with a sort of feathered, silken thunder. Plumes wave, eyes sparkle, glasses are out, mouths smile, and one man becomes the prime object of attraction to thousands. The way in which the king bowed was really royal. As he looked towards the peeresses and foreign ambassadors, he showed like some gorgeous bird of the East.

"After all the ceremonies he arose, the procession was arranged, the music played, and the line began to move. All this was exceedingly imposing. After two or three hour's waiting, during which the attempt of the Queen agitated the Hall, the doors opened, and the flower-girls entered, strewing flowers. The grace of their action, their slow movement, their white dresses, were indescribably touching; their light milky colour contrasted with the dark shadow of the archway, which, though dark, was full of rich crimson dresses that gave the shadow a tone as of deep blood; the shadow again relieved by a peep of the crowd, shining in sunlight beyond the gates, and between the shoulders of the guard that crossed the platform. The distant trumpets and shouts of the people, the slow march, and at last the appearance of the King crowned and under a golden canopy, and the universal burst of the assembly at seeing him, affected everybody. As we were all huzzaing, and the King was smiling, I could not help thinking this would be too much for any human being if a drop of poison were not dropped into the cup ere you tasted it. A man would go mad if mortality did not occasionally hold up the mirror. The Queen was to him the death's-head at this stately feast.

"After the banquet was over, came the most imposing scene of all, the championship and bringing in of the first dishes. Wellington in his coronet walked down the Hall, cheered by the officers of the Guards. He shortly returned, mounted, with Lords Howard and Anglesea. They

rode gracefully to the foot of the throne, and then backed out. Lord Anglesea's horse was restive. Wellington became impatient, and, I am convinced, thought it a trick of Lord Anglesea's to attract attention. He never paused, but backed on, and the rest were obliged to follow him. This was a touch of character. The Hall doors opened again, and outside in twilight a man in dark shadowed armour appeared against the shining sky. He then moved, passed into darkness under the arch, and suddenly Wellington, Howard, and the Champion stood in full view with doors closed behind them. This was certainly the finest sight of the day. The herald read the challenge; the glove was thrown down. They all then proceeded to the throne. My imagination got so intoxicated that I came out with a great contempt for the plebs; and as I walked by with my sword, I indulged myself in an '*odi profanum.*' I got home quite well, and thought sacred subjects insipid things. How soon should I be ruined in luxurious society!"

On October 10th his marriage took place, and his journal is full of raptures, with which the reader has no concern. Still I may give the record of the last day of the year. We are surely at liberty to pause on one rare passage of great and true happiness, amidst the harassment of one who, in all his troubles, found unfailing refuge in the enjoyment of his art and the love of his wife.

"*December 31st.*—The last day of 1821. I don't know how it is, but I get less reflective as I get older. I seem to take things as they come without much care. In early life, everything being new excites thought. As nothing is new when a man is thirty-five, one thinks less. Or perhaps, being married to my dearest Mary, and having no longer anything to hope in love, I get more content with my lot, which, God knows, is rapturous beyond imagination. Here I sit sketching, with the loveliest face before me, smiling and laughing, and 'solitude is not.' Marriage has increased my happiness beyond expression. In the intervals of study, a few minutes' conversation with a crea-

ture one loves is the greatest of all reliefs. God bless us both! My pecuniary difficulties are still great, but my love is intense, my ambition intense, and my hope in God's protection cheering! Bewick, my pupil, has realized my hopes in his picture of Jacob and Rachel. But it is cold work talking of pupils, when one's soul is full of a beloved woman! I am really and truly in love, and, without affectation, I can talk, write, or think of nothing else."

During the first week of 1822 all went on well. Each day had its tale of work,—five hours, or six, or seven. Every part of the central group of his picture was studied, discussed, arranged, and rearranged; his wife coming in at intervals to soothe and encourage him. But already by the 7th of the month, he had to be out whole days to see and pacify discontented creditors. Yet he worked away full of glorious anticipations, reading, in the intervals of painting, the New Testament and the Commentators, and so strengthening his faith in the incident he was painting. I observe that the course of Haydon's reading was always determined by the picture on which he happened to be engaged. While painting Dentatus, he was busy with Livy and the Roman historians. During the progress of Solomon, the history and customs of the Jews occupied him; and while at work on the Entry of Christ into Jerusalem, and Lazarus, he was deep in study of the New Testament. Sammons, the ex-lifeguardsman, first his model and now his servant, sits to him for the nude parts. But his necessities and his art still crossed. He describes himself on his way from a lawyer's, (on whom he called to settle the payment of a debt, but was too early,) looking in at the Museum to solace himself with the Elgin Marbles. "Oh what a contrast!" he writes; "I saw and dwelt on them with the agony of rapturous remembrance. How many hours, days, nights of enchanting abstraction have you occasioned me, ye divine marbles!"

On the 25th, his thirty-sixth birthday, he says, "One year more and I shall have completed Raffaele's age." The gentle influence of a wife whom he fondly loved was

already beginning to tell upon him. Besides, his own power had been recognised: the works of his pupils had shown the solid results of his teaching. The irritability his attacks had occasioned was, he thought, wearing away; and all parties, he hoped, would be inclined to do more justice to his next picture than they were to his last. Still the old fire was not quenched. "If I see cause," he says, "I will be at them again." But quiet, even this turbulent spirit owns, was more gratifying than angry heat; and his wife's sweetness was taming his fierce nature. The very expression of his head, he observes, is changing. It used to be fierce, determined, and with something approaching brutality about the jaw. It is now looking happy and good-natured. His fond wife aided him in other ways besides thus softening his disposition. She sat patiently to him for his female figures, sometimes for five hours at a stretch.

With calm wedded happiness came more and more passionate aspirations for his art. As he grows older he gets fonder of it, and fonder of life, that he may practise it. He looks forward to a time when he may paint with a mind undisturbed by pecuniary wants, as he did the time he painted the Penitent Girl and the Centurion's arm in the Jerusalem. This was after Mr. Coutts' noble gift; and then he gave up his whole soul to nature and art. Dwelling on this theme he rises, as is usual with him, into prayer that no difficulty may hinder his completing his present picture, and that he may make it his greatest work, to the honour of God, of his country, and of the abilities God has given him. So January closed between joy and suffering, hope and fear. But he came back from all his battlings with money-lenders, and lawyers, and creditors, to his wife and his painting-room, as to a spirit of peace and a harbour of refuge.

I cannot but think that at this time Haydon was spurred on by genuine noble aspiration—dashed, it is true, by that identification of his own glory with the glory of English Art, which seems to have been inseparable from

his character. To many, this identification will be repulsive. They will see in it a self-seeking and ignoble vanity. It undoubtedly sprung from a belief in his own powers, the manifestations of which it is difficult to distinguish from the workings of vanity. But it was at least the vanity of a powerful mind, bold in conception, vigorous in execution, impulsive, warped by a suspicion that all the world of artists were leagued against him, and not seeing that his perpetual and irritating self-assertion was, in the eyes of indifferent people, the best justification of the hostility which he complained of.

Through the next two months he was working diligently at his principal female figures, his wife, as I have said, serving often as his model.

On the 18th of March he reviews his position, after a fruitless application for money to his munificent patron, Sir G. Phillips. "I left his house," he says, "braced to an intensity of feeling I have not experienced for years. I called immediately on some turbulent creditors, and laid open the hopeless nature of my situation. Having relieved my mind, I walked furiously home, borne along by the wings of my own ardent aspirations. I never felt happier, more elevated, more confident. I walked in to my dear wife, kissed her, and then to my picture, which looked awful and grand." "Good God!" I thought, "can the painter of that face tremble? can he be in difficulty? It looked like a delusion. The figures seemed all so busy, and so interested in their employments. When I look at a figure that is complete, and remember from what difficulties it has issued, I am astonished! But so it is with me. I am born to be the sport of fortune; to be put up in one freak and bowled down in another, to astonish every body by being put up again. God grant me a spirit that will never flag—a mind not to be changed by time or place. I shall yet have a day of glory to which all my other glories shall be dull!

"I write this," he adds, "without a single shilling in the world—with a large picture before me not half done, yet

with a soul aspiring, ardent, confident—trusting on God for protection and support." Then, after an interval, "I shall read this again with delight—and others will read it with wonder."

This last paragraph (and the journals contain many like it) indicate that Haydon expected that these records of his labours, struggles, and thoughts would one day be made public. Indeed there is direct proof enough that he did. I therefore feel that the rule which *forbids a biographer's* prying into and laying open such a depository of the daily life of his subject does not apply in this case.

The month goes on with a daily repetition of the same difficulties, aspirations, upliftings with visions of future greatness, utterances of happiness in his home, and fierce protests against his embarrassments. Some of the best parts of his picture, in Haydon's own estimation, were painted during this struggle, and the sketches scattered through the journals of this date are unusually vigorous; his female heads, in particular, sweeter and tenderer than any before this,—the wifely influence again.

By April he had arrived at the great difficulty and the great triumph of his picture, the head of Lazarus. He mentions in his autobiography, that this, the central conception of the work, flashed upon him when, in looking over prints in the British Museum, he saw an unfinished proof of the subject, in which the oval of the face of Lazarus remained a white spot. This his imagination at once worked to fill up. The record of the circumstances under which this head was painted, and of the model who sat for it, may give an interest in this picture to those who have not yet felt one, and will increase the interest of those who, with me, see in it the most awful representation of death just awakening into life that has ever been put upon canvass.

"Just as I was beginning, I was arrested by Smith the colourman in Piccadilly, with whom I had dealt for fifteen years. The sheriff's officer said, 'I am glad, Mr. Haydon, you do not deny yourself—Sir Thomas Lawrence makes

a point never to be denied.' I arranged the affair as rapidly as I could, for no time was to be lost, and wrote to my old landlord for bail. The officer took it, and appointed to meet him in the evening, and then I set to work. * For a few minutes my mind, hurt and wounded, struggled to regain its power. At last, in scrawling about the brush, I gave an expression to the eye of Lazarus; I instantly got interested, and before two I had hit it. My pupil Bewick sat for it, and as he had not sold his exquisite picture of Jacob, looked quite thin and anxious enough for such a head. 'I hope you get your food regularly,' said I. He did not answer; by degrees his cheeks reddened, and his eyes filled, but he subdued his feelings. This is an illustration of the state of historical painting in England. A master and his pupil—the one without a pound, the other without bread!"

Still, mingled with these sorry experiences, there are entries which show the entire happiness of the painter's home, when once money troubles could be struggled through, postponed, or shut out. By the 16th of May, he began to see his way dimly to the completion of his picture, and by the end of May it was half finished.

At the close of the half-year, he blesses God that marriage has softened his heart without weakening his energies. Through June and July he was still advancing his picture, amidst constant interruptions from impatient creditors—harassed with letters for money every hour—from time to time roused from the rapturous lethargy of intense study by threats of an execution from his landlord; and keeping his models six, seven, and even eight hours occasionally, till they grew faint.

"*August 6th.*—Lay abed till eleven. My painting-room finished, and I begin, I hope in God, to-morrow. Spent two hours in studying my own Solomon and Christ's Agony in the Garden. Solomon is in a good style certainly, but there is no part so complete as the Penitent Girl. The background of the Agony is very well, but Christ wants working out and strengthening. I question whether I

shall ever exceed the head of the man climbing up the column in Solomon, and this head I painted the day I got a letter informing me of my dear father's death: I was so occupied, the news had no effect; and it was not till the head was done, and the excitement over, that the loss I had sustained rushed on my mind."

"*August 9th.*—Rossi threatened execution. I endeavoured again to get time, and went to work in rapture. Rossi is a man with a large family, and I feel for his wants; but he ought to have a little sympathy with me, as I was always regular for the first four years. Finished the sleeve and hand, and veil of the other, which looks well. To-morrow the third of the month will be over. Two of the finest sayings on earth I got from two models—one, an old woman who used to sell apples under the Duke of Queensberry's, and the other my washerwoman. The old woman said, on my talking of the difficulties of life: 'The greater the trouble, the greater the lion—that's my principle.' And my washerwoman said (as she was sitting for Lazarus's mother), 'It is better to bear the difficulties than the reproaches of this world."

"*August 12th.*—At last I have fixed on a seal for life. The head of my glorious Alexander, with part of a line from Tasso for a motto, 'Ali al cuor,' wings at the heart!"

"*August 31st.*—August is ended, and four months more will complete the year. I have worked well, but not astonishingly well—June and August are the two most shameful months. My picture is advanced: it might have been done; but then I have been ill, afflicted deeply, and harassed in money matters, and I have often gone to work with a mind shattered and disturbed. Oh God! how completely do I see through the futility of all happiness, but such as depends on virtue, piety, and industry. Fame and riches, and honour and power and patronage, are nothing, if the possessor be accustomed to them; and the possessor is as likely to think them futile as the commonest comforts of the commonest station, provided his liver refuses to act,

or his digestion is out of order, or his brain is diseased. How comes a mite in a cheese? A certain combination of matter in a certain state produces a being with life, blood, motion and will. Why could not another combination of matter produce man? and when produced and propagating, why may not the absurdities, inconsistencies, vices, virtues, and infirmities of life be developed by a fortuitous concurrence of different dispositions, powers and beings acting on each other? Surely sometimes one cannot, for a moment, admit the interference of a God in some things without doing him the most blasphemous injustice. Out of such fortuitous concurrences God may sometimes regulate, but does he regulate the crushing of a dear innocent child by a cart-wheel? All this is momentary surmise.

Finished the girl's head in the corner from Mary, the most like her beauty. On the whole I have not lost this month as I feared, but have done two important figures, and am greatly improved in practice of painting, in leaving and managing the ground, and all the etceteras of the brush.

"*September 5th.* — Finished the first background head on the same principle as I finished the background in Dentatus fourteen years ago. So little do we improve. All the time my mind was tortured by harassings, but I was determined to get on, let what would happen, and nothing but arrest, or not even that, should have stopped my proceeding with the picture. I have now only three heads left. Huzza! Huzza! Huzza! Dearest Mary is by, and laughing.

"*September 7th.* — Finished the other hand and settled drapery. Arranged the light in the sketch for background heads. Seven days gone — worked hard five. Sunday and Monday unavoidably idle. Good week, thank God! I hope in God I shall be able to say the same thing next one. I have many threatenings of arrests. God grant I may parry them next Monday, and get the week clear.

"*September 9th.* — Out all day to pacify, put off, and arrange; came home nearly clear for the week. By God's

blessing at work to-morrow, and then for a head. O God! have mercy on me, and bring me gloriously through, and after that enable me to begin and go more gloriously through the Crucifixion. Amen.

"*September 12th.*—Worked hard—got in the head again quite right. This comes of carelessness, and suffering the accidental beauty of an involuntary expression in a model to draw off your attention from your own conception.

"*September 14th.*—It would be curious to analyse the reason why the first head would not do. The sentiment to be expressed was harmonious piety. Air, attitude, all must be in harmony to express this. A profile was not in harmony."

Yet in the midst of labour and anxiety the buoyancy of the artist's temperament breaks out in such joyous penniless freaks as this.

"*September 16th and 17th.*—Dearest Mary and I were so set agog by Richmond, that I said, as we awoke, 'let us go to Windsor.' She agreed, and away we went with barely money enough, but full of spirits. We got there, at six dined at the White Swan, evidently the remains of an ancient inn, and sallied forth to the Castle, so full of spirits that we laughed at an odd-shaped stone or anything that would excuse a jest. The White Swan became so full and noisy, we went to the White Hart—a clean, neat inn, and were in comfort. We walked to Eton, and sat and lounged in the shade of its classical play-ground. Our money lasted well, but, unfortunately, a barber who shaved me, as he was lathering, so praised his Windsor soap, that I, victim as I was, took six cakes, spent four shillings out of the regular course, and thus crippled our resources. The great thing was now whether we should pay the inn bill, or pay our fare to town, and leave part of the bill to be sent. Mary was for paying the bill, and part of the fare, and paying the rest when we arrived. We did this, and I was reduced to sixpence when we took our places on the top. Before the coach set off I took out the sixpence, as if I had 50*l.* in my pocket, and said, 'Porter, here's sixpence for you;' flinging it so that it rang on

the pavement. The porter, unused to such a present for looking after luggage, bowed and thanked me so much that all the passengers saw it, and without sixpence in my pocket I got as much respect all the way home as if I had 100*l.*

"*September 25th.*—Worked hard—finished the hand, arm, and jaw. Introduced the figure of the Portland vase against all common sense; but it is picturesque, and will afford food for critics, who must be fed like other people.

"*September 27th.*—Worked hard, and got a complete figure done (the youth looking over the bank). This is the way, I am convinced, the old masters used to work; and the rapidity of their execution is the great reason why their figures hang together so well. This is the first time in my life I ever finished a figure in a day.

"*September 28th.*—Worked exceedingly hard till I had a pain in my side, and finished the last figure. Huzza!

"O God, on my bended knees I bless Thee for Thy mercies in enabling me to advance this picture so far through difficulties that were appalling. Amen, with all my soul.

"*September 30th.*—Out all day to battle with creditors—some I conquered, and some held out. The month is over, and I have got through the figures.

"*October 10th.*—Our wedding day. Sammons had a dinner, and dearest Mary and I went to Richmond, and spent the day before the winter began. Dined in the same room at the Star as that in which we dined 12th July, 1821. We found the initials we cut on the glass

B. R. H.
M. H.
M—A.D. 1821.

"This year has been the happiest year of my life. O God, accept my gratitude for the sweet creature with whom Thou hast blessed my being, and grant that every anniversary of our wedding-day may be as delightful in association as the present. Amen.

"*October 14th.*—Out all day on business. The Martha* is a complete specimen of my own style of art. For once I have realised my notions as to idea and nature, colour and expression, surface and handling.

"*October 20th.*—After all my anxieties I have always had, so far, a bed to lie on, a house to cover me, and this year a sweet wife to lighten my cares. God grant me always such blessings, with eyes and intellect to make the proper use of them, as I have this year. Rainy day. Dearest Mary and I passed the day in reading, tenderness, and quiet. God protect us. Amen.

"*October 24th.*—All passed in pecuniary anxieties, without work, and of course I suffered more. I am in the hands of a scoundrel. God extricate me!

"*October 25th.*—I have got through this time, God be praised! My dearest Mary's spirits are unaltered—this is a great blessing. Worked yesterday, and finished Lazarus' feet. If it was not for my divine art I should certainly go mad; but the moment I touch a brush all pain vanishes."

During this month Haydon received intelligence of the death of Canova, and with his life closed the painter's hopes of a visit to Italy, which Canova had promised to make a triumphant one. In the midst of his own difficulties Haydon was always ready to help those who sought his assistance, and we have seen him lending as much money as he could spare, just after he had been himself arrested. Godwin was now in distress, turned out of his house and business, and threatened with the seizure of all he possessed in the way of stock and furniture. Haydon busied himself on behalf of the author of Caleb Williams, and Charles Lamb (as I find from his letters) was active in the same work. He casts about for a channel through which to bring the matter within reach of the capacious benevolence of Mrs. Coutts, who seems to have been regularly resorted to as a sort of Providence in these cases, but I do

* Martha is the kneeling figure in Lazarus with the face to the spectator.

not find that Haydon applied to her. Lamb said in his letter, "Shelley had engaged to clear him of all demands, and now he has gone down to the deep, insolvent." Haydon applied to Sir Walter Scott, who answers by enclosing a cheque for 10*l.* in one of his hearty, cheery, unaffected letters, not wishing his name to be made public, he says, as "he dissents from Mr. Godwin's theories of politics and morality, as sincerely as he admires his genius, and as it would be indelicate to attempt to draw such a distinction in the mode of subscribing."

Haydon was now at work on the background of his picture, at which he went (as he did at everything) "like a tiger," to use his own words. Feeling, however, the difficulty of putting action into a background without disturbing the action of the foreground, his spirits rise with every obstacle overcome; and finding that the background when finished has a great effect, he is satisfied in his sanguine way that this year is the happiest of his life, and one cause is, he has left off writing. I imagine that Mrs. Haydon had a good deal to do both with the happiness and the abstinence from the pen. But this calm happy progress does not long continue. He writes:—

"*November 12th.* — Out the whole day on business and settled everything. Came home to relieve dear Mary's anxiety. Just as I was beginning to finish the right hand corner in came a man with 'Sir, I have an execution against you,' and in walked another sedate-looking little fellow and took his seat. I was astonished, for I had paid part of this very matter in the morning. I told the man to be civil and quiet, and left him in charge of old Sammons, who was frightened as a child, and pale as death: I then ran up stairs, kissed dearest Mary and told her the exact truth. With the courage of a heroine she bade me 'never mind,' and assured me she would not be uneasy. Tired as I was I sallied forth again, telling the little Cerberus that I hoped he knew how to behave. These people are proud of being thought capable of appreciating gentlemanly behaviour; I find this is the weak-

ness of all sheriffs' officers. I went to my creditor, a miserable apothecary. I asked him if this was manly, when he knew my wife was near her confinement, and told him to come to the attorney with me. He consented, evidently ashamed. Away we went to the attorney, who had assured me in the morning nothing of the sort should happen, as he had not given the writ to an officer. He now declared the man had exceeded his instructions, and wrote a letter to him, which I took. The man declared he had not, and as I was going away with a release he said, 'I hope Mr. Haydon you will give me an order to see your picture when it comes out.' I rushed to dear Mary, and found my little sedate man with his cheeks rosy over my painting-room fire, quite lost in contemplating Lazarus. He congratulated me on getting rid of the matter, assured me he thought it all a trick of the attorney's; and hoped when the picture came out I would let him bring his wife. In the interim some ladies and gentlemen had called to see the picture, and he intimated to me he knew how to behave. Dearest Mary, quite overcome with joy at seeing me again, hung about me like an infant, wept on my shoulder, and pressed her cheeks to my face and lips, as if she grew on my form. My heart beat violently, but pained as I was, I declare to God no lovers can know the depth of their passion unless they have such checks and anxieties as these. A difficulty conquered, an anxiety subdued, doubles love, and the soul after a temporary suspension of its feelings, from an intense occupation of a different sort, expands with a fulness no language can convey. Dearest love, may I live to conquer these paltry creatures, and see thee in comfort and tranquillity. For Thy mercies, O God, this day, accept my gratitude; my rapid extrication I attribute to Thy goodness."

No wonder amidst the constantly renewed harass of these money troubles, that Haydon's philosophy came to summing itself up in such formulæ as "Art long, time swift, life short, and law despotic." Nor does it surprise

me to find about this time many records of days spent "in fret, fidget, shivering by the fire, cursing the climate, groaning at the King, the Government, the people, and looking gloomily on everything but the face of dearest Mary." There at least was sunshine. Interspersed with such profitless times are others of sudden and successful energy where a day's work is compressed into an hour. Thus by fits and starts the picture advanced, and is finished by the 7th of December, with a "Laus Deo for this conclusion." Already by the 8th a grand picture of the Crucifixion is projected, and a blessing on it prayed for with the characteristic supplication that it may be the grandest crucifixion ever painted.

"*December 12th.*—At half-past eleven in the forenoon was born Frank Haydon, whom I pray God to make a better man than his father. God bless him! and grant him life, and virtue, and dauntless energy and health, and, above all, genius! Accept my unbounded gratitude for the safety of my love, my only rapture in this dim spot, the sunbeam of my life.

"O God, this is the greatest mercy of all! On my knees I pray Thee to preserve her for years to come.

"At night, December 12th.—Never to my dying day shall I forget the dull, throttled scream of agony that preceded the birth, and the infant's cry that announced its completion. Tatham, the architect, a worthy man, was in the painting-room, and Mrs. Tatham, who had had fourteen children, was with my dearest Mary. I had been sitting on the stairs listening to the moaning of my dearest love, when, all of a sudden, a dreadful dreary outcry, as of passionate, dull and throttled agony, and then a dead silence, as if from exhaustion, and then a peaked cry as of a little helpless being, who felt the air, and anticipated the anxieties, and bewailed the destiny of inexorable humanity! I rushed into the ante-chamber: Mrs. Tatham came out and said, "It is a boy." I offered to go in, and was forbidden. I went down into the painting-room, and burst into tears.

The painter was now for a time very happy. His wife and infant are often sketched, and by their side are the fragments of his vast and growing design for the Crucifixion, which, if completed, would have been the largest painting of the subject ever executed except Tintoret's.

The crucified Saviour forms the central object, and the arms of the crosses which bear the thieves are just visible on the right and left. Longinus on his horse looks up at the Saviour's face, from the left of the composition; in front of him are the soldiers casting lots, balanced by the group of the fainting mother, with the holy women. On the right of the cross, but thrown behind its plane, is the soldier preparing to pierce Christ's side, and a group of kneeling disciples, soldiers and spectators, fills up the background. Above the cross the clouds are opened, and the angels bow their heads around the central glory.

But the painter was never to complete this vast design.

So 1822 draws to its end, between careful tending of his young wife and passionate abstraction in his new conception, and the year is closed, as usual, with a prayer.

"The last day of 1822. For Thy mercies, O God, in bringing me through a year of such difficulties, accept my gratitude with all my soul. I prayed at the beginning for health and strength and energy to go through this year, and bring my picture to a conclusion. I have been blessed with health and strength and energy to bring it to a conclusion, and have concluded it without one shilling of legitimate resource. O God, Thou hast guided, protected and blessed me. From my soul I thank Thee. Amen.

"Matrimony has restored the purity of my mind. I have no vice to reproach myself with this whole year. The birth of a son has deepened my feelings, and I hope in God I do not deceive myself, when I say I can conclude this year with more comfort of mind than any preceding one of my life! May I deserve the mercies I have met. For the delivery of my dearest Mary from the dangers of childbirth, O God, I bow to Thy goodness with gratitude. Amen."

I have inserted this and other like utterances of devotion, that my readers may see what Haydon's prayers were, how compounded of submission and confidence, and in their constant demand for success and personal distinction, how unlike that simple and general form of petition which Christ has left us as the model of supplication to our Father who is in heaven. Haydon prays as if he would take heaven by storm, and though he often asks for humility, I do not observe that the demands for this gift bear any proportion to those for glories and triumphs. His very piety had something stormy, arrogant and self-assertive in it. He went on so praying from his arrival in London to the very time of his death, and throughout his prayers are of the same tenour. I shall not therefore think it necessary to introduce them in future, unless when they are so interwoven with extracts that I cannot honestly separate them.

From the small number of pictures that Haydon had produced up to this date he was often charged with idleness. He took careful note of time, at all events, and was in the habit at short intervals of reckoning up his hours of work and of idleness. He makes such a calculation at the opening of 1823, (defending himself to himself, as it were, against the charge of idleness).

At work, brush in hand 159 days.—Idle, that is not painting - - - - -	206	
Sundays - - - - -	52	
		154
Two days a week absolutely idle about money matters, though I always carried paper or my sketch book, and arranged work for next day -		104
		50
Ill - - -		20
		30

"Thirty days decidedly idle from pleasure and inclination, but even then my art was never absent, so that in justice I do not think I am ever what may be called downright idle. I do not think it egotistical or absurd to say so. Before I paint I must think, and when I do not paint, it is because I have not thought conclusively. When I have thought conclusively I paint, and am wretched till I do begin, and when I am not painting, I am always thinking."

Up to the 20th of January, Haydon had not touched a brush, immersed he says, "in pecuniary difficulties." Yet he found something in himself fitted for this struggle.

"*January 21st.*—The faculties of some men only act in situations which appal and deaden others. Mine get clearer in proportion to the danger that stimulates them. I gather vigour from despair, clearness of conception from confusion, and elasticity of spirit from despotic usage. Perhaps independence would ruin me, and enjoyment and voluptuousness dull my vigour. Thus out of evil good springs, and want and necessity, which destroy others, have been perhaps the secret inspirers of my exertions."

Haydon was a great reader, and a copious commentator on the books he read, and these took in a range not often embraced by the artist. Besides the great poets, Homer, Virgil, Dante, Tasso, and Milton, who were his constant companions, and whom he is fond of comparing and analysing, and the writers on art ancient and modern, he was a diligent reader of history. He spends whole days about this time over Las Casas and Montholon, and complains of the fascination of all reading about Napoleon, (who was one of his heroes in spite of himself). "Reading his memoirs," he says, "is like dram-drinking. To go to other things after them is like passing from brandy to water."

Here is an example of his reading of this date with the comments on it.

"*January 22nd.* — Put in the finished sketch of my next picture. Finished Robertson's America, and felt my head cleared of a great deal of ignorance. Cortez was perhaps

as remarkable an instance of decision of character as ever existed, always relieving himself from apparent ruin by attempts which would have been more ruinous, if unsuccessful, than the situations he got out of by their success. This is the true nerve so essential to the completion of all schemes where great decision and energy and self-will are requisite.

"Gold when obtained independent of commerce seems to have operated as a curse instead of a blessing; in the case of the Spaniards it deadened industry, destroyed energy, and rendered the nation more indolent and voluptuous than nature had made them: whereas when it can be obtained as a remuneration for articles of manufacture or agriculture it is a stimulus to exertion.

"Thus it is; love and gold, the things which Providence has given us to sweeten life above all others, when made objects of undue preference, become the bane of existence.

"In the first settlements of the English at Virginia and Massachussetts the seeds of the future separation were planted. The settlers there were the violent, the discontented, the reformers of religion and politics, who as they gained strength would be sure to assert their independence.

"*January 25th.*—My birth-day—thirty-seven. I came to town to try my fortune May, 1804, nineteen years ago. At my age Raffaele died. I think this is quite enough to nerve me for another year.

"Dearest Mary is sitting with the infant at her breast like an exquisite Charity and one of her babies, singing ditties in a melancholy strain. She asked me what I sighed for, as I put down my age, and laughed at my serious look. Thank God I have been able so far to keep my ground. O God, grant I may keep it to the end of my life! Amen."

He now took a room at the Egyptian Hall for the exhibition of his Lazarus, and the preparations at once began.

"*28th.*—The men began to colour the room. I perceived

the same unwillingness in them to *begin*, as I often feel myself, and the same alacrity when once they had broken the ice. We are all alike, and the humble colourer of a partition has *his* moments of inspiration, as well as the man of genius, with this difference, that the inspirations of the one produce the Prophet of the Capella Sistina, and those of the other an even surface on a flat wall.

"*February 3rd.*—Moved the picture with indifference. I left it to Sammons. Fourteen years ago, when I painted Dentatus, I walked down with the porters, looked with anxiety at every corner, dreaded a tile from a chimney, a lamp-lighter's ladder, or a dray horse's kick, but now, experienced and hardened by practice, I left it to my servant, and walked coolly away—a picture, too, on which more depends than on any I have ever painted. Such is human nature. The picture was hung at the west corner of the room, and poor Sammons became frightened at its look; it was so black and dingy. This is always the way when the north and eastern sky is the source of light. It should always be the southern and western portion of the sky, and a picture has then the glory of an evening sun to assist its colour.

"*5th.*—Moved it to-day, and the colours brightened out so that the workman exclaimed 'Lazarus made me tremble!' It is now lighted by the south."

By the 7th the picture was finally placed.

"*8th.*—Darkened the windows and settled the light finally. The picture looks admirably, and will have a great run unless anything political starts up, (like the Queen's business,) which always in England disturbs public feeling.

"This moment, as I was looking at my sketch for the Crucifixion, it darted into my brain to make a group of sick and afflicted anxiously pressing forward to ask relief before Christ dies.

"This I will make something of.

"Studied the tones for glazing on Monday. It won't require much.

"To-morrow I begin to glaze. God grant I may rival the rainbow in harmony, and the sound of the Haarlem organ in depth of tone.

"10*th.*—I began to glaze to-day, and got over St. John, Martha, the Jews, Pharisees, St. Peter, and Mary's head, with pitcher. My arm ached.

"11*th.*—Glazed the drapery of Christ with crimson madder. To have seen me do this would have been a lesson for any pupil. Toned and cooled the background, black over green, and then asphaltum worked in with tones of lake and brown-pink; it makes one's soul utter musical notes.

"Dearest Mary and I have scarcely seen each other these three days. She has been occupied with the child, and I with my picture. The dear boy grows apace, and seems to be more pleased with colour than anything. He will lie for hours quietly looking at a variegated shawl; and the moment his mother turns him on his face, if he is crying, he becomes quiet when he sees the colour of the carpet. God grant that he may have genius for the art, that he may complete what I leave unfinished. It requires one life to get a principle acknowledged, and another to get it acted on. If I get it acknowledged, and he acted on, we shall accomplish the glory of the country in art. God grant it! Amen.

"I worked to-day till I was faint and sick; but half the picture is done. There is no delight in art equal to that of bringing a picture into tone.

"12*th.*—Intensely at work. Glazed father and mother, sky and rocks, and worked deliciously in with cool tints.

"13*th.*—Worked till my optic nerve ached. Finished Lazarus, corner figures, and part of Mary. Sometimes one fancies one has spoilt a face, or rubbed off something in the agitation of glazing. I always go to something else till my perception gets clear, and then I find my former notion a delusion.

"14*th.*—Got through the glazing. The vigour and light on the father's head contrast famously with the

gloom and sepulchral tone of Lazarus. For this mercy in being permitted to paint another great picture, which must add to my reputation, and go to strengthen the art, I offer Thee, O God, my humblest and most grateful thanks. Amen.

"*15th.*—I looked at Lazarus again, and found little things to attend to. Dearest Mary not well. The more I reflect on the mercies of God, during my last picture, the more grateful I am, and ought to be. *Bless me, O God,* through the exhibition of it, for Jesus Christ's sake. Grant it triumphant success. I have a sweet wife, and a lovely infant. Grant that I may soon begin the Crucifixion, and persevere to the conclusion of that, till I bring it to a conclusion equally positive and glorious. Amen.

"*16th*—*18th.*—Attending to necessary things for private day. My eyes suffer a little from exertion last week. The time is now approaching. God bless me, and bring me through. Amen.

"*19th.*—I took the child to Raffaele's Cupid in the Galatea, and he laughed with ecstasy. If he should be a painter, this was his first impression. The boy continues to look at nothing but pictures and busts; and what is curious, he pays no attention to noises or singing, but laughs with delight the moment he sees any bust. A fragment of three horses' heads from the Elgin Marbles riveted him; and he kept talking for half an hour in his way. I hope he has genius.

"*23rd*—*28th.*—All anxiously employed in getting up my picture, arranging the room, and, thank God, all is now ready. Grant, O God, that nothing untoward may happen, and that all may turn out gloriously and triumphantly.

"O God, Thou who hast brought me to the point, bring me through that point. Grant, during the exhibition, nothing may happen to dull its success, but that it may go on in one continual stream of triumphant success, to the last instant. O God, Thou knowest I am in the clutches of a villain: grant me the power entirely to get

out of them, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. And subdue the evil disposition of that villain, so that I may extricate myself from his power, without getting further into it. Grant this for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen, with all my soul.

"*March 1st.*—The private day was to-day, and the success complete and glorious. O God, accept my gratitude! But, owing to the previous private days I have had, I was less affected. Such is life. When one has exhausted every species of excitement here, one may perhaps be willing to try another existence. No picture I have painted has been so applauded. The approbation was universal, and Lazarus affected everybody; high, low, ignorant, and learned.

"*3rd.*—The picture opened to-day in rain and wind; succeeded very well for such weather.

"*4th.*—The receipts doubled to-day. It has made the greatest impression.

"*5th.*—The impression continues. No picture I ever painted has been so universally approved of. This proceeds entirely from my regular method of proceeding, so that everything should be as right as possible. It has not made the sudden burst the other did, but it will grow. O God! grant me gratitude and patience!

"*March 6th.*—The impression grows, and the receipts increase. Thank God! I have got my other canvas up, and shall begin it to-day, in gratitude and elasticity of spirit."

On the 7th of March, the Crucifixion was begun, the ground oiled, the perspective settled, and the lines of the composition decided on; all with a determination that the picture should be free from the faults which he admitted to exist in Lazarus.

"March 31st was the crisis of the exhibition. It succeeded gloriously. I told Sammons I would give him a guinea if he had five hundred visitors; and he came home half tipsy with glee, as the receipts were 31*l.* 11*s.* Had it failed to-day it would have sunk."

April 1st was another glorious day, and brought in *31l. 5s. 6d.*; but despite of all the wolf was not to be kept from the door. There are notes from Wilkie, indicating bill transactions, and letters of Sir George Beaumont's touching applications for an advance on his subscription for Jerusalem, and a draft for 30*l.* sent, though not without inconvenience, and the old fightings with creditors and lawyers; and through all, sketches and fancies, and new arrangements of the picture, executed in the intervals of struggling. "What a pity it is," he writes, (April 9th) "that I should be so harassed. But I get on, and thus a new picture is advanced."

By the 21st, however, he is brought to a standstill.

"Totally unable from continued pressure to proceed with my picture. I arranged the composition in the sketch as I rode along. Hutchinson, my solicitor, who accompanied me, was astonished to see me take out my sketch-book, and arrange the light and shadow of the Crucifixion, while he was pondering how to get me saved from an arrest."

On the same page with this extract are sketched a pencil and port-crayon, saltier-wise, with the motto "Balm of hurt minds." And then follows page after page of sketches, sometimes of groups, often of the entire composition, with intercalations of lawyer's addresses and complicated entries of figures, as if he were trying to calculate ways and means, and other records of the like sadly significant kind. Even benevolent Mr. Harman, irritated at non-payment, has got snappish at last,—

"Said he would not give a farthing for the Judgment of Solomon, though he liked it better than any of my other works. He must value my other works very highly. On my saying to him that my crime was the refutation of Payne Knight, he replied, 'It was.' 'It will never be forgiven,' said I. 'It ought not,' he answered. 'Young men should not give themselves airs.' So I, because I was a young man, ought not to have defended the Elgin Marbles because he was an old man who attacked them.

"The fact is, the connoisseurs, as a body, will never pardon the man who destroyed the value of their judgment."

He resolves at last, of all strange expedients, to present a petition to the House of Commons, backed by the eloquence of Brougham.

"*April 9th.*—Saw Brougham, who took great interest, and seems to give me more hope than any member ever did before. He seemed to understand me, and often anticipated my thoughts. I have had to do with fools before. Brougham's mind entered into it like lightning."

But before this forlorn hope could be tried (on the 13th) an execution was put in on Lazarus.

"And am I to be ruined?" he says passionately (on the 18th), "and all my glorious delusions and visions! O God! spare me the agonising disgrace of taking shelter under the law." And then come the scattered details of a hurried inventory of armoury, costumes, draperies, lay-figures, and other painter's gear, jotted down on the eve of the arrest, which, after long drawing near, did come on the 21st.

His entry of the 22d is dated "King's Bench."

"Well, I am in prison. So were Bacon, Raleigh, and Cervantes. Vanity! vanity! Here's a consolation! I started from sleep repeatedly during the night, from the songs and roarings of the other prisoners. 'Their songs divide the night, and lift our thoughts'—not to heaven."

His wife soon came to him, and often spent her days in his prison, cheering the depression which I find abundant traces of in the journal now. But the observing painter's eye was soon at work here as elsewhere. "Prisoners of all descriptions," he writes, "seem to get a marked look; neglect of person is the first characteristic, and a sly cunning air, as if they were ready to take advantage of you."

A meeting of his creditors was called for the 28th, and his letter to them is worth extracting.

" King's Bench Prison, 27th May, 1823.

" Gentlemen,

" After nine years' intense devotion to historical painting, known and respected by many of the most celebrated men in Europe, and acknowledged in my own country to have deserved encouragement, the Bench is a refuge! That I have not failed in the execution of my pictures the thousands who have seen them in Scotland and England, and paid for seeing them, give proof. But in interesting the Government or the patrons, the Church or the Sovereign, I have failed; and being unsupported in the efforts I have made, overwhelmed by the immense expences of my undertakings, harassed by law, and drained by law expenses, to be disgraced by a prison is yet comparative relief.

" The unlimited confidence placed in me by my tradesmen and my friends is the great cause why I resisted, till I could resist no longer, submission to necessity, being always animated by hope, till I found at last law was an enemy I could not conquer. My earnest, my eager desire, is that by acceding to some arrangement, you will prevent the dishonour of my claiming its protection. I am in the prime of my life: my practice, my talents, and my fame, are in full vigour. I only want security for my time and my person, to obtain resources by their exercise, and make gradual liquidation; but if I am kept locked up, with no power of putting my art in practice, what will be the result?—depression, disquiet, and ruin. I shall infallibly be destroyed, and how can you be benefited by my death? My life alone is of consequence to you, and having involved so many innocent and confiding men, my object is to devote a portion of it for this reparation. I never wilfully wronged any man, so help me God! I have been pursuing great schemes for the honour of my country, and borne along by the ardour of my own imagination, I never reflected that I had no right to involve the property of others in my pursuits; misfortune has turned my reflections inward. I have had time to reflect on the constructive want of principle that must be put on my conduct, and if I am released from this horrid place, my character will be saved the agony of taking the act, and in two years the produce of my labour shall be laid before you, and payment made. I have nothing to offer you now — not a shilling; my property is entirely gone; those who were the most severe possess it. I find no fault with any man, but after living for years in the silence

and solitude of my study, and lately in the most tender domestic happiness, it is hard to be torn up by the roots, to have my books, easels, prints, and materials of study dragged from their places; to see my wife for days distracted, and my child's health injured from her condition, and that too after devoting the finest part of my life to the honour of my country, and want of support being the only failure.

"I apologise for this tedious letter: Messrs. Kearsey and Spur will make a proposition to you. I hope an arrangement will take place, for I am anxious to put myself by my labours in a condition to repair the injuries I have made others feel.

"B. R. HAYDON."

It is pleasant to find so many proofs of substantial sympathy in the letters Haydon received during his confinement. Lord Mulgrave, Sir Edward Codrington, Brougham, Sir Walter Scott, Barnes (of the Times), his fast friend Miss Mitford, were all prompt and helpful. His active friend and physician, Dr. Darling, with Sir George Beaumont, Wilkie and others as practically benevolent, bought at the sale many of his casts, prints, and painting materials, that he might have a nucleus for beginning work upon on coming out of prison. On opposite pages of his journal he has preserved a day-rule, with the epigraph "Diploma of Merit for English Historical Painters," and a letter from M. Smirnove, informing him of his election as a member of the Imperial Academy of Russia; which two documents he very naturally contrasts. His petition to the House of Commons was now presented by Mr. Brougham, as follows:—

THE PETITION.

"To the Honourable the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, in Parliament assembled;

"The humble petition of Benjamin Robert Haydon, Historical Painter, late of Lisson-grove North, now in the King's Bench prison;

"Showeth,—That it is now seven years since the Committee for the purchase of the Elgin Marbles, in dismissing the subject

of their deliberation, 'submitted to the attentive consideration of the House how highly the cultivation of the Fine Arts had contributed to the reputation, character, and dignity of every Government by which they had been encouraged, and how intimately they were connected with the advancement of every thing valuable in science, literature, or art.

"That though this recommendation of the honourable Committee excited the hopes and ambition of all those who were desirous of seeing their country distinguished by excellence in the arts, no further notice has been taken of the subject; and that, under the sanction of this recommendation, your petitioner presumes to hope that permission will be granted to him to bring so interesting a subject before the attention of your honourable House.

"That as the said Committee has admitted the importance of the arts to everything valuable in science and literature, any attempt to prove their importance to a country would be superfluous; but that, in addition to the benefits which have always accrued to every nation by which the arts have been successfully protected, the improvement of its manufactures cannot be denied nor overlooked. That there are two ways in which your petitioner presumes to think a successful excitement to the genius of the country towards historical painting could be given, viz., the purchase and presentation of pictures to adorn the altars of churches, or the sides of public halls, and the employment of artists of distinguished reputation to produce them. That were such an example given by your honourable House, the corporate authorities of the most distinguished towns would immediately follow it, as they are doing and have done with regard to the encouragement of sculpture.

"That had your honourable House done nothing whatever for any art or science, historical painting could not complain; but as your honourable House has for fifty years bestowed the most liberal patronage on sculpture, as examples have been purchased for its improvement, and galleries built for their reception, your petitioner appeals to the feelings of justice in your honourable House, whether the English historical painters, who, without one public act in their favour, have rescued their country from the stigma of incapacity which so long hung over it in the opinion of foreign nations, do not deserve to share some part of the favour of your honourable House so liberally bestowed on another department.

"That were there no pictures in churches, no music, or no sculpture, painting could not object to share exclusion with her sister arts: but that as sculpture, and music, and painting are admitted, and as many of the highest authorities in the Church have expressed their approbation at such admission, your petitioner earnestly hopes that your honourable House will not think it a subject over which you ought to have no control. That most of the historical productions painted in this country, by which its reputation has been raised, have been executed, not as in Italy and Greece, in consequence of encouragement, but in spite of difficulties; that Barry painted the Adelphi for nothing; that Hogarth adorned the Foundling for nothing; that Reynolds offered to grace St Paul's by his pencil, and yet was refused; that historical pictures the full size of life being inadmissible into private houses from the nature of their execution, and such pictures being the only ones that have given countries their fame, where art has flourished; as the leading authorities of those countries were always the patrons of such productions, and from the expense attendant on their execution could alone be so, your petitioner humbly hopes your honourable House will not think it beneath its dignity to interfere, and by a regular distribution of a small part of the public wealth, place historical painting and its professors on a level with those of the other departments of the arts.

"That your petitioner, (if he may be permitted to allude to his own misfortunes,) has devoted nineteen years to the study of historical painting; that his productions have been visited by thousands in England and in Scotland; that he has received signs of regard and estimation from many of the most celebrated men in Europe; that the day after he was imprisoned he was greeted by a distinguished honour from a foreign academy; but that historical pictures of the size of life being ill adapted to private patronage, he has been overwhelmed by the immense expense of such undertakings. That he has been torn from his home and his studies; that all the materials of his art, collected with the greatest care from all parts of the world, the savings and accumulation of his life, have been seized. That he is now in the King's Bench, separated from his family and his habits of employment, and will have to begin life again, with his prospects blighted, and the means by which alone he could pursue his art scattered and destroyed.

"That your petitioner prays you would take the situation of

the art into your consideration, more especially at a time when large sums are expending upon the erection of new churches, a very inconsiderable fraction of which would improve those sacred edifices, and effectually rescue historical painting and its professors from their present state of discouragement. And he humbly prays you to appoint such a Committee as investigated the subject of the Elgin Marbles, to inquire into the state of encouragement of historical painting, and to ascertain the best method of preventing, by moderate and judicious patronage, those who devote their lives to such honourable pursuits, so essential (as your Committee has affirmed) to science, literature, and art, from ending their days in prison and in disgrace. And your petitioner will ever pray, &c. &c.

"B. R. HAYDON."

Sir Charles Long (to whom Haydon had made earnest applications for his support in Parliament, — applications met with a most diplomatic chilliness, to judge by Sir Charles's notes) insisting on some practical suggestion, Haydon laid before Mr. Brougham his plan for ornamenting the great room at the Admiralty (which, no doubt, occurred to him as an old guest of Lord Mulgrave's there) with representations of naval actions, and busts and portraits of naval commanders. This is worth noting as a first step to the result which is getting towards realisation in the New Houses of Parliament.

Here is Sir Walter Scott's kind and sensible letter: —

"Dear Sir,

"On my return from the country yesterday, I received with extreme regret and sympathy the letter which apprises me of your present unhappy situation. They have much to answer for, who proceed as your creditors have done, not only in the depreciation of your property, and the interruption at once of your domestic happiness and professional career, but in the deprivation of your personal liberty by means of which you could in so many ways have been of service to yourself, and even to them. There is one advantage, however, in your situation which others cannot experience, and which ought to give you patience and comfort under your severe affliction.

What real means of eminence and of future success you possess lie far beyond the power of the sheriff's writ. An official person is ruined if deprived of the power of attending his duty, a shop-keeper if deprived of his shop, a merchant if his stores and credit are taken from him, but no species of legal distress can attack the internal resources of genius, though it may for a time palsy his hand.

"If this misfortune had happened in Scotland, where our laws in such cases are of a most mild and equitable character, I could without trouble put you upon a plan of gratification. But the English laws are different, and I am unacquainted with them. Still, however, I think there must be an outlet under the insolvent act, of which you should not hesitate to avail yourself of it, for in the eye of justice and equity the creditors, who pushed on a hurried sale of your valuable pictures, must be considered to be over-paid. But as this may be a work of more time than I am aware of, perhaps some temporary arrangement might be made to obtain at least your liberty, for whenever at freedom I should have no fear that the exertion of your own talents would soon retrieve the comforts you have lost for the present. An appeal to the public would doubtless raise a considerable sum, but I should be sorry any part of it went into the pockets of those hard-hearted men of mammon. I should rather endure a little buffeting, and keep this as a resource under my lee to run for, as soon as I was my own man again. But of this those advisers who know the law of England, and have the affairs fully under their consideration, will be the best judges. Among the numerous admirers of your genius, you must have many able and willing to assist you at this moment, and I need scarce point out to you the prudence of being entirely frank in your communications with them.

"I have now to make many apologies for the trifling amount of an enclosure which may be useful, as a trifling matter will sometimes stop a leak in a vessel; truth is I have been a little extravagant lately, and mean this only as a small on *accompt*, for which you shall be my debtor in a sketch or drawing when better spirits and more fortunate circumstances enable you to use a black-lead pencil or a bit of chalk. Excuse this trifling communication: I hope to have a better by-and-by. This has been a severe season for the arts: about a fortnight since I had a very merry party through Fifeshire, with our Chief Baron (Sergeant Shepperd) and the Lord Chief Commis-

sioner, and above all, Sir H. Raeburn, our famous portrait painter. No one could seem more healthy than he was, or more active, and of an athletic spare habit, that seemed made for a very long life. But this morning I have the melancholy news of his death after three days' illness, by which painting is deprived of a votary of genius, our city of an ornament, and society of a most excellent and most innocent member. Sir Henry about twelve or thirteen years ago had become totally embarrassed in his affairs from incautious securities in which he was engaged for a near relative, who was in the West India trade. He met with more considerate and kinder treatment than you have unfortunately experienced, but, notwithstanding, the result was his being deprived of the fortune he had honourably acquired by his profession. He bore this deprivation with the greatest firmness; resumed his pencil with increased zeal, and improved his natural talents by close study, so that he not only completely re-established his affairs, but has been long in the condition to leave an honest independence to his family. May you, my dear Mr. Haydon, as you resemble him in his misfortunes, also resemble him in the success with which my poor friend surmounted them. Above all, I hope your youth and health will enable you much longer to enjoy returning prosperity than it has been his lot to do. I will be very glad to hear from you when your plans are arranged, and particularly so if it should be in my power by any exertion to advance them. I am, with sincere sorrow, and best regards,

"Dear Sir, yours very truly,
"WALTER SCOTT."

"Edinburgh, 8th July."

All attempts at arrangement with his creditors failing, on the 22d of July Haydon had to face the Insolvent Court. In his account of his appearance there is evidently a kind of self-satisfaction. He would be the great man even in the Insolvent Court, and attitudinizes a great deal too consciously on the occasion.

"*July 23d.*—Yesterday I went up to court. What a day! That villain T—— entered his name as an opponent. The very moment before I went up, he called and relinquished it! I, who had been so used to see his villanous and serpent face in a state of despotic insolence, felt

deeply affected at the change. Never shall I forget his withered air. Poor human nature! There is something in a court of justice deeply affecting. The grave, good look of the robed judges, the pertinacious ferreting air of the counsel, the eager listening faces of the spectators, the prisoner standing up like a soul in purgatory.

"At last up rose a grave, black-robed man, and said in a loud voice, 'Benjamin Robert Haydon! Does any one appear? Benjamin Robert Haydon!'

"Nobody came, and I mounted. My heart beat violently. I put my clenched hand on the platform where the judges sat, and hung the other over my hat. There was a dead silence: then I heard pens moving; then there was a great buzz. I feared to look about. At last I turned my head right facing the spectators. First, the whole row of counsellors were looking like ferrets, knitting their brows, and turning their legal faces up to me with a half piercing half musing stare. I saw nothing behind but faces, front and profile, staring with all their soul. Startled a little I turned, and caught both judges with their glasses off, darting their eyes with a sort of interest. I felt extremely agitated. My heart swelled. My chest hove up, and I gave a sigh from my very soul. I was honourably acquitted, bowed low, and retired.

"*July 25th.*—Thanks to Thee, O God, I was this day released from my imprisonment. I went up to court again. About half-past eleven my name was mentioned. I stood up, when the Chief Commissioner said aloud, 'Benjamin Robert Haydon, the Court considers you to be entitled to your discharge, and you are discharged forthwith.' I bowed low and retired.

"Out of one hundred and fifty creditors not one opposed me. One, a villain, entered his name, but lost courage. I consider this an ordeal that has tried my character, and I feel grateful for it.

"I am now free to begin life again. God protect me and grant that I may yet accomplish my great object."

Even while in court he found opportunity to sketch

judges, and barristers, and a prisoner, a poor fellow who had not ate meat for two months, and who, harassed by counsel, said in his desperation at last, "you counsel go on making black white, and never think of the other world"—an allocution which we are glad to hear "actually stopped the counsel in the middle of his severity."

Haydon was scarcely free before he was again urging on repellent Sir Charles Long his plan for making a beginning of public employment for artists by the decoration of the great room of the Admiralty; as the House is likelier, he thinks, to be brought to the idea of encouraging the arts out of the public purse by starting with a small undertaking, and thence passing on to such large ones as the decorating of the House of Lords or St. Paul's. At the same time he pressed on him the feasibility of the directors of the British Institution carrying out some similar work at their cost and under their auspices. Sir Charles received his hot appeals with unvarying official frigidity. He was always ready to give everything "his consideration: but Mr. Haydon must be aware that Sir Charles Long has no means individually of giving effect to such a proposition" (as if Mr. Haydon ever thought he had!), and "he conceives that his (Mr. Haydon's) proposal would be more properly addressed to the Admiralty or the Treasury." The subject of adorning the halls of our public buildings with historical pictures has been, it appears, "at different times under the consideration of the directors of the British Institution, but they have thought the pecuniary means at their disposal too limited to carry into effect any general plan of that nature," and so they preferred to give premiums and buy pictures.

It was in this unpromising way that Haydon began that unbroken series of violent epistolary assaults upon public men and ministers, in favour of public employment for artists, which made him, I cannot doubt, a sad "bore" to his official correspondents, from Sir Charles Long to Sir Robert Peel. Were it decorous or possible to publish the whole of this correspondence, it would be a dangerous

encouragement to all men possessed by an idea for which they wish to win access to official minds. One would say, after reading the correspondence on both sides, that never was anything so hopeless as these appeals. But silence, snub, simple acknowledgment, formal phrase of courtesy meaning nothing, curt refusal, every variety of turn by which red-tapeism could trip up and disable an obtrusive enthusiast, was lost upon Haydon, who, nothing daunted, kept pouring in page after page of passionate pleading on Sir Charles Long, on Mr. Vansittart, on Mr. Robinson, on the Duke of Wellington, on Lord Grey, on Sir Robert Peel, on Lord Melbourne—on Sir Robert Peel again, and seemed to be making no way whatever with any of them. But our new Houses of Parliament are to have their statues, and their frescoes, and their oil pictures—and Haydon lived to take a part (though an unsuccessful one) in the first competition intended to test the capability of our artists for such work.

It is certainly not clear how much this result has been contributed to by Haydon's pertinacious drumming of his darling tune in ministerial ears. But whether the achievement be "*post hoc*" or "*propter hoc*," it must be owned that Haydon wrote with the earnestness of a believer, and maintained, at a time when such a doctrine was alike new and unpalatable, that the future of art in England depended on the finding public employment for artists. He saw what the experience of every year is making more evident to all, that if pictures are to be painted for private patrons only, they will be apt to tend more and more to the rank of mere decoration; they will be bound more and more to point no moral that is too grand or too stern for the atmosphere of a drawing-room, and to admit only so much of the heroic as can be congruously brought into juxtaposition with the indoor life of the nineteenth century. The effect of purely private patronage is to be seen in that blossoming of prettiness in fancy costumes which every year comes out to tempt a market at the Academy exhibitions—holding a divided empire with portraiture,

and employing an amount of skill and a wealth of technical resources which, better bestowed, might place the English school in the van of European art.

Meanwhile the work before Haydon, on coming out of the Bench, was clear. He must live, first of all—and he must live, if possible, without repeating that untoward attempt at living by credit, and borrowing, on no better security than high hopes and honest intentions, which had ended in the King's Bench and insolvency. His great pictures had been sold to creditors at prices very much under their value; Lazarus to Binns, his upholsterer, for 300*l.*; and Christ's Entry into Jerusalem (which had brought him 3000*l.* in receipts of exhibition) for 240*l.*

September 8th.—So, curbing his inclination for the heroic, Haydon began what he calls "his portrait career," "by painting a gentleman. Before he came I walked about the garden in sullen despair. After I had got his head in, when he was leaving he told me he was sure I must want money, and slipped a note of considerable amount into my hand. He does not come again till Thursday, and to-morrow with a light and grateful heart I will begin the sketch for my next picture. This is advancing steadily. O God, accept my gratitude."

This next picture was a Bacchanalian subject—Silenus, but it went against the grain. "Humorous subjects" (he writes September 10th) "do not fill the mind so fully. You laugh, and there's an end; but with sublime subjects you muse and have high thoughts, and think of death and destiny, of God and resurrection, and retire to rest above the world—prepared for its restlessness."

And now began the torments of portrait-painting. "I proceeded with my portrait, irritated by the sitter wanting to go just as I was beginning to feel it. I submitted, of course, but he won't have half as good a head—so let it be. Well, I have been all day at work, and what thoughts are the consequence,—how to work the tip of a nose, or the colour of a lip!

"*September 12th.*—Proceeded with the drapery of the

portrait. I learnt to-day what Reynolds meant by saying 'A single figure must be *single*, and not look like a part of a composition with other figures, but must be a composition of itself.'

"14*th*. — Ah, my poor lay figure! He who bore the drapery of Christ and the grave-clothes of Lazarus, the cloak of the centurion, and the gown of Newton, was to-day disgraced by a black coat and waistcoat. I apostrophised him, and he seemed to sympathise, and bowed his head as if ashamed to look me in the face. Poor fellow! such are thy changes, O fortune. Such, as Napoleon said, is human grandeur, '*Il n'y a qu'un pas du sublime au ridicule.*'"

He was not without his consolations, however. He had already been praised in the sonnets of Keats and Wordsworth; and now staunch Mary Russell Mitford sent him her tribute, to cheer him in his distasteful labours for bread.

Sonnet to B. R. Haydon, Esq.

"Haydon! this dull age and this northern clime
Are all unripe for thee! Thou shouldst have been
Born 'midst the Angelos and Raphaels, seen
By the Merchant Prince of Florence, sent to climb
The flowery steep of art, in art's young prime,
By Leo. Of those master spirits thou
Art one: a greater never wreathed his brow
With laurels gather'd in the field of time.
And thine own hour shall come, the joyful hour
Of triumph bravely won through toil and blame,
Courage and constancy and the soaring power
Of genius plumed by love. Then shall thy name
Sound gloriously amid the golden shower
Of fortune, crowned and sanctified by Fame."

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

(September 4th) 1823.

A little practice in portrait-painting taught Haydon that this had its grave interest too, and awakened a suspicion of which I find frequent traces, that he had hitherto been unjust in his depreciation of a field of art, in which the greatest masters have worked and won honour.

"*September 20th.*—What they call 'style' in portrait painting in England, of which Reynolds is the ostensible inventor, has its foundation in Kneller and Lely. They introduced it, and, in marking, Reynolds has a great deal of Kneller. Vandyke had nothing whatever of it. The great object of a portrait painter should be to restore the solid natural style of Vandyke or Rembrandt.

"Worked hard, but alas, on what? A hand and drapery around it. I get excited though about portraits. My devotion to historical painting has plunged me into vast debts. Portraits and success are my only chance of paying them.

"*24th.* Proceeded with my portrait. Nearly finished it.

"*25th.* Finished it.

"*28th.* Was lent a capital picture of the Flemish school. Compared it with my portrait, which it made look flimsy. The lowest of the old painters had a mode of working their tints which I verily believe is lost to the world. We equal or excel them in thinking and propriety and true taste, but in handling the brush—since Vandyke there has been no soul that knew anything about it. Wilkie is not to be compared to the Flemish school in that. There was a solidity, a body, a fleshy softness, a skilful purity which is gone from the art. There is not a soul now in existence who can paint a half tint. A man's feeling for colour can always be told by his half tint. If that be muddy then there is no eye. I have gained a great deal to-day. I put my own works face to face with the Flemings, and I was bitterly disappointed. The result has sunk deeply into my mind, and in my small picture I will venture to try my hand.

"Spent the day in Kensington with dearest Mary, sketching bits for background. There are here some of the most poetical bits of tree and stump, and sunny brown, and green glen, and tawny earth. Mary took up the life of Mary Queen of Scots, and sat by me as I sketched, and we passed a delicious four hours.

"*September 30th.* I have worked pretty well this month, considering all things. I have now and then musing

glimpses of my former glory, in my large room, striding about, looking at my large drawings from the Cartoons, then at the busts of Cæsar and Alexander, then at my own picture, which makes me silent. By degrees it goes off, but I shall ever look on that part of my life as a dream of unrivalled heaven. Adieu days of pure unadulterated enthusiasm! May your impressions go with me to the grave, and attend me at the resurrection!"

All the will in the world, however, will not bring sitters. Haydon had no reputation as a painter of portraits, and, I believe, was not happy in those he attempted, though his chalk heads are vigorous and faithful. The old difficulties soon began to gather again.

By November 5, it had come to extremities. "Obliged to go out," he writes, "in the rain. It was a foggy, rainy, dark November morning. I left my room with no coals in it, and no money to buy any, with little chance of returning with a shilling. But my case was desperate, and desperate was my remedy. I went to my sitter, and told him my situation. He felt deeply for me and assisted me. As I returned, 'Perhaps,' thought I, 'my dear Mary has had no fire to dress the child by.' Here am I at this moment ready to do anything, to the portrait of a cat, for the means of an honest livelihood, without employment, or the notice of a patron in the country. I am determined I will find out the impasto mode of the Venetians. I shall proceed to-morrow, relieved for the time."

All this time, with breaks of three weeks, sometimes, "spent in apathy, disgust, melancholy, weakness, complaints and folly," he was diligently studying Vasari for information as to the practice of the Venetian painters, and trying to succeed in getting an impasto like theirs.

His studies are tinged by his humour. In his better moods, he takes up Voltaire, and thus describes the effect upon him.

"When you are melancholy, if you take up Voltaire he is sure to render you more so, strange as it may seem. But may not that proceed from his showing you so completely, as he sometimes does, the absurdity, the fallacy,

the imposture of human belief in many superstitions? After reading him I returned to Vasari, and it was curious to feel the simplicity, the naïveté, the piety, the good-heartedness, as it were, of such a writer on a delightful subject, in comparison with Voltaire on a dreadful one. The cutting satire, the dreadful wit, the sneering chuckle of Voltaire, seemed diabolical in its contrast. It was as if a wrinkled fiend had put his grinning and ghastly face into a summer cloud, and changed its silvery sunniness into a black, heavy, suffocating vapour.

"I hate Voltaire. His design is by cant to give colour to his indecency. He is charitable from contempt, blasphemous from envy, pious from fear, and foul from a disgust at human nature."

In the intervals of portrait painting, Haydon had finished a small picture of Puck bringing the ass's head for Bottom, and had began a Silenus. Full of passionate regrets for large canvasses and great subjects, he could not keep from sketching what his circumstances forbade his attempting to paint. On one day, December 9th, he sketched four fine subjects, Macbeth on the Stairs, Mercury and Argus, Moses and Pharaoh, Venus and Anchises, till he was sick of inventing, and more fagged (he says) than with a hard day's painting.

"*10th.*—No sitters came. Idle to-day, from no other cause but the curse, the usual curse,—no money. Sketched Satan alighting, and Cymon bearing off Iphigenia. Filled up Aristides and Alfred. If I go on in this way, I shall die from disgust." And the day after, "Arose in an agony of feeling from want. Driven to desperation, I seized and packed up all the books I had except my Vasari, Shakspeare, Tasso, Lanzi, and Milton. Got into a coach and drove to a pawnbroker's. Books that had cost me 20*l.* I only got 3*l.* for. But it was better than starvation. I came home and paid for our lodgings." No wonder he regretted the old days, the old painting-room. He has no high inspiration now, he complains. "I used to kneel down regularly before my picture, and pray God for support through it, and then retire to rest after striding

through my solemn and solitary painting-room, with the St. Paul of Raffaele gleaming through the dim light at one end, the Galatea at the other, the Jupiter of the Capitol over the chimney-piece, and behind all my Lazarus! What pleasure have I enjoyed in that study! In it have talked Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Keats, Procter, Belzoni, Campbell, Canova, Cuvier, Lamb, Knowles, Hazlitt, Wilkie, and other spirits of the time. And above all thy sweet and sacred face, my Mary, was its chief grace, its ornament, its sunbeam."

And yet with all his pains and troubles and lookings back, he feels strong in body and mind—approaching the prime of his powers in execution and conception. "Oh that I had a dozen pictures on the easel, and two dozen pupils at work on them," is his prayer.

Upon this mingled web of distresses, retrospects, longings, sketchings, and strivings, 1823 closes. He reviews, as usual, this year, to him so eventful.

"Last day of 1823. A year of more injury than any I have endured since my birth! Perhaps that of 1802, when I was blind, was more acute, but as the sphere of my affections is extended now, of course my responsibility is more. My misery or my pleasure by being interesting to others is doubled to myself.

"This journal, continued for three years, ends with the year. It is interesting to turn it over. In the midst of such troubles as we have been afflicted with, we must feel gratitude to God for his mercies. Dear Mary, and myself and our children have had our health, our food, beds, shelter and firing. These are blessings which I never knew the full value of till I found myself without a shilling to procure them. I was enabled, by God's mercy, to provide my Mary with every comfort in her last lying-in. God in heaven grant me equal power to do that at her next.

"For myself, I was never better, in fuller practice, or happier in my art. Melancholy as my fate seems, my very ruin and troubles, (my devotion being so thoroughly

known) have given that shock to the feelings of the higher classes, which no work of art, however exquisite, could have given. Angerstein's pictures have been bought as the first foundation of a gallery. English pictures being amongst them of course will take their station with the great masters, for no gallery can be national if modern English pictures do not fill it, as well as the works of old foreign masters. I consider this is the greatest step since the Elgin Marbles. If Mr. Brougham can only now induce the House to grant a committee for the arts, the thing will be established. He is determined. Independently I have prospects of two commissions for large works, now when I have neither casts, prints, books, or a room. But so it is. I begin to think of death more than I used to do. Every wish of my heart, but two, have been gratified: I have only two left, viz., to be able to pay all I owe, and to see the Government practically by purchase encourage painting. O God! on my bended knees grant these two things before Thou callest me hence."

1824.

The new year opened well.* Haydon passed the first day of it in hard work, and as he records, with some pride, paid his butcher—"a good sign." All January he was working on his picture of Silenus, intoxicated and moral, reproving Bacchus and Ariadne.

"*January 13th.* — Very hard at work. I painted the best feet I ever painted certainly. I could not help thinking as I looked at them, that there was seventeen years' continual labour and thinking in those feet, and yet how it would take seventeen years more to paint them as they ought to be painted, and that then they would be one hundred years behind the beauty, and vigour and softness of life, and that even after one hundred years' practice

* The eleventh volume of the Journal opens with this year, with this motto from Shakspeare —

"Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit."

there would be something to do, and a beauty that could not be done."

But the wolf was always at the door.

"14*th*. — Completed my yesterday's work, and obliged to sally forth to get money in consequence of the bullying insolence of a short, wicked-eyed, wrinkled, waddling, gin-drinking, dirty-ruffled landlady — poor old bit of asthmatic humanity! As I was finishing the faun's foot, in she bounced, and demanded the four pounds with the air of an old demirep duchess. I irritated her by my smile, and turned her out. I sat down quietly and finished my feet. Fielding should have seen the old devil!"

He now began to feel that painting small pictures occasionally has its advantages.

"Large pictures by the immense knowledge required give you the power of painting small ones better than if you painted small ones all your life. Because after the detail required by large works you give the masses only in small ones, with such decision that this work sends you back to a large canvas with more love for masses than when you left off. The parts in large works are so much larger than nature that you are apt to be too fond of detailing all you know, and in the small ones they are so much smaller that you are apt to omit too much. A painter in large when he paints small compresses his knowledge, but a painter in small when he enlarges extends his ignorance. It must be so. This is the reason Rubens' small works are so exquisite, and indeed all the small works of great painters."

He this month took a lease of a house in Connaught Terrace, the same I think which he occupied for the rest of his life, and had already moved into it such furniture and painting materials as his friends had contrived to get together for him after his ruin, when behold on the 21th another execution! "The two old reptiles with whom we lived, and whom we had saved from starvation, who teased, enticed, plagued and pestered us to lodge with them, heard a short time ago that I had been in the Bench. They grew

irritable and restless, and of course the women in the house never met but to exchange broadsides. I took my wife's part, and flew at them like a tiger. I had paid up all my rent but 4*l.* 10*s.*, and while Mary and I were laughing, in walked a man with a distraint. These two miserable old people, with more than a foot in the grave, who had not paid their landlord for two years, put in a distraint for 4*l.* 10*s.* after we had paid them 46*l.* Such is human justice! Dear Mary was frightened, and being near her time suffered for an hour or two. I was roused, set to work, and told my new landlord our situation. He immediately ordered men to get the house ready, and there were we without a plate or a tea-cup, but with a great deal of experience. To-day (25th) is my birthday, and God protect us from the misfortunes, the inattention we have endured. God protect us and save us.

"*26th.* — Not yet settled. I do not know but that this execution will hurt me more than the one which ruined me. It revived all the tortures of last year, and agitated my mind with pangs which I thought had passed. It appeared as if we were fated to suffer. Last night I had a horrid dream. I awoke in a profuse sweat. I dreamed I was suddenly in a crowd who appeared to be watching some people, who were looking after a person they had lost. I asked what the people in robes were about, and some one in the crowd said, 'They are looking for Haydon who has escaped from prison.' All of a sudden a set of voices said, 'There he is, there he is,' and I was seized like lightning. Instantly I felt myself between two officers in red robes, the one was the Marshal of the Bench, the other his deputy, behind were twelve in red jackets with their arms locked lest I should escape. At last we came at full gallop to the walls of an immense prison with a moat. The tide was in, and I saw the sandy shore gradually appear. We crossed and I heard the buzz of endless prisoners. All my regret I remember was at being unable to dine with Sir W. Beechey, and keeping him waiting. My anxiety was so great that I awoke"

By the 6th of February he was settled in his new home, and on the 7th he mentions his meeting with Wilkie, whose influence on the art of England Haydon had thought injurious. "Nothing bold, or masculine, or grand, or powerful touches an English connoisseur. It must be small and highly wrought, and vulgar and humorous, and broad and palpable. I question whether Reynolds would now make the impression he did, so completely is the taste ebbing to a Dutch one."

During the early part of this year he renewed his efforts with public men. Mr. Brougham, Mr. Robinson, and Mr. Lambton were successively appealed to. Of Brougham he had great hopes. He had found him ready to move in his cause when suffering and in prison, but discovered that his interest was more for the artist than the art. Mr. Robinson gave him an appointment at the Treasury, but, alas! when he called he found a deputation of silk-mercers in waiting to remonstrate against the removal of the bounties on silks, and was obliged to leave in writing what he wished to have urged by word of mouth. His hopes from honourable gentlemen in office were never of long continuance, though he renewed his attacks on each successive First Lord of the Treasury. A letter of inquiry whether it was Mr. Robinson's intention to bring forward any measure in Parliament for the encouragement of English historical painting met with no more encouraging reply than the information (by the hand of the private secretary) that Mr. Robinson had already proposed to the House of Commons all the votes of money for the present year, which he calculated on bringing forward at the commencement of the session.

Thus repulsed by the Minister, Haydon determined to try the Opposition, and Mr. Brougham having cooled, had recourse to Mr. Lambton, whom he found fearless and independent, and ready to present his petition, "reckless of any one's opinion."

But by the 27th the prospect was as blank as ever, even from this quarter. "I had a long conversation with

Mr. Lambton this morning, who candidly gave me no hopes. He spoke to Sir C. Long in the House last night, and Long said it was no use to raise hopes in me, for no one man would be entrusted with employment in the arts. He said I must not think of Italy, for that country was despotic, and it was the will of a despotic prince to select an individual,—that practice would not do in England, where every man conceived himself entitled to recommend his favourite artist.

"I replied, the government was not despotic in Greece; that public opinion at all times would and should influence the selection; that I had devoted my life exclusively to qualify myself for a course of practice, which no other artist in the country had done before; that I did not want exclusive selection, but public competition, that the ice might be broken, and some prospect held out to future artists, who may devote themselves as I had done.

"Mr. Lambton asked, 'in the event of a commission, who were they to select, who were to judge?' and said that 'the Government mistrusted themselves.' I said, 'I was happy to hear this; if they had done so long ago, St. Paul's would not have been disgraced.' 'In case of premiums who were to judge?' I said, 'Let there be six artists and six connoisseurs.' He said he had no hopes. 'The King is too old; and in the case of the recent commission to Turner for Trafalgar*, the Government were not satisfied. This had done great injury,' he said. 'Why select ——, a *protégé* of Sir Charles Long?' I asked. 'Ah, there it is,' said he, 'You object to ——, and others would object to you.' 'If you wanted a secretary,' said I, 'would you choose a man who could not spell?' 'No,' said he. 'Well,' said I, '—— cannot spell in the art, and the commonest observation can see it.' 'Yes,' said Lambton, 'but you want to establish a system too early in the art; we must feel our way first. Your system would be the end, and not the beginning.' 'Yes, sir,' said I, 'if genius could be raised like lettuces, it would be right to wait.'

* A government commission painted for Greenwich.

Lambton smiled. But he is sincere; he damps me,—at least tries to do so. Long always flattered. Hamilton always predicted he was not sincere.

"I think myself the man, and I would venture to predict that if the books were open for the public to write the name of the man they think most capable of conducting a great system of art, Haydon would preponderate fifty to one. I can only say that Dentatus in Italy would have given me employment the rest of my life, and posterity will think so."

There was one set-off against such disappointment. The Government had at last purchased Mr. Angerstein's gallery, and so acquired the nucleus of a national collection. Haydon visited the collection (May 18th).

"Went to Angerstein's. Studied the Gevartius and Heathfield. I would rather be the painter of Lord Heathfield than of Gevartius. There is more of what may be called, or is understood by the word genius in the former. It is astonishing how its breadth and tone came on me as I entered the room. It affected me like the explosion of a bomb. It is an honour to the country.

"It was delightful at last to walk into the gallery just as you felt inclined without trouble or inconvenience. I argue great and rapid advance to the art of the country from the facility of comparison this will afford the public."

He had already executed a crayon head for his warm friend Mr. Tatham, and a "Portrait of a Gentleman," —name unrecorded.

By the end of May he had two more portrait-subjects in hand. One, a family group — citizens — and the other a full-length of Mr. Hawkes, a late mayor of Norwich, painted for St. Andrew's Hall in that city. Distasteful as the work was, necessities such as these were more intolerable than any work, however against the grain.

"*April 21st—23d.*—Passed in desponding on the future. Not a shilling in the world. Sold nothing, and not likely to. Baker called and was insolent. If he were to stop the supplies God knows what would become of my

children! Landlord called,—kind and sorry. Butcher called, respectful but disappointed. Tailor good-humoured and willing to wait. Silenus' reputation has done this, as the moment your name is up again common people fancy your pocket full. Walked about the town. I was so full of grief I could not have concealed it at home. Wrote Miss Mitford a violent letter on my situation. Called on Brougham, Hobhouse, and Sir Edward Codrington: all out. As Brougham has cooled, I must try Hobhouse. Dear Mary overcome as well as myself; cried the whole evening, and we both passed a heated, restless night. It seems as if a fatality attended us."

To aggravate the painter's troubles his family was increasing. On March 17th his wife had brought him a daughter, and he had to watch and work by her in her suffering. He would have been too glad to paint portraits then.

Wordsworth was in town this year and a frequent visitor.

"*March 3d.*—Wordsworth called and said, 'Well, Haydon, you found the world too strong.' 'Stop, sir, the battle is not over;' and down we sat and had a regular set-to. I maintained my ruin had advanced the art, and that the purchase of Angerstein's pictures and Wilkie's (a living artist) among them, was the greatest triumph since the Elgin Marbles. He acknowledged it, and seemed angry that Wilkie was admitted. I told him I was convinced the art was advancing. I deny I found the world too strong, except in their ignorance; and when a man is in the prime of his life and still living, I consider the battle but as half over."

This year too he met Moore for the first time, and leaves this pleasant impression of him:—

"*March 23d.*—Met Moore at dinner, and spent a very pleasant three hours. He told his stories with a hit-or-miss air, as if accustomed to people of rapid apprehension. It being asked at Paris who they would have as a godfather for Rothschild's child, 'Talleyrand,' said a French-

man. '*Pourquoi, Monsieur?*' '*Parcequ'il est le moins Chrétien possible.*'

"Moore is a delightful, gay, voluptuous, refined, natural creature; infinitely more unaffected than Wordsworth; not blunt and uncultivated like Chantrey, or bilious and shivering like Campbell. No affectation, but a true, refined, delicate, frank poet, with sufficient air of the world to prove his fashion, sufficient honesty of manner to show fashion has not corrupted his native taste; making allowance for prejudices instead of condemning them, by which he seemed to have none himself: never talking of his own works, from intense consciousness that everybody else did; while Wordsworth is always talking of his own productions, from apprehension that they are not enough matter of conversation. Men must not be judged too hardly; success or failure will either destroy or better the finest natural parts. Unless one had heard Moore tell the above story of Talleyrand, it would have been impossible to conceive the air of half-suppressed impudence, the delicate, light-horse canter of phrase with which the words floated out of his sparkling Anacreontic mouth.

"One day Wordsworth at a large party leaned forward at a moment of silence, and said, 'Davy, do you know the reason I published my White Doe in quarto?' 'No,' said Davy, slightly blushing at the attention this awakened. 'To express my own opinion of it,' replied Wordsworth.

"Once I was walking with Wordsworth in Pall Mall; we ran into Christie's, where there was a very good copy of the Transfiguration, which he abused through thick and thin. In the corner stood the group of Cupid and Psyche kissing. After looking some time he turned round to me with an expression I shall never forget, and said, 'The Dev-ils!'

"*May 12th.*—Here I am waiting for a sitter to begin a family piece. How different used to be my sensations. This morning when I awoke I had a nasty taste in my mouth. I got up in dull foggy disgust. This is very

weak, but I cannot help it. Silenus, my last hope, has not sold. My last hope! Lazarus has come back, and Binns has lost 300*l.* more by it, poor fellow! My debt was large enough without this. Some days ago, as my previous sketch shows, I settled the composition of Moses and Pharaoh. The background rushed into my head like an irruption. I tingled to the feet, and passed the day in a rapture.

"Perhaps portrait-painting may do me good. I know it may be made subservient to historical purposes, but I, who paint everything from nature, don't want such a means. Pity, after twenty years' devotion to my art, and having just completed my studies, I should not now have an opportunity to give vent to my power.

"Portrait the size of life is better practice than historical pictures in Poussin size, surely!

"A wife and four * children must be fed, so to work I must go, willy nilly. Ah! my glorious times. I swam through life in a dream of love and glory. Passed! passed! passed! • • •

"I think I felt yesterday something like a tinge of pain at my heart. If so, it is the beginning of my family complaint, *angina pectoris.*

"My sitter will soon be here with his good-hearted, sunny, city face; and so adieu speculation and thinking, of which my head is full.

"14*th.*—Hard at work on my picture; did not succeed of course. Painted the forehead well, and gained from painting it; but just as I wanted to go on, my sitter was obliged to go to the city.

"Some men there are love not a gaping pig,
Some that are mad if they behold a cat,
* * * * * *
* * * for affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what she likes or loathes.

* Mrs. Haydon had two children by her first husband when Haydo married her.

As there is no firm reason to be render'd
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig,
Why he a harmless necessary cat,
So I can give no reason, and I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing
I bear and ever shall to shortened noses,
Long upper lips, small eyes, and hollow cheeks,
And all the meagre wrinkled accidents
Of booby faces——."

"I do not despise portrait. I only don't like it. I am adapted for something else.

"*July 2nd.*—Called on Binns, who purchased Lazarus. It had returned safe after all sorts of adventures. He unrolled it to show me a part. I saw the head of Lazarus and the hand of Christ, after a year's absence; and if God in His mercy spare that picture, my posthumous reputation is secured.

"O God! Grant it may reach the National Gallery in a few years, and be placed in fair competition with Sebastiano del Piombo. I ask no more to obtain justice from the world.

"*July 20th.*—I have nothing to write, no thoughts; I am painting portraits; *voilà tout.*"

"*July 24th.*—'As you leave the atmosphere to complete the effect, so you ought often to leave the imagination to complete the expression.' This is the only thought I have had since I began portraits, and this is not worth much.

"For these two months, having at last devoted myself to portraits, I have enjoyed tranquillity, luxury, quiet, and peace; and have maintained my family with respectability and credit. But, alas! what an absence of all original thought.

"These divine faces have been all I have studied, investigated, ascertained," (and here follows a row of caricatured versions of the common-place features of his sitters).

Wilkie was this year painting his portrait of George

IV. at Holyrood. This account of a visit paid to the picture, with the reflections on it, is characteristic.

"*August 19th.*—Called on Wilkie. The King had sat to him, which I was very happy to find. I imagined the awkwardness of his last visit had ruined his prospects in that quarter. I asked him why John Bull so immediately after attacked him. He said he could account for it by no other reason than that the printer had seen him with Denman, at some trials, and immediately concluded he was a radical.

"After a few months Knighton called on him and said, 'The King must sit to you; I will speak to him to-day.' Wilkie soon had notice to come to Carlton House at a certain hour. The King was punctual, and sat to him two hours alone. Wilkie, finding himself *tête-à-tête* with a monarch, became so nervous he could not talk. After two hours the King rose; Wilkie, in an agony of fear lest he had missed an opportunity that could never occur again, passed the evening in a perspiration of anxiety, and the next day resolved to let the matter have its swing. The next time he found Blomberg with the King. His majesty felt it awkward to be alone with him.

"What an opportunity to pour into his ear sound views of art, and high notions of public encouragement! Wilkie returned the first day miserable in mind at having missed an opportunity with royalty. His portrait was not like. He was dissatisfied with himself, and with his conduct. The next time he went early, and did a great deal before the King came in; at the end of his sitting he was much pleased, and at the end of the third still more pleased by the King's approbation.

"These little facts are from Wilkie's own mouth this morning, and knowing, as I do, his love of truth and simplicity of mind, I will answer for their veracity.

"I think, after all, this is a hit, and the picture a fine composition, and Holyrood House will be a fine accompaniment.

"Wilkie might have made more by this honour. Wilkie

may have disappointed the King, but he has not offended him.

"I should probably have exceeded his expectations, and have never been admitted again. I must own I long to have an audience with a monarch. I had a specimen of princes in the Russian Grand Dukes; but still they were not kings. I think I could 'touch the brink of all they hate' without offending them.

"Wilkie said the King seemed to have a great knowledge of men and character.

"If I could elicit certain things by conversation I would not mind being debarred his presence for ever. 'Time and the hour run through the roughest day.' I wait with patience.

"*September 3rd.*—Called accidentally at the Museum, after a long absence. There stood the Memnon's head, the wonder of travellers, and Belzoni, dead, the mover, transporter, and presenter of this superb fragment. There stood the Elgin fragments, which Socrates had looked at, and boys, fresh-coloured English boys, were drawing them —boys who were just born when first I drew them years ago. The actions I had studied, the knees I had investigated, the feet I had adored, were there still, beginning to move, or to swing, or to balance. And yet in that short time empires had passed, and heroes made an inglorious end. All the associations connected with these divine things filled my mind with the delight of remembrance.

"*September 4th.*—Read through Aberdeen's Essay on Greek Architecture in a shop in Holborn. It does credit to his intellect.

"It is extraordinary that he can bring forth as arguments against the Iliad being the production of one genius, such facts as that writing was only known on stone, leather, or wood,—that the rhapsodists used, like the bards, to repeat the different portions of the Iliad, as distinct tales. Will Lord Aberdeen or Payne Knight place all these reasons against the positive evidence of the

work itself? Could such composition, such arrangement, such art, such exquisite character, such consistency throughout, have ever been attained from the accidental conceptions of different rhapsodists? Impossible, I say of the Iliad, as I say of the Elgin Marbles. The works themselves are irresistible proofs that they proceeded from one mind, original, and enlightened. Lord Aberdeen doubts the Odyssey. Why, the single conception of Ajax disdaining to answer Ulysses, and Achilles striding with larger steps at hearing of his son's fame, are proofs of its being the production of the same mind.

"Men of this nature of mind can surely never have been impressed with the real power of a poetical work, or they could not thus be led astray by plausibility, ingenuity, and antiquarian research."

On September 14th, he mournfully writes that he has not had one historical fancy. His mind was, however, constantly reverting to the grand forms it most delighted in. Sketches of the Theseus and Ilissus are on almost every page of his journal; and below one careful study of a full-length figure, he has written "a sketch to try if I had forgotten all." Indeed, on the very next page to that on which he has vented the above complaint, is a design for a subject he ever afterwards had in his mind, Uriel revealing himself to Satan, from Paradise Lost. He made a fine fresco of the head of Uriel in 1842, on the wall of his painting-room in Burwood Place.

In his dreams he was urging those claims of high art to public encouragement which he never could get acknowledged in his waking assaults on men in power.

"I awoke this morning (Sept. 19th), making a speech at a large dinner of artists in favour of historical painting, and a capital speech it appeared to me. I remember one passage only. 'Why must historical painting be supported only when it can be made an engine of state or of religion, and held forth, enchained by superstition or power, like a beauty by a band, to ensnare and entrap the unthinking and unwary. These times are passed, and

because they are passed, high art is to sink, because it cannot be employed as a means of seduction. Have we no heroic actions in the history of our country fit for representation? Are we so bare of great deeds that we must descend to immortalising the caprices, the humours, and the absurdities of the day? What do all English exhibitions show but a body of gigantic powers stooping to hit the taste, to flatter the passions, or suit the ignorance of the rich who visit them?

"All this and more came pouring out as I lay dozing."

There are moments at which, if the entries in the journal are faithful transcripts of what was passing in the writer's mind, his sufferings at the uncongenial work he was fastened down to at this time, seem to have gone nigh to shake his intellects. Thus I find:—

Oct. 6th.—"I am entirely abroad in mind, occupied with a continuity of daily trifles: in the evening I have no abstract idea of expression or character to muse on till the next day. I leave off wearied and commence in disgust. I candidly confess I find my glorious art a bore. I cannot with pleasure paint any individual head for the mere purpose of domestic gratification. I must have a great subject to excite public feeling. I must be supported with all sorts of anticipatory hopes, fears and feelings. In portrait I lose that divine feeling of inspiration which I always had in history. I feel as a common man; think as a common man; execute as the very commonest. Velasquez used to paint fruit, vegetables, still life and all life, again and again, to get facility. I would willingly do this, and have done it, could it end in anything worthy, but what worthy thing will happen to me? Alas! I have no object in life now but my wife and children, and almost wish I had not them, that I might sit still and meditate on human ambition and human grandeur till I died. I really am heartily weary of life. I have known and tasted all the glories of fame, and distinction, and triumph; all the raptures of love and affection, all the sweet feelings of a parent. And what then? The heart, as I have said before,

sinks inwardly, and longs for a pleasure calm and eternal, majestic, unchangeable. I am not yet forty, and can tell of a destiny melancholy and rapturous, bitter beyond all bitterness, afflicting beyond all affliction, cursed, heart-burning, heart-breaking, maddening. Merciful God, that Thou shouldst permit a being with thought and feeling to be so racked! But I dare not write now. The melancholy demon has grappled my heart, and crushed its turbulent beatings in his black, bony, clammy, clenching fingers. I stop till an opening of reason dawns again on my blurred head."

But help was at hand from a quarter where few look for it.

Haydon's legal adviser at the time of his arrest, Mr. Kearsey, was his zealous friend also. Not content with most judicious and active professional service in that crisis, this friend bought his picture of Puck. He it was, too, who gave him a commission for the family picture which provoked some of his bitterest anathemas upon portrait painting. And now this rare lawyer came forward (Oct. 25th) with an offer of assistance, most kindly meant, but put in a way which probably chafed the unfortunate painter not a little.

At once Mecænas and man of business — friend in need and attorney-at-law, — proffering a year's peace, at four per cent. and sufficient securities — and even imposing the dimensions and prices of the pictures to be painted by his client and *protégé* — wealthy and prudent Mr. Kearsey, now at Brighton for his health, thus writes to poor and improvident Mr. Haydon.

" * * * * *

" I cannot forget that on your introduction to me (now a year since or so), you came to me driven by the pitiless storm which was then about to annihilate you. The storm was doubtless in no small degree of your own raising. I carried your bark through it, but miserably despoiled, it's true, of tackle and stores. You was, however, then pushed off the shore and afloat, but I found you on the crisis of my late attack in May last (which through a providence to you as well as to me I survived), with your bark

aground, and as helpless, if not more helpless, than ever. This latter event was I admit, more your misfortune than your fault; then, and ever since then, I carried and have carried you through the surge, and you are floating again on the wave. I have reason to think you are, and have been tolerably industrious since the first great week, and that your state of depression may with a helping hand at the critical moment be dispelled for ever, provided industry, economy, and every good habit is in exercise by you. Therefore, although I have actually gone beyond my poor means already, yet I am resolved that if it is in my power to help it, your talents shall not be sacrificed to rapacity, greediness, or avarice, and if you are not to rise, (which most depends on yourself,) those shall not keep you down for at least one year to come. Your necessities must not and shall not compel your genius to go crippled, or on all fours, seeking for and picking up crumbs. You doubtless from the former class of your studies have something yet to attain in portrait painting, more especially female portraits, and you must make, as you ought, for some time, a sacrifice in the price of portraits; but this must not be dictated to by the extortionate. A whole length at this moment should not be done by you under seventy-five guineas, a three-quarter, fifty guineas, a half, thirty to thirty-five guineas; and in order to prevent your being obliged to take less than these sums, I have resolved for one year, from 1st January, 1825, to 1st January, 1826, to come forward at intervals (provided there is need, and I have reason to think you deserve it,) with a sum of 300*l.*, secured to me as I shall by-and-by state. Thus you will have a year clear before you, if you do not gain a farthing, and the year (free and well employed) will give you the command, I trust, of a better fate. Your mind unembarrassed will have a full call and play of its energies. But mark well, while I do this, the following with others I may think of, of a similar nature, will be *sine quâ nons*. And I am obliged to be precise, because in what I am thus uncalled for proposing to do for you, a stranger, I shall (if I am called on to do it) be doing more than in justice to my own family, as is the vulgar excuse, I ought to do for any one not allied by ties of friendship, blood, or other relationship.

"You will paint portraits to your best skill at the above prices when they offer, and you will try to get them.

"You will paint no portrait at less price unless I assent: under penalty this.

"While not engaged in painting portraits, you must be actively engaged in painting historic or compositions of fancy, of a small, and at most not larger than a saleable cabinet size, consulting me. I wish to know what you are doing or about to do, more for any aid I can give, than any interdict to be presumed by me.

"If I advance money, I must be repaid out of the produce of the first portraits, historic or other paintings, as paid for or sold, with interest at four per cent. I say this interest, because I will not have any earthly advantage of the smallest kind. All I propose or can have is to father on myself more anxieties and trouble.

"The historic or other paintings must be as security for my advances till sold.

"If the year's advance does not answer my or your expectations, in giving you a command in portrait painting, your honour must be pledged not to make any further request to me, so that I shall have a proper virtue exercised by you, and my feelings not harrowed. That you may not be tempted to depart from the prices I state, you shall, if I require, make a statement on oath of what you have done, and you shall communicate to me instantly on all works engaged for.

"My advances are to be secured by your bond, and a life insurance. I add this latter, more especially because it will be a benefit to your family, and what as a professional man you must do to a considerable extent, as your means will admit by-and-by, for if you live and have employ, your works will support your family, but dying your works must close, and your life assurance will aid them. Think well on all this."

This offer was accepted. I cannot refer the following paper to its exact date, though I would assign it to December of this year.

"I have had two expiring flashes, but two! and they are expired—'Pharoah dismissing Moses and Aaron at the dead of night,' on finding the heir to his throne, with all the other first born, dead; and 'Satan in likeness of a cherub inquiring of Uriel the way to the earth.' On the ground I would have had Pharaoh's queen in the agony of maternal hope, placing her hand on the heart of her boy, and listening for a beat of it in racking anxiety;

the sisters, one exclaiming in affliction, the other, while supporting her dead brother, looking round to Moses with an inquiring horror. Behind the queen, Pharaoh, the subdued monarch, bending with majesty, and dismissing the lawgiver and his brother in waving, disdainful and yet vanquished pride: Moses right opposite to him pointing to the dead child, and to heaven, as if saying, 'I do this by superior direction;' and in the background the people in rebellion, dashing up their dead children, and roaring like the sea for the dismissal of the Jewish leaders while the guards press them back lest they burst into the palace. A sphinx or two, a pyramid or so, dark and awful, with the front groups lighted by torches, would make this a subject terrific and affecting. It combines pathos and sublimity.

"The next is Satan like a cherub innocently asking the way to the earth. Uriel, tall, grand and majestic, as if roused from deep thought, is looking round in awful silence. Behind him is an ocean of rolling cloud, on which his own grand shadow is flickering.

"For a moment all my old raptures of study darted into my brain. I foresaw the colour, the expression, the light, shadow, form, and became quite inspired in my feelings; when a thundering rap announced a sitter, rich and good-humoured, and away went all my glorious anticipations, and I sat down to paint my employer just as you would desire. I must own that the comforts and ease and tranquillity which attend portraits, and the misery and insults which have always attended my history painting, begin to affect me. The very day I painted Ariadne's head, just in the middle of it, in burst our old landlady and abused us for four pounds rent, like the bawd in Clarissa Harlowe. The day I painted Lazarus's head I was arrested. So can you wonder at my thinking of an historical painting with an absolute shrink?"

If Mr. Kearsey's terms were accepted, the prospect of a year free from harass may have had something to do with this entry.

December 13th.—"I am getting at last interested with portraits, and began to feel all eagerness for surface, tone, softness, likeness, effect, and all the rich mockery of a head. (This was cant—June, 1825.) Reynolds was certainly too blunt, Vandyke too finished.

"Titian appears to combine them both. From a rapid feeling I got my historical heads so soon settled in expression that I never worked them up. I could not do it,—when the impression was hit, that was enough."

At the close of the year he reviews it as usual.

"January, February, March, and April, my wants and necessities were horrible. In May a better fortune seemed to dawn on me, and at last I felt the sweets of living from my own gains, without degrading myself by borrowing.

"Kearsey (on the brink of death) bought my Puck, which was the first symptom of better prospects, though I offered it for 20*l.* after having asked 80*l.* He gave me a family piece; other commissions followed, and I have been kept pretty nearly in constant employment.

"But devoting six months to Silenus after I came from prison, without resources, involved me in debt, out of which, notwithstanding all my employment and all my fortune this season, I am not extricated. The education of two boys and the expense of two infants are heavy indeed, but still I hope industry, and trust in God, will ultimately render me successful and independent.

"With respect to the great object of my former ambition, I candidly confess myself cooled. I have little hope, though my petition was received with something like enthusiasm in the House. The prejudices against me individually as the leader of that style are insurmountable during my life. I have given a shock to prejudice, certainly created something like a feeling that art is not conducted grandly by the higher powers—but still it is as yet a dead letter. The Royal Academy, embedded as it is in the prejudices of the country, and sheltered by royal patronage, will turn for years the course of the strongest torrent of good sense, genius, and arguments.

"More intercourse with the world, which portrait-painting has given me, has opened my eyes to the thorough ignorance of educated men — to their utter insensibility to anything like a grand idea. The National Gallery may do something if they add the Cartoons of Raffaele and Mantegna to the other works.

"My domestic happiness is doubled: daily and hourly my sweetest Mary proves the justice of my choice. My boy Frank gives tokens of being gifted at two years old. God bless him! My ambition would be to make him a public man. I have better prospects certainly than at the end of last year, though more in debt. I have not added much to my knowledge, — I fear I have lost something in Greek and Latin; in Italian I have gained. The absence of books of reference and prints is a bitter pang. At first I was enraged at not being able to get information in a moment as formerly; at last I put it off, and now care nothing about it.

"I have worked less this year than last, and occasionally have had bitter fits of melancholy and illness.

"I am nearer the grave, and I hope more fit to be laid in it. My mind calmer, my principles of honour firmer, and those of religion deeper than ever. God spare me till my loss will be of no consequence to my sweetest Mary and children. In art I can be of little more utility. The vigour of my life has only made a cranny in the heavy wall of ignorance, through which, it may be, a star of light shines; whether any other will batter a breach in it time only can prove. For the mercies of the year, O God, accept my gratitude.

"I think on the whole I have sunk into, or am sinking into, a sluggish apathy, perhaps despair. The end of the next year will show."

His last prayer before retiring to rest on the morning of the new year was that he might live to finish his design of the Crucifixion. That prayer was not granted.

Thanks in a great measure to Mr. Kearsey's oddly-offered but well-timed liberality, this year was, on the whole, a

happy one for Haydon. He was comparatively free from embarrassment; and, though he had still to struggle with his sore distaste for portrait-painting, he had three commissions for small historical pictures. The great drawback was the reception his critics gave his portraits when exhibited. Their attacks took what Haydon calls "a new direction." The painter was assailed through the personal peculiarities of his sitters. It is natural enough to find the angry artist expressing an opinion that this is a cruel and deep-laid plot to injure him, at his starting on this more lucrative branch of his calling; but we shall perhaps do the critics more justice if we believe that Haydon's portraits had something about them provokingly open to ridicule. The heroic style of treatment could hardly have been adapted to a comfortable citizen family, or a provincial ex-mayor. Indeed, I am assured that in the latter performance he had represented the mayor of proportions too heroic ever to have got through a doorway, out of which he was supposed to have issued in his civic state.

His first work for this year was a Juliet at the Balcony, a commission from his good friend Kearsey. By the end of the month the picture was completed.

On his birthday (the 25th January) I find, "My birthday — thirty-nine years of age: one year more and I shall be at the maturity of manhood, from whence to move is to decline. Peace attend me! May I live to see the Vatican, finish the Crucifixion, and educate my children. Amen.

"Received a letter from my first pupil, Eastlake. He is one of those who acknowledges his obligations, trifling as they are, with gratitude. It did my wounded spirit good."

The passage which thus gratified Haydon was the following. "Be assured that your early kindness to me is among those obligations which I am least likely to forget. My early impressions in art (which might perhaps have produced a better result) I owe entirely to you, and I have always involuntarily connected my idea of many of the perfections of art with your own practice." * * *

An assurance, I may say here, the honest sincerity of which is borne out by every line of the many letters of the same writer which Haydon has preserved. I regret that the sanctity of private confidence, though for reasons I have already given, in no respect violated by the publication of passages from Haydon's own journal, prevents my drawing upon the letters of Sir C. Eastlake, in the way their value and interest as contributions to the criticism of art, would render me anxious to do.

"*February 3rd.*—Lambton called to see my portraits. He thought them large. I then showed him my sketches for a series of national subjects. He approved of them, but said I might depend on it that the Government were determined that nothing of the sort should take place. The last year he sent to Long to know what day would be convenient for him to have my petition presented, and that he replied it was immaterial to him, as there was nothing in my petition he wished to say a word on. That is, there was nothing in my petition to which he could reply! This was the truth.

"From Lambton only have I ever got the truth. He begged me not to have the least dependence on the promises of any man connected with Government; for I might rely on it the great hobby-horse now was the National Gallery, where old pictures would be the first object of consideration."

From a letter to Mr. Boaden, the biographer of John Kemble, I extract this passage of comparative criticism of that great actress and her brother. "Mrs. Siddons could act, as you know, Lady Macbeth twenty nights, and vary it each night. This was not from previous thinking. Oh no! But fired by the part as she proceeded, her native faculty flashed out in gleams of power which no previous labour could have given her in her cold study. Kemble came into a part with a stately dignity, as if he disdained to listen to nature, however she might whisper, until he had examined and weighed the value of her counsel. Mrs. Siddons, on the contrary, seemed always to throw herself

on nature as a guide, and follow instantaneously what she suggested."

"*16th.* — My whole soul and body raise the gorge at portrait. My mind becomes restless for want of mental occupation. When I painted poetry, night and day my mind and soul were occupied. Now as soon as the sitter is gone, I turn from his resemblance with disgust. Would I could hit on some mode of putting forth sublime ideas which would provide me the means of existence."

He at last received a commission for his Pharaoh dismissing the Israelites. And this picture occupied him, in the intervals of portrait labours, for the rest of the year. It is impossible not to sympathise with the spring of his energies, ever and anon, when at work on a subject which tasked them worthily, — which set him thinking, composing, and recomposing, analysing his own labours, and going for hints and guidance and inspiration to the great works of the old painters.

"*July 20th.* — Hard at work and arranged my little picture to my satisfaction. As a proof how an historical painting restores all my old delightful habits, I awoke in the middle of the night with a pure conception of Christ sleeping in the Forest. The demons howling at him, and the storm roaring!"

On the day after this he had a glimpse of work still more to his mind. A proposition was made to him to paint the Crucifixion for the great hall at Liverpool. It even got so far as estimates and sketches, but no further. The place it would have filled is, I presume, that now occupied by Hilton's picture of the same subject.

His historical subject and his portraits have many a battle, in which portrait is certainly beaten, unless when a sitter happens to be peculiarly clamorous, or Mr. Kearsey intervenes with the bond — kindliest but most punctiliously exact of creditors.

On the 24th was one of these battles, with a reflection appropriate to altered times and duties. "Ought to have painted a portfait; looked at my historical picture: thought

I might as well set and arrange my drapery. I did so. There could be no harm in painting that bit! so I painted it. Then it looked so well there could be no harm in painting the other bit, and then the whole would be complete; so I did it, and dinner was announced before I was aware. Delightful art!

"To-morrow I must finish my portrait, and then to my historical picture. This is small, and yet in the height of my pride I refused a commission of five hundred guineas from Sir John Broughton to paint a small picture of Edward the Black Prince distinguishing an ancestor at the field of Poitiers, for fear it might interrupt my great plan. I was right, but it was a pity. I certainly would not refuse one now."

Martin was now startling the town, and puzzling the critics with his vast perspectives. Haydon pronounced, on their appearance, a judgment of these singular works, which, without undervaluing them, it is safe to say that time has confirmed. "Martin has a curious picture of the Creation — God creating the Sun and the Moon, which is a total failure from his ignorance of the associations and habits of the mind.

"No being in a human shape has ever exceeded eight feet. Therefore to put a human being with a hand extended, and a large shining circular flat body not much larger than the thing shaped like a human hand and four fingers, and call that body the sun, makes one laugh; for no effort can get over the idea that it is not larger than a hand. And the Creator, so far from being grand, looks no larger than a human being, and the sun looks like a shilling. It can't be otherwise, and no association can ever get over the relative proportions of a hand, and what is not bigger than a hand. It is no use to say that hand is a mile long. No effort of the mind can entertain such a notion: besides, it is the grossest of all gross ideas to make the power and essence of the Creator depend on size. His nature might be comprehended in an ordinary sized brain, and it is vulgar to make him striding across a horizon, and

say the horizon is fifty miles long. It is contrary to human experience, and the Creator, so far from looking large, makes the horizon look little; for this is a natural result when a being with legs, arms, hands, beard, face is seen stretching across it. When Martin diminished his buildings to a point, put specks for human beings, then there was no improbability that his rooms might be, for aught we know, forty miles long, his doors six miles high, his windows a mile across, or his second floor two miles and three quarters above his first floor,—tight work for the servants if they slept in the attics. They must have had depôts of night candles by the way. Martin, in looking at his Babylon with a friend of mine, said: 'I mean that tower to be seven miles high.' The association is preposterous. There is nothing grand in a man stepping from York to Lancaster; but when he makes a great Creator fifteen inches, paints a sun the size of a bank token, draws a line for the sea, and makes one leg of God in it and the other above, and says, "There, that horizon is twenty miles long, and therefore God's leg must be sixteen relatively to the horizon,' the artist really deserves as much pity as the poorest maniac in Bedlam.

"I carried my picture in to-day, and seeing this picture was led into meditation on its inconsistency."

In March this year Fuseli died. Few knew him better than Haydon, or appreciated him, as it seems to me, more justly, or more kindly.

"Fuseli is dead! An historical painter dead is an irreparable loss; for, however unsuccessful, if living, he is a perpetual reproach to the apathy, brutality and insincerity of the patrons. He keeps alive the complaint that historical painting is neglected—and thus, even in ruin, indirectly maintains a feeling which must die when he dies, for it can no longer be a subject of complaint that history is not supported, when its professors are extinct.

"Notwithstanding the apathy of the public latterly towards his works, Fuseli had had his day. His Nightmare

was decidedly popular all over Europe. Fuseli was paid 30*l.* for the picture, and the engraver cleared 600*l.* by the print. His great works were from Milton. His conception of Adam and Eve for pathos, and Uriel contemplating Satan for sublimity, have never been excelled by the greatest painters of the greatest period of art either in Greece or Italy. With a fancy bordering on frenzy, as he used to say, the patience, the humility and calmness necessary for embodying your conceptions in an art, the language of which, in spite of all the sophistry and cant about style and gusto, is undeniably grounded on a just selection and imitation of beautiful nature—angered and irritated him. His great delight was conception, not embodying his conceptions, and as soon as he rendered a conception intelligible to himself and others by any means, he flew off to a fresh one, too impatient to endure the meditation required fully to develope it.

"To such a temperament nature was an annoyance, because she is an irrefutable reproach to extravagance and untruth. She put him out likely enough, and unable to bear the fatigue of investigating her perfections, he left her in anger because she disdained to bend herself to the frenzied irregularities of his own spasmodic conceits. The degeneration of style into which Fuseli latterly fell could have been predicted from his very first work, and let it be a warning to all students, who, in their occasional wise-headed discussions while they eat their tarts on the pedestal of the Apollo, or roast their potatoes by the plaster-room fire, talk of the grand style, when they ought to be found at the feet of their figures, drawing hard and correctly from nature, and never venturing a step without her concurrence. His vigour of conversation continued to the last. His acquirements were great. He wrote Latin, spoke Italian, German, French perfectly well, and read Homer, but his knowledge of Greek was not solid. He could not argue, but illustrated everything by brilliant repartee; Horne Tooke was the only man who was an over-match for him.

"He was fond of praise, and if you did not praise any thing he was about, he would praise it himself; but if you praised it beyond truth, he would be severe in censuring it. It seemed a reflection on his genius if you did not praise, and a contempt for his understanding if you praised too much: in either case he resented.

"He was an intense egotist, as all mannerists must be. If you acknowledged the supremacy of his style no man was more fatherly; if you disputed his infallibility, he heard you with irritation.

"On the whole Fuseli was a great genius, but not a sound genius, and failed to interest the nation by having nothing in his style in common with our natural sympathies.

"About the Elgin Marbles he did not behave so grandly as West and Canova and Lawrence. I was the first who took him to see these divine works. Wilkie had taken me. Tired, I went to Fuseli, set him in a blaze, and he put on his great coat directly.

"Thrown off his guard by their beauty, he strode about the collection in his fierce way, saying, 'the Greeks were gods—they were gods.' We went home and looked over Quintilian and Pliny, and every author who alluded to the Parthenon, and the Greek artists.

"A day or two afterwards, reflecting what he had written about the Apollo, &c., he tried to *unsay*, but it would not do. One side of the Ilissus was too short! I showed him a cast which was shorter. One arm of the Theseus was too thick. I proved it right by the different actions. His belly was too flat. I convinced him it was owing to the bowels falling in, while the bowels leaned out in the Ilissus, and then the belly protruded. This was irrefutable. I had never differed as strongly before. He saw he was wrong, and had passed life on a wrong scent. A really great soul like Canova's would have acknowledged it. I fear Fuseli's self-love was too strong for this. He flew into a passion, and we were never cordial after. I regretted it, as no man owed more to Fuseli than myself.

"When a man of genius is in full fire never contradict him—give him swing—let him pour forth right or wrong, and a listener is sure to get a greater quantity of good, however mixed, than if you thwart or reason: in fact reasoning is out of the question.

"The Royal Academy may get a Keeper who may be better in handling the chalk, or improving the regulations of its councils; but they will never get another who will have the power to invigorate the conceptions, enlarge the views, or inspire the ambition of the students as Fuseli did.

"How many delightful hours have I passed with him in one continued stream of quotation, conception, repartee, and humour. In his temper he was irritable and violent, but appeased in an instant. In his person small, with a face of independent, unregulated fire. I have heard he was handsome when young, and with women (when gratified by their attentions) no man could be more gentle.

"His loss to the Academy is great, for there is no one to supply his place as a lecturer, and in a few years so completely will historical painters be extinct, that no lectures will be given. This nest of portrait-painters are thus enjoying the full fruits of their own pernicious supremacy — fruits that Reynolds predicted in his latter days. Their calumnies and perpetual attacks unseated Reynolds, impoverished West, destroyed Barry, crippled Fuseli, and for a time involved me. A decided step by Government would check its decay, but every member of the Government, with the King at their head, is so much at the mercy of portrait-painters, that if His Majesty was to resolve to-day, a hint from his portrait-painters would shake his resolution. Such is the condition to which the art is reduced, and lower still will it sink."

At the exhibition of the Academy in May, the critics opened on Haydon's portraits. He relieves his irritation by some vigorous criticism of the critics, which I will not transfer to these pages, particularly as the angry painter

himself, by a strong effort of self-command, refrained from answering his detractors. "It is hard to be quiet," he says, "but my friends are right."

"*May 6th.*—The exhibition is the best I ever saw since I began the art. It is curious in a picture of the destruction of Pharaoh. The scenery is so preponderating that all grandeur is lost. There is no idea of force or power, but in the importance of the objects destroyed. There is no grandeur in the sea whirling a bit of cork, and if human beings are so diminished as to be undistinguishable, all idea of destruction vanishes."

The irritation caused by the attacks on his portraits was somewhat allayed by an opportunity which was given of exhibiting this month his Judgment of Solomon, with other works of the English school, at the gallery of the British Institution. The canvass had been rolled up two years, but on unrolling, Haydon was glad to find the picture safe and fresh. In the Gallery, while himself exulting in this opportunity of again showing his work, "cheek by jowl with the Academicians," he met Wilkie, "dreadfully broken by his family troubles, unable to paint, or read, or think without confusion of head."

Two days before Haydon had received from Sir John Leycester another commission.

"*May 11th.*—While I was at the Gallery yesterday, poor old Northcote, who has some fine pictures there, was walking about. He nodded to me. I approached. I congratulated him on his pictures. 'Ah, sir,' said he, 'they want varnishing, they say.' 'Well,' said I, 'why don't you varnish them?' He shook his head, meaning he was too feeble. 'Shall I do it?' 'Will 'ee,' said Northcote, 'I shall be so much obliged.' To the astonishment of the Academicians I mounted the ladder, and varnished away. The poor old mummy was in raptures. I felt for the impotence of his age. He told me some capital stories when I came down. I saw the eyes of the R. A.'s sparkling as if they thought, 'Now what d——d motive has Haydon got.'

"*May* 18*th.*—Went to Lord Stafford's and studied the Orleans Raffaele, the little Rembrandt, and Virgin and Child by Vandyke. The more intelligible an action is, the less reason is there for the expression to be strong in the face. Vandyke's character is individual, his effect and execution perfect. Raffaele's effect and execution are hard, his character high: Rembrandt's characters fine, yet individual, his colour, execution, surface, perfect.

"Oh dear Raffaele, I went down with my mind disturbed by the perpetual attacks lately made on me, and the sight of thy divine picture calmed, soothed, and sent me home thinking only of my art and thee and nature. Bless thy genius for it with all my heart, and the God who bestowed it on thee.

May beautiful thoughts alone possess my soul. But this is impossible in a Democratic Aristocracy like England.

"*May* 29*th.*—Spent two hours with Wilkie. Had a long conversation, I regretted many things and he did the like. It was affecting. He was ill, and could not think a moment without being confused: we were both interested. He said he could not bear my conversation, it made him ill. We then thought of our mutual escapes from various things that occur to every man who comes to London very young. Our conversation was deeply exciting. It shook him to death."

By the end of June, Haydon had got into his "old delightful habits of study" again, his mind "calm, happy and conceiving." The journals bear evidence of it. Instead of complaint or bitter reproaches of himself and others, they show nothing for many pages before this brief cheerful entry, but sketches for his picture of Pharaoh dismissing the Israelites, as vigorous as in his happiest days.

So June ended happily, "though not employed as it ought."

"30*th.*—Advanced, got into my habits,—the greatest delight.

"The mixture of literature and painting I really think

the perfection of human happiness. I paint a head, revel in colour, hit an expression, sit down fatigued, take up a poet or an historian, write my own thoughts, or muse on the thoughts of others, and hours and troubles, and the tortures of disappointed ambition, pass and are forgotten. I wake as from a dream to the drowsy, foggy world with sorrow and disgust. Oh, what would I give for a competence, a covering by a mountain stream, a library and a painting-room, with dearest Mary and my children to educate and love. This will never be my lot, and never can be, but I have enough to thank God for, and I do with all my soul.

"God grant my Frank may be a good and great man, honourable, upright, religious and diligent."

He went on working cheerfully and successfully to the end of July, and so to the 5th of August, when his employer calling, "liked the picture capitally," and gave him a pleasant proof of his admiration in an advance of 50*l*. He had now another cause of delight. His last portrait was out of hand. How long it might have remained unfinished is uncertain, but his sitter, a rich city man, had hinted his suspicions that the painter was "going to cheat him," though he had only put the picture by to let the colours get hard. "So much for his knowledge."

"Charles V. did not push Titian for his works.—'*Magnis componere parva.*"

Headstrong as Haydon was, he was given to speculate on the "why and because" of life, and to analyse closely and frequently the causes of success and failure. Here is an example:—"What singular apparent injustice appears in the fate of some men of genius and the fortune of others.

"Chantrey got a fortune by those two children in Litchfield Cathedral. One day calling on him I was shown into his work-room, and on a table I saw a design of these very children by Stothard. I could swear to it.

"A friend of mine was at a lock-up house to be bail for

another; while he was sitting there in walked Stothard, arrested for a coal-bill of 34*l*. He was going to the Academy as visitor when it happened. My friend went up to him and said, 'I know you, what can I do?' He got him out time enough to attend his duties.

"Thus, here is Chantrey drinking champagne for lunch, with employment for life, and a fortune for his heirs, in consequence of old Stothard's genius, while the possessor of the powers by which Chantrey rises is arrested by his coal-merchant, and escapes into the Academy as librarian to eke out a living.

"Homer begged; Tasso begged in a different way; Gallileo was racked; De Witt assassinated, and all for wishing to improve their species. At the same time Raffaele, Michel Angelo, Zeuxis, Apelles, Rubens, Reynolds, Titian, Shakspeare were rich and happy. Why? because with their genius they combined practical prudence. I believe this is the secret.

"'What a game you have thrown away!' said a friend. 'No,' I replied, 'what cards the injustice of others rendered fruitless.' 'Not so,' he answered, 'You showed your hand too exultingly, and provoked them to cheat.' 'So long as you acknowledge they cheated, I am content.' 'But why provoke then? Why not, conscious of your hand, play it without a word?' 'I grant you,' I said, 'that would have been prudent, but I doubt if the result would have been different. The first triumph I gained would have equally provoked my adversaries.' He shook his head.

"I find the artists most favoured by the great are those of no education, or those who conceal what they have. The love of power and superiority is not trod on if a man of genius is ignorant when a gentleman is informed. 'Great folks,' said Johnson, 'don't like to have their mouths stopped.' I believe it, and how often have I had occasion to curse my better information when my love of truth induced me to prove I knew more than a man of rank.

"A man of rank came up to me and said, 'Do you know, Mr. Haydon, I think Titian's grounds were so and so.' As long as I listened he appeared placid; but this was putting a poker into a powder-barrel. I exploded, and poured forth all I had obtained from experience and reading. He looked grave,—hummed,—talked of the weather, and took up his hat with a 'Good morning.' I can't think how Reynolds managed these things. Northcote says he always appeared ignorant.

"Another time three men of rank and old West were talking of Milton's genius, of which they knew little enough. Sir George spoke of his plagiarism. I remarked there was something singular in his industry, and quoted two or three authors to prove how he studied. Instead of being pleased, one looked at his watch, another asked West how Mrs. West was, a third walked away, and not a word was said by any of them. In a minute I found myself alone. Curious!

"I do not think I am liked in company, except by women. When I know, I talk; when I am ignorant, I listen. Is not this fair? When I can talk, I talk better than others; but I listen to others who talk better than me. Is not this fair? When I know better than others, princes or peers, I show it. When they know better I bow. They would have me bow in both instances, but I can't, and, what's more, I won't.

"No, no, knowledge is power, genius is power, health is power; and why should genius, knowledge, and health bow to imbecility, ignorance, and disease? Title is power, fortune is power, birth is power. Why should title, fortune, and birth bow to genius, knowledge, and health? They certainly need not, on a general principle; but when title talks ignorantly of what genius knows radically, why should genius bow to title?

"Because genius is dependent on title for development,—at least for employment. Because rank, at any rate, is entitled to civility, on the principle of rank being a reward to the possessor or his ancestor for some personal qualification or heroic deed. Of course centuries of possession

say something for conduct; and because whatever tends to obstruct genius and deprive it of employment is pernicious to its display. Painters should, therefore, not be talkers except with their brushes, or writers except on their art; because the display of too much power when others know something, is apt to excite envy and injure a painter's development of his art. Men are content that you should know more of painting than they do, but they don't like that you should know as much of any other thing; because they feel if this man can paint and yet be informed as well as we are in other matters, we are nobody and we won't patronise him. But if this man knows nothing out of his art, why we are somebody in something. We can spell and he can't; we know French, and he does not; we read Homer, and he knows nothing of him. In a word, we can talk at dinner and he must be silent, except when we want to know a matter where it is no disgrace that he should know more than ourselves, on the same principle as we tolerate a tailor, a shoemaker, a carpenter, a butcher or a surgeon.

"Therefore, oh ye artists who can spell, speak French, and read Homer, never show your patrons they speak bad French, or read bad Greek, and spell carelessly, but listen to their French as if it was Racine's, to their Greek as if old Homer himself were spouting, and read their epistles as if they had orthography, grammar and common sense. Do this and you will drink their claret, adorn their rooms, ride their horses, visit their châteaux and eat their venison. But if, on the contrary, you answer the French not meant for you to understand, rectify their quotations which you are not supposed ever to have heard of, and discuss opinions only put forth for you to bow to, you will not eat their venison, you will not adorn their apartments, you will not ride their horses, you will not drink their claret, or visit their châteaux, at any rate more than once. And, so, artists, be humble and discreet.

"*31st August.*—Spoke to a sexton to-day who was digging a grave. He answered me like Hamlet's. How true

is Shakspeare! A grave-digger, a turnpike-man, and a butcher, from consciousness of power, are all impudent—a grave-digger especially. He must, and he does feel that he is digging the last habitation of another. The consciousness that he is alive, and the other as it were his victim, gives him a surly, healthy, witty independence.

"My dear Frank was with me. 'Ah,' said I, 'Frank, that will be your's as well as my last home.' 'But your's first, papa,' said he.

"On the 29th of September, Martin called and thought I wanted more space. That fellow should have wings. He is an extraordinary genius in his way. He expressed himself much delighted, but wanted a town ten thousand feet high, and a hall or two in which a man might take a bed before he got to the end of the room; where if a party was given a man must dispatch a courier with relays for soup or fish, if they happened to be at the bottom of the table."

All this time the picture was going on rapidly. "On reviewing the past month it is gratifying to think how delightfully, rapidly, and conclusively I have painted. I hope to bring my picture, under God's blessing, to a completion at the time I hoped.

"I deferred my payments, and on the whole have had a whole month unembarrassed. My mind sprang, as it were, at once to the most difficult parts, so soon as I was secure of not being dunned.

"*October* 18*th.*—In the city about cash, the only thing the city is fit for. Called on Mrs. Belzoni,—found her full of energy and misery. An execution on Belzoni's property—his models, casts, and all seized. The widows of soldiers and sailors are provided for, but the widows of men of science are not. Soldiers and sailors are requisite that John Bull may guzzle his porter and eat his beef in security, but poets, painters, and travellers are not. He can do without them. Therefore their widows and themselves may go to the devil."

There is little to note during the remainder of this year but the progress of his picture towards conclusion, and his

studies and researches upon the subject of Egypt for the costume and architecture.

"*November 8th.*—At the Museum all day. Searched Pocock and everything Egyptian in the Museum, and the great French work.

"Any one who for a moment doubts that the principles of Greek architecture, sculpture, and painting had their origin from Egypt, can never have examined the works of that country.

"The painting the walls of their palaces in fresco—the orders of their architecture—the principles of their temples—are all derived from Egypt evidently. The story of Callimachus and the acanthus are inventions.

"What a delightful day I have spent! Ah—how superior to portrait painting. Here I was drinking in knowledge, and gloating on antiquity and all its delightful associations.

"*November 13th.*—Hard at work, and completed my principal figure—Moses, the leader of six hundred thousand rebellious Israelites.

"*November 16th.*—In the city for cash—went and studied the little Rembrandt at the National Gallery for my background. Red, blue, and yellow in different tones are the secret of fine colour. Saw a friend, Davis, from Italy. He said when a set of caricatures came new to the print shop, the poor Italians would go up and say, '*Ah! niente de bello.*' Beautiful expression of the taste and feeling of this gifted people.

"*November 19th.*—Hard at work on the background, the most hazardous part of a picture. Mr. Green, the new professor of anatomy in the Academy, commenced last night. As usual he affirmed the Greek artists did not know muscular anatomy, because the medical professors were so ignorant. This is no argument but for the clique: because the medical men knew little is that any proof that the artists knew nothing? Certainly not.

"It is extraordinary how professors established for the very purpose of instructing youth in the principles of

24057

anatomy, should begin to deaden their enthusiasm by saying you must know it, because I am established to teach it, but yet the greatest artists the world ever saw did not know it. What is the inference drawn by lazy youngsters? Why, if the greatest artists did not know it, what use can it be to us?

"Carlisle did the same thing. 'Pliny and Pausanias,' he said, 'proved it.'

"I should like to know where. Cockerell said he was not aware there was any authority for saying they (the Greeks) did not dissect. Lord Aberdeen said to me (1821) they certainly did not; but I could get no authority.

"*November 22nd—24th.*—Intensely absorbed in my background. To settle the quantity of colour, action, and light in a background is among the most difficult things in the art. It must keep up the story, and not interfere. It must be connected and yet distinct.

"*November 27th.*—Very hard at work, and obliged to leave off, having settled, thank God! the whole of my picture, background and all, and having little to do but complete.

"*November 30th.*—The four last days have been uselessly (but unavoidably) spent in musing, thinking and strolling. The backs of the balls of my eyes were irritable—a sign I always dread. I left off directly, and am recovered.

"Twenty-two days I have worked very hard, and though the painting of my picture is not completed, it is all so settled, that it soon will be with God's blessing.

"*December 1st.*—My fits continue. I am all fits,—fits of work, fits of idleness, fits of reading, fits of walking, fits of Italian, fits of Greek, fits of Latin, fits of French, fits of Napoleon, fits of the navy, fits of the army, fits of religion. My dear Mary's lovely face is the only thing that has escaped—a fit that never varies.

"The finest touch of what may be called the delusion of Don Quixote is this:—

"He makes a pasteboard vizor, believing it is strong

enough for the stroke of a giant. He fetches a blow at it that smashes it to pieces. Mortified he fits it up again, consoling himself that it is strong enough now, but Cervantes says he did not give it another blow to prove it.

"This is a Shakesperian touch, and worthy of him. This one willing shirk of evidence, lest he might even convince himself against his will, and unsettle his frenzy, contains the whole history of his character, and is a deep, deep glance into human weakness.*

"I have read in my idle fit Sheridan's life by Moore.

"Upon the whole it is a delightful book, but the excuse of an admirer.

"Notwithstanding his passion for Miss Lindley, and his grief for the death of his father, (who had illused him), I question Sheridan's having a good heart really.

"His making love to Pamela, (Madame de Genlis' daughter), so soon after his lovely wife's death, and his marriage in two years after her loss with a young girl, renders one mistrustful as to the real depth of his passion.

"No man of wit, to the full extent of the meaning, can have a good heart, because he has, and must have, less regard for the feelings or sufferings of others, than for the brilliancy of his own sayings, whoever may suffer. There must be more malice than love in the hearts of all 'wits.' Sheridan is a complete illustration.

"His treatment of Storace's widow—the widow of one who had sacrificed his life to Sheridan's interests, ought not to have been omitted by Moore. Sheridan gave the theatre for a benefit. The house was crowded of course. Sheridan went to the door-keeper, and manager, and friend, and swept off all the receipts, and the widow never got a shilling. This was told me by Prince Hoare, one of Stephen Storace's intimate friends.

"No man with a good heart could have done this had his faculties been ever so steeped in intoxication.

* Coleridge points out this in his criticism on Don Quixote. Perhaps Haydon got it from Hazlitt.—Ed.

"Publicly he acted, once or twice, with grandeur and principle; but grandeur of public principle is not incompatible with private immorality. The faults of the great Whig leaders are of course leniently treated by Moore; but the truth is, that neither Burke, Fox, nor Sheridan, had the caution or prudence requisite for government.

"When Sheridan was Paymaster of the Navy at Somerset House, the butcher brought a leg of mutton to the kitchen. The cook took it, and putting it into the kettle to boil, went up stairs for the money, as the butcher was not to leave the joint without it. As she stayed rather long the butcher very coolly went over, took off the cover, took out the mutton, and walked away. This is a fact. The cook told it to the porter of the Royal Academy, who being my model told it to me as he was sitting. A creditor whom Sheridan had perpetually avoided, met him at last, plump, coming out of Pall Mall from St. James's Palace. There was no possibility of avoiding him, but S. never lost his presence of mind. 'Oh,' said Sheridan, 'that's a beautiful mare you are on.' 'D'ye think so?' 'Yes, indeed. How does she trot?' The creditor, flattered, told him he should see, and immediately put her into full trotting pace. The instant he trotted off Sheridan turned into Pall Mall again, and was out of sight in a moment.

"Moore's life of him wants courage. Society is Moore's god. He can't, like Johnson, tell all the truth, and bid society defiance.

"His burning Byron's manuscript was a sacrifice to his fashionable friends, and his concealments in Sheridan's life are not worthy his native independence.

"*December 5th.*—3 o'clock, Sunday morning, December 5th, 1825, Alfred Haydon born." Anxiety about his wife and child made Haydon now, for a while, relax in his application to his picture.

"*December 9th.*—Still nothing to talk of. Dearest Mary better, my mind easier, and shortly I begin.

"10*th.*—Read hard Cuvier's *Révolutions du Globe* with great interest and delight. What a vast quantity of

knowledge I am ignorant of—Astronomy, Natural History, Botany, Navigation, &c. I shrink within myself when I think of all I don't know. Yet there is a delight when there is such a source open to one. No painting yet; but my arrangements quite ready.

"11*th.*—Called on S——, and spent a rich three hours with him. He is the reflection of the court, the patrons, and the nobility. He told me several curious things, absolute matters of history. Afterwards went to Hamilton, Stanley-Grove House, and spent an hour. Saw La Thiere's drawings: H. laughed heartily at my family picture, in which I joined most sincerely. Told them some anecdotes about my sitters, at which we laughed again—not quite fair, as they had maintained me for a year.

"12*th.*—Impenetrably dark. Could not paint. Went out. Called on Hazlitt, as being all in character with the day, and had a regular groan.

"13*th.*—Set to work. Thirteen days gone in anxiety and idleness: finished one side of the background as if in a fury, successfully and with great enjoyment, from having thought about it lately very much. I did it in a very few minutes. S—— told me Lord Wellington said Lawrence was a man of no mind. Set the thing before him, and he can do it: but he has no invention. Lord Wellington stood for L. three hours with his hands across. After he had done, he stepped down, and said, 'Pshaw! That is not like my sword.' 'Please your Grace, I'll do it next time.' 'Do it now.' 'I must go to the Princess Augusta's.' 'Oh no; you must put my sword right. It is really bad.' This was done.

"S—— is a sort of echo of court opinions. He talked of Canning in a way I could fathom. He (Canning) was endured because he was useful more than from liking. It is astonishing how skilful the hangers-on of a court are, in feeling out the opinions of their superiors. S—— is a man of great sagacity and shrewdness, and could gather a notion how things are going on, by the sound of a word.

"*December* 14*th.*—Hard at work, and finished the

other architectural parts. Architecture by a painter should be correct and mathematical; but it should be a painter's, made subservient to a whole, and should not look as if executed by an architect's clerk. This is the way Titian and Rubens painted architecture, and this is the way it ought to be painted. Dearest Mary getting rapidly well.

"15*th.*—Hard at work and finished background. Half the month gone; and owing to anxieties I have only worked three days out of fifteen. Twelve lost.

"*December* 16*th.*—Hard at work and finished the sun. If anything is too hot, put something hotter, and it becomes cool. If anything is too yellow, put something by it much yellower, and it becomes white. So of red, blue, black, &c. So of everything; lines, colour, expression. This is a deep principle, and cannot be too often remembered.

"*December* 17*th.*—At work, but carelessly. At last got excited, and advanced and improved the picture. Have little now to do.

"God be thanked, with all my heart and soul, for having enabled me to realise what I wished. When I first conceived this subject, I prayed I might complete it. I have done so. God Almighty accept my thanks.

"*December* 18*th.*—Finished the sky and moon. If the moon be painted equally light, it looks like a shilling in spite of the greatest genius. It must be varied, like everything else. Sharp and soft, and dark and light.

"*December* 31*st.*—The last day of the year 1825. How many last days of years with sage reflections do my journals contain! This year has been one of mingled yarn — good and evil: but the good, as it generally does, preponderated. I have to bless God for many great mercies indeed. After being deprived of my bread by the abuse of the press, a historical commission started up, gave me an opportunity again to burst forth, and saved us from ruin. I have finished it, and hope God will bless it with success. On it depends really my future subsistence,

and my power to bring up my boys like gentlemen. I am now sitting in my parlour with Milton's Christian Doctrine before me, reading, and quietly awaiting the new year; in an hour it will be here. 1826! Shall I live to see 1856? Yes; by temperance, and piety, and keeping my mind tranquil, and pursuing my enchanting art. By God's blessing I shall; but not else. I think I may say I have conquered several evil feelings. I am more regular; not so rash or violent. I have subdued my hankering after polemical controversy; conduct myself more as if constantly in the eye of my Maker. All this I attribute to the purity of feeling generated by marriage. O God! for Thy infinite blessings throughout accept my deep gratitude. Pardon the many errors my dear Mary and myself have been guilty of. We acknowledge Thy goodness in humbleness and awe. Thou hast blessed us with another boy. Oh give us life to protect him till he can protect himself; to educate him in Thy fear and love, and make him, with our other children, good, virtuous, and distinguished. Grant these things for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen, in awe."

By the 14th of January, 1826, his picture was finished and sent to the British Gallery. "It is curious," he remarks (15th) "the mixture of apathy and anxiety with which I await the fate of my picture. After all it is very little better than Dentatus, painted eighteen years ago. The background has more air, but it is not a bit better painted. Fuseli said you will never paint better so long as you live: perhaps the kneeling woman surpasses any other figure in Dentatus. But on the whole eighteen years have done little for my talents."

Haydon was much gratified during this month by the receipt of a long and affectionate letter from Wilkie, describing his impressions of the great works at Rome. The close intimacy between Wilkie and Haydon was by this time at an end, and the hope which Haydon expresses on receipt of this letter, that the old feelings of their student

days might be renewed was not destined to be realised, though the two often met and always as friends.

1826 was a year of great commercial convulsion, the effects of which reached artists as well as men in business. Haydon, as will be seen, suffered among others. Already by the 27th he notes; "In the city to get cash. My creditor looked nervous. This panic has strangely altered commercial men's looks.

"*28th.*—At the Gallery. Disappointment; though I ought to be satisfied with the look of my picture. Tone does not do for a modern exhibition. It looked sickly and flat: the artists thought not, but there is something which freshness of colour, I think, would add to a historical picture. I am never satisfied with my pictures in a modern exhibition. I will try something new.

"*29th.*—Spent three hours with S——, and a very entertaining three hours. Yesterday (Saturday) he was two hours with the King. S—— said the King was showing him the plan for Buckingham House. 'There,' said the King, 'is a road and door for people who come in a hackney coach; that's the road for ministers and ambassadors; there's the road for the Royal family, and that's the road for'—(here he hesitated)—for US,' said he with emphasis, "on great occasions." S—— said the King was the best mimic he ever saw in his life, (from S——'s good sense and taste I am quite sure the King unbends to him,) but he little thinks that he, mimic as he is, is mimicked. S—— said that he thought the King the shrewdest man he ever saw. That he knew the world well—deeply.

"The King little thinks that under that impenetrable exterior, that mild, modest, humble, unaffected manner, lies the deepest insight, and that while the King is supposing he sifts S——, S—— is sifting him with the power and scrutiny of the devil himself.

"This man turns the nobility round his finger like a plaything, and they, good honest souls, fancy they are using him. Long, who introduced him, did so because he thought he could supply the place of Long himself in business

matters of art. Alas! S—— will very shortly supply his place in everything. Long is shrewd, but S—— is shrewder. S——, in fact, is a match for all of them, and if he were a little more educated would be invaluable to any King.

"S—— told me I might be sure my picture would do everything I wished."

In February Haydon addressed a letter to Mr. Canning, who was now Foreign Secretary, asking him for an interview in which he might urge upon him the claims of historical art to public patronage. He was not more successful in this application than he had been with those to Mr. Robinson and Sir Charles Long. Mr. Canning begged him (Feb. 4.) to communicate his business in writing. This he did as follows: —

"Sir,

"I beg to express my gratitude for the honour you have attached to me, in paying attention to my request.

"My object was to ascertain if you would think it an impropriety if I presumed to ask if you would present to the House of Commons, early this session, a petition in favour of the public patronage of historical painters, by the annual vote of a moderate sum, to be laid out as might hereafter be resolved on.

"I hoped by an interview to interest you in the condition of historical painting, to induce you, sir, to make an effort for its protection; to put you in possession of facts, for the exercise of your judgment. Mr. Burke said long ago that till a minister interfered for the arts, no further advances could be expected in the higher branches. The state of taste, and of the other branches of the arts which depend on private patronage, prove that things are tending rapidly to the desired conclusion, and only wait the impulsion of influence and power to bring them at once to their first elevation.

"Pardon my presumption, sir, in saying, that every admirer of yours would feel delighted to see you fill the opening which the greatest statesmen of our country have hitherto left vacant.

"I take the liberty of enclosing you a copy of the petition, and earnestly hope in God I may be so fortunate as to interest you in the subject."

Mr. Canning declined to present the petition, first, because its presentation by a minister would imply previous consideration and consent by the Government, and secondly, because, even if such consent had been given, the business belonged to the First Lord of the Treasury, and not to the Foreign Secretary. Haydon then applied to Sir Charles Long, who while declaring his willingness to present the petition, adds that "with every wish to encourage historical painting, he has never been of opinion that it would be successfully promoted by the means suggested in the petition."

An interview followed, (Feb. 14th).

"On the subject of my petition, Sir Charles behaved very candidly, and told me he took a very different view of the subject to that which I did. He said he had been long in the House of Commons, and that there was nothing less known than art. That when the Waterloo Monument was proposed, many different plans were sent in. That Lord Londonderry said the thing had better be given up. That all money voted by the House of Commons would be subject to supervision, and that the Directors, as independent gentlemen, had determined if the House voted the money, to refuse it, because they would not be subject to the investigation of Mr. Hume. When Sir Charles said this, his face had an expression quite extraordinary. It gave me more notion of Hume's power, and the dread place-hunters have of him than anything else on earth could have given me. He now stopped. I said, 'Your objections do not apply to the vote of money, but to the investigation that would naturally take place as to its expenditure. Do you not think that 4000*l.* a year spent in art would benefit it?' 'Why I don't know,' said he; 'if 4000*l.* was voted, and we were worried as to our expenditure, I would resign my office as Director.'

"'Yes, sir, but why should money here do more harm than in Greece and in Italy. It has never been tried, and

though no motion or vote would follow this session, yet by keeping the subject before the world, something like attention must be the consequence. Surely if money is voted for sculpture or the Museum, it may be for painting. Why not place painting on the same level?'

"It was no use talking: he seemed to have a rooted aversion. 'If not indelicate,' said I, 'I still wish that you, Sir Charles, would present the petition.' He would do it, if I still wished, but no motion would be made by him. He then said Lord Liverpool had sent for him. He put on his glasses, and looked over some papers. I bowed and took my leave.

"So much for Sir Charles.

"Now the question is whether more good or harm would accrue from his presentation? The public is decidedly against him, and if he slurs the thing over, he will injure and not benefit the cause. God knows. I shall put Mr. Brougham in possession of what passed, and beg him to watch the time of presentation. Long was a complete courtier. It was curious to me the art with which he appealed to my prejudices about the Royal Academy.

"Here was Long in a palace, and I, who had devoted my life without a selfish feeling to the honour of my country, just escaped from a bailiff by getting my landlord to pay ten guineas, while I walked down to keep my appointment with him. Such is life,—self-interest, absence of enthusiasm, and of high feeling, plodding meanness, and sleek slavish cringing to power, though despised by the world, secure a man a palace and fortune, while public spirit, high feeling for your country's honour, generosity and independence, though admired by the world, render a man poor, and leave him the Bench for a refuge."

After much hesitation, by Seguier's advice, Haydon determined to try Mr. Ridley Colborne, from whom he met at least with sympathy. Though Mr. Colborne had no expectation that the petition would lead to anything, yet he conceived it would keep the subject alive, and

presented it accordingly, (Feb. 23rd), "especially well." It was as follows: —

"A petition of Benjamin Robert Haydon, *Historical Painter*, of 58. Connaught Terrace, Portman Square, was presented, and read; setting forth, that in all countries where the arts have flourished, the native artists were the principal objects of national patronage, and their productions the leading features in the public collections; that no country where this principle in the encouragement of the arts was not the leading principle ever rose to any great eminence or palpable superiority, or ever displayed in painting, or sculpture, or architecture, undeniable evidence of original national genius; that the ancient Greeks, who are become proverbial for superlative excellence, made the native artists and their works the principal objects of national employment; that the ancient Romans, on the other hand, never rose to any distinguished excellence in painting or in sculpture, and cannot bear comparison with the ancient Greeks; that this deficiency was not from want of capacity in the people, but from want of employment by the government, because in architecture, where employment was bestowed, the ancient Romans have a great name; that in a subsequent period, when the heads of the Catholic Church felt the necessity of adding the powers of painting and sculpture to illustrate the doctrines of their belief, the descendants of the same people, having then an opportunity for the display of their native talents, shone forth with such grandeur of genius as to have been ever since as much objects of reference and standards of excellence nearly as the ancient Greeks; that it is therefore evident, had the same opportunity been given to their illustrious ancestors, the same results would have followed; that the petitioner humbly wishes to impress the importance of this principle of patronage on the attention of the House, in consequence of the projected intention of a National Gallery, for no Gallery can strictly be called National, nor will any Gallery be ever of that advantage to the native art, if it be built only to receive foreign productions as examples of instruction, without provision being made for the purchase and reception of native works; that the public of this country has been blamed for having no taste for historical painting, but this assertion appears to the petitioner to be unjust; for the petitioner is convinced, from his own experience, that some plan of public patronage for native art is earnestly desired,

and would be extremely popular, and that the public would be disappointed if, in the plan of a National Gallery, the purchase and display of native works did not form a conspicuous feature; that the petitioner humbly suggests to the House whether there be another instance in the history of the world of any other nation, which has obtained a great name in the arts, having advanced so far in poetry, in science, in philosophy, in naval and military glory, in commercial greatness, or in political wisdom, as Great Britain has done, without having established some system of public encouragement by which the arts might keep pace with the greatness of the country in other matters; that the petitioner therefore submits to the House, if it be unjust that the English historical painters, after having effectually rescued their country from the suspicions of an inherent deficiency of talent, by a continual struggle against prejudices, domestic and foreign, for more than half a century, should desire humbly that assistance from the House by which alone they can hope or expect to establish their country's capacity in the face of the world, as the painters in the other branches of art have already so triumphantly done, in consequence of the liberality of private patronage, and the establishment of the British Gallery, which has done so much, more especially as the sum required would be very moderate, and scarcely felt or perceived in the national expenditure; that the petitioner therefore humbly hopes that the House will not think it presumption in him, as an individual of that class, to mention, for the decision of the House, if the House should hereafter think fit, that a sum, not exceeding 4,000*l.* be annually, or at first every two years, set aside, principally, but not exclusively, for the encouragement of historical painting, to be spent either in the purchase of distinguished works already before the public, or in the employment of artists already established, whose character and talents would ensure a proper return for such liberality, and according to any future plan, or under any direction the House may hereafter approve or decide on; that the petitioner humbly hopes the House will not think this subject beneath their attention, or inconsistent with their duties at this particular period, and, when the National Gallery comes under their discussion, that they will deign to give it that notice which in their wisdom they may deem due, for the greatest statesmen the world has ever seen have always considered the arts an

engine not unworthy to be used in advancing the commercial and political greatness of a people."

I must remark, here, that it is difficult now-a-days to rate too highly the courage of Haydon's persistence, because we can hardly rate too low the conception then prevalent, even among men who held the first place as lovers of art, of what worthy patronage of art really was. The best of them do not seem to have understood by it anything beyond buying pictures, and thus encouraging the painters whose works they especially admired. I cannot find from anything in these journals, that art was by any of the great patrons ever seriously considered as an element of national education, or a source of national glory. It cannot, I think, be denied to Haydon, that his perpetual pressing of a nobler estimate of the relations of artists and people has done something to create the feeling which has at length expressed itself, however imperfectly, in the plans for decorating our new Houses of Parliament.

This matter of the petition off his mind, Haydon set to work on his new picture, (a commission from Sir John Leycester) of Venus appearing to Anchises, as described in the Homeric song. He was at work on this by the 27th of February.

"Hard at work. Got Anchises and Venus right. These commercial distresses have reached me. My employer could not pay me, I could not pay others, and these last five weeks I have been suffering the tortures of the '*inferno*.' I heard to-day from Sir Walter Scott. What a picture of life are my journals. Two volumes ago, Scott sent me 10*l.* for Godwin, then 20*l.* for myself, and now he writes me he has lost a large fortune, and is in distress, though with a handsome competence.

"*21st March.* — I am dreadfully harassed. My friends advise me to send Sir John Leycester's picture to the Academy, but I really cannot. After having said what I have said, and written what I have written, it would not, it could not be consistent.

"'But it would do me honour.'

"What honour? The honour of being applauded by six or seven blockheads. Willingly I could shake hands and forget all, but I must be met half-way. The Academy is certainly modified, but still John Bull never pardons an appearance of renegadeism.

"*24th.* — Hard at work till quite faint. What a beautiful and glorious delusion art has been to me, with all its suffering and all its hollow rewards. Still, necessitous as I am, I would begin again as I begun, and go on as I have gone on, sure as I might be of the same result.

"*25th.* — Out all day in the city on cash matters — cursed cash matters."

The question was now should he send his picture to the Academy or not? Pride rebelled against a step which he felt would be construed into an act of submission, but necessity and self-interest were stronger than pride, and he yielded, sending his picture, after a severe struggle. "Spent the day in excruciating doubts what to do; with five children, surrounded by difficulties, and with nothing ready for individual exhibition, the Royal Academy alone is open to me. Will it be inconsistent to send? No. The greatest part of the men now leading are my old fellow-students. The Academy is not what it was when I attacked it. I consider it materially modified, and why should I keep up a senseless hostility for the sake of gratifying the malignant and discontented, who have clapped their hands while I have been the victim? The party that expelled Reynolds and brought the Academy into contempt is dead and powerless. This party I attacked and successfully. Young men of talent have been admitted, and its whole state and condition is improved. So thinking, I resolved to send my pictures there, which intention I hope will conciliate and destroy the angry feeling, and the notion that I have kept aloof from contempt. Really I hope it may lead to harmony and peace.

"After the pictures were gone came the bitterness of reflection. Had I not violated a great principle? Had I

not gone on my knees? Had I not by the move put myself in the hands of men I had treated with utter contempt, and could I expect anything but contempt in return? God knows! I found the Academy too strongly embedded in the aristocracy of the country, headed by the King, to remodel. I was ruined in the attempt. I never flinched. As I find it not vanquishable by open attack, I will now try conciliation.

"Perhaps after all I do this on the same principle on which Alcibiades cut off his dog's tail, to make people talk — and talk they will."

Within a few days after executing this resolve he was at work on "the finest subject on earth" — Alexander taming Bucephalus. The journal contains the usual evidences of energetic labour in the way of preparation and arrangement. Anatomical studies of the horse show that he began as usual, by laying a sound foundation of accurate structural knowledge. The numerous sketches of the composition both for line and *chiaroscuro* testify as unmistakeably to the pains he took in this part of his labour, as long extracts from the Greek writers, and memoranda of frequent and extended researches at the British Museum, show the care with which he got together his literary materials and authorities.

"*April 25th.*—This last week I have worked hard at the horse, and I hope mastered his anatomical arrangement in a degree, till I go to nature. Stubbs is useful, but his horses are not grand enough in light and shadow for a painter. They may be just as correct without violating the principle of effect. They are delicate, minute and sweetly drawn, with great character, but they want substance.

"*April 30th.* — To Stubbs and one dissection of the fore quarter of an ass, however, I owe my information. Thanks to him. The last day of the month, — a month in which I have worked little indeed. The times, the ruin of friends, the danger of my own prospects, have all had weight and distracted and disturbed my mind. Poor Wilkie is yet unable to paint, and really I begin to fear that at his time

of life he may never be able to paint again, if he does not soon recover. I am now without a single commission again— I have just lost one of five hundred guineas. The only people who do not suffer, and who never do, are the portrait painters, as usual."

This picture introduced him to Lord Egremont, one of the kindest and most liberal patrons the art had at this period.

"*May 14th.* — This day, two-and-twenty years ago, I left my father's house for London, and it is curious that on this day Lord Egremont called and gave me a commission for Alexander. God grant me health and eyes, means and genius, to make this my best work.

"The following conversation passed yesterday with my kind friend, Carew; the only friend I ever met in the art. I wrote to Lord Egremont, saying I had lost from the distresses of the times a five hundred guineas commission which I had depended on.

"Carew was at breakfast with Lord Egremont. 'What bedevilment has Haydon got into now?' 'None, my Lord. He has lost commissions he relied on, and of course, having a wife and five children, he is anxious they should not starve.' 'Well, well, I'll call on you to-morrow, at three, and then go over to him at half past.' Lord Egremont called accordingly at Carew's*: we saw him get out of his carriage, and go into the house. Dear Mary and I were walking on the leads, and agreed it would not be quite right to look too happy, being without sixpence: so we came in, I to the parlour to peep through the blinds, and she to the nursery. In about ten minutes I saw a bustle with the servants. Lord Egremont came out of Carew's, buttoned his coat, and crossed over. He came in, and walked up. 'I hope, my Lord, I have not lost your esteem by making my situation known to you?' 'Not at all,' said he, 'I shall be happy to assist you.' He looked at Alexander, and said, 'I should like this. You

* Carew's house was within sight of Haydon's, on the other side of the way.

must go on with it, and I shall call up occasionally.' He came down, and went away smiling as if pleased with his own resolution. Carew said before he came over he talked of me the whole time. 'What mess is this?' Carew repeated the facts. 'Is he extravagant?' 'Not in the least, my Lord; he is domestic, economical and indefatigable.' 'Why did he take that house after his misfortunes?' 'Because the light was good, and he is at less rent than in a furnished lodging.' 'Well, I must go over, and do something.—But why did he write?' 'My Lord, he was a very young man, and I believe he sincerely repents.' 'He has made himself enemies everywhere by his writing,' said he. He told Carew he thought Alexander the very thing, the cleverest picture I had conceived. It is decidedly so, I know. God only grant me health and peace to bring it to a grand and triumphant conclusion, and to make so generous a nobleman my lasting friend."

For his Bucephalus he made many studies at the riding-school of the Horse Guards*; nay, occasionally had one of

* This account of some of his studies for the picture is from a letter written several years after.

"When Lord Egremont gave me the order, he wrote to Col. * * * * * *, who then had the command at the riding-school, St. John's Wood, to allow me to choose the finest model of man and horse for his picture; the colonel gave me immediate leave to make my choice, which I did—permitted me to have the riding-school to myself, and study the action and bearing of man and horse.

First of all,—the lifeguardsman, a fine young man, stripped his limbs and mounted; he then rode his horse fiercely round at gallop till he was winded; he then drew him up, as he passed me, and halted him to a stand, at the supposed distance the King in the picture would stand from my position in the riding-school. By repeating this several times, and passing me at gallop and trot, I observed narrowly the agreeing action of hind and fore quarters, and neck, when pulled in, as well as the expression of ears, mouth, eye, and nostrils.

"Colonel * * * * * * then himself galloped a grey mare of his own round, pulled in, and I sketched the nostrils of the mare, whilst breathing hard, to get the shape and character. After making one finished sketch in chalk of man and horse, beside several others, and the action and expression of the horse being approved by competent judges in the school, I was allowed to have both man and horse to my

the chargers in his parlour. By the 11th of June Bucephalus was in the picture.

"Obliged to raise money on my property of all descriptions. Lord Egremont must not be spoken to, but I wish he knew it. I am sure he would wish I should work with an easy mind; at least, patience.

"*12th.*—Worked lazily — saw nothing distinctly. The model was exhausted, and I was dull; and so, after five hours' twaddling, I gave up.

"*13th.*—Got Alexander and horse together well. He must look a youth, or the gist of the thing is lost. At present he is like a long-forked life-guardsman. How soon one could finish a picture if one dashed at it like Rubens, careless of character. Finished Pepys' Memoirs, a Dutch picture of the times, deeply interesting. O God, grant me no longer life but while I can read and paint.

"*18th.*—Hard at work to little effect. Got in Alexander's head, when a sudden effect on the model's head made me alter my original intention, and now it turns out it is not the thing. This has not happened to me for years. Always attend to the first ideas; I never altered but to repent. In Lazarus and Pharaoh I never altered, and succeeded in every head. One head indeed I altered (as I did this), and was obliged to revert to my original idea. In Lazarus, the father looking up I put in first against the sky. Everybody gives it against the alteration —low and high—and they are right I fear.

"*20th.*—Pumiced out my yesterday's head, and I hope succeeded in my new one. God be praised with all my soul!

house; and the horse, though mettled, being drilled and obedient, walked into my house like a dog; and he and the man stood in my parlour six hours whilst I made an oil sketch of both. The man and horse were then taken to a meadow behind my house, and the horse raced in it till exhausted, and at full speed pulled suddenly up. Having thus made myself master, from nature only, of the action and expression wanted, I painted the man and horse into the picture, and retouched both from life again in the picture."

"*21st.* — At the horse's head — doubtful success — at it again to-morrow.

"*22nd.* — The head this morning looked well. So true is that which Wilkie has often said to me, 'Never rub out in the evening of the day you have worked hard, if your labour should appear a failure.' Your nature, strained from over-excitement, is apt to be either disconcerted at your imagination being so much more noble than your attempts, or your digestion being deranged by long thinking affects the brain, and fills it with gloomy apprehensions. I was exhausted last night: this morning got up refreshed and everything looked smiling.

"*23rd.* — Obliged to pawn my other lay-figure, the female, for 5*l.*; cost me 30*l.*; obliged. Borrowed a horse's head to paint the teeth and gums from, and had not 8*s.* to pay the man. However, I am not now as during Solomon. I am high in the world, in a good house, have my food, a dear wife, a sweet family, and good credit; but it is hard to part with materials like these. My studies (Elgin ones), my books (most of them), and now my lay-figures, are all pawned. I looked at Vasari, at Lanzi, at Homer, at Tasso, at Shakespeare, but my heart was firm. The very back of a book containing the works of a celebrated genius is enough, if you know the contents well, to fill the mind with crowds of associations. I kept them. I may do without a lay-figure for a time, but not without old Homer — that great, native, true, immortal, illustrious, incarnate spirit. Hail to thee, blind and begging as thou wert! The truth is, I am fonder of books than of anything else on earth. I consider myself, and ever shall, a man of great powers excited to an art which limits their exercise. In politics, law, or literature, they would have had full and glorious swing, and I should have secured a competence. It is a curious proof of this that I have pawned my studies, my prints, my lay-figures, but have kept my darling authors.

"*27th.*—My exhibiting with the Academicians has given great satisfaction to everybody, and they seem to regard

me now without that gloomy dislike they used to do. I heartily wish they may become as they seem,—cordial, and that in the end all animosities may be forgotten in our common desire to advance the art. This is my desire, God knows: whether it be their's time only will show. Westmacott called to-day—yesterday I went to see the horse for his statue of George III. for the end of the long walk at Windsor. Why will a man attempt a language without learning the A, B, C of it?

"It showed a great want of knowledge of the form of a horse, but in certain views it was grand and imposing. I hinted certain deficiencies, but I question if he was pleased. Still he thanked me. He liked Alexander, but agreed he was not young enough. I'll get the air of youth by contrast.

"Westmacott has always spoken of me in the highest terms: he was affected when I told him this. He has a kind heart, and I hope we parted pleasantly. 'I heartily wish you were amongst us,' said he. 'So do I,' said I. 'Time and conciliation,' said he. 'That's my present principle,' I said. He told Carew he was glad I was so much improved.

"My God, how I have been mistaken!

"It is pleasant to be at peace, and at peace I wish to be for the rest of my life. Had I never got infected with ——, I should have always been so. But, however, time —time—time. I cannot expect to be received with open arms at once after the severity with which I have treated these men. But I see they are pleased with my present frame of mind, and making a little allowance for what is due to themselves, the two or three I have spoken to have evidently behaved with great kindness. I see they have a high opinion of me. But no concession: d—— me if I make any concession. I'll be patient, and give them three years. If at the end of that time I am trifled with, then to hostilities again. I should wish to do the good I want accomplished, backed by the Academy; but if I cannot, I must make one attempt to do it again without them, and

perhaps perish before I accomplish it. God only knows. Time — time — time."

After a long day of research at the British Museum among Greek books and Greek coins and sculptures, "How beautiful," he says, "it must have been to have entered a Greek Doric temple, at the head of a secluded river, buried in a grove, and there contemplated the most divine statues and most exquisite pictures. What a people they were for the arts!

"These three days have been delightfully spent. This is the happiness of historical painting. Dentatus acquainted me with the Romans: Solomon, and Jerusalem, and Lazarus with the Israelites and eastern nations: Pharaoh with the Egyptians, and Alexander with the divine Greeks. Every hour's progress is an accession of knowledge, of pleasure and happiness. The mind never flags, but is kept in one delicious tone of meditation and fancy; whereas in portrait one sitter, stupid as ribs of beef, goes, another comes, a third follows. Women screw up their mouths to make them look pretty, and men suck their lips to make them look red. The trash that one is obliged to talk! The stuff that one is obliged to copy! The fidgets that are obliged to be borne! My God! I will defy any man of strong imagination to curb it if he idealises at all, so as to elevate a common head, and yet keep a likeness. It requires a certain portion, but not such a portion as carries a man out of himself. This is the history of a portrait-painter's nature of mind.

"Day after day goes away, and your mind rots for want of opening some new source of knowledge, unexplored and promising. I really don't care about the half-tint of a cheek. I really do not. I would rather devour Ælian, or search Strabo, and blaze with Homer—I really would —and give my imagination the reins for hours, than paint a cheek like Vandyke. This is the truth."

These investigations suggest a remark which has an application to plagiarism in literature as well as in art. "There is hardly anything new. I never literally stole

but one figure in my life (Aaron) from Raffaele. Yet to-day I found my Olympias, which I had dashed in in a heat, exactly a repetition of an Antigone, and the first thing I saw in the Louvre was Poussin's Judgment of Solomon with Solomon in nearly the same position as in my picture. Yet I solemnly declare I never saw even the print when I conceived my Solomon, which was done one night, before I began to paint, at nineteen, when I lodged in Carey Street, and was ill in my eyes. I lay back in my chair, and indulged myself in composing my Solomon.

"I will venture to say no painter but Wilkie will believe this, though it is as true as that two and two make four."

By the 7th of July his difficulties had fairly driven him, he writes, "up in a corner." At last he determined, though warned of the danger of such a step, to disclose his embarrassments and necessities to Lord Egremont. "I begged him to pardon my laying open my circumstances to him. I was warned against applying for money to him by others. It ruined Rossi with him, but Rossi, I suppose, applied in the style of a butcher.

"Oh what anxiety dearest Mary and I suffered last night. 'It will succeed,' said she, 'or ruin you.' Had it offended him I should really have had great difficulties, but still I would have got through. Well at dinner he called: I let him in with a beating heart. He walked up, liked Alexander very much indeed, and after looking some time said, 'Why what have you been about all your life?' 'Painting large pictures in hopes of the sympathy of the public, my Lord.' 'That was imprudent,' said he. 'It was,' I replied, (but I thought, 'I wish I could be as imprudent again'). 'Well, I have brought you 100*l.*' 'My Lord, that's salvation.' He smiled and put five twenties on a chair. He then walked about my plaster-room; as I followed him— 'Take up your money,' said he. I did so. "Where are your large pictures?' I told him. His manner was altogether mild and benevolent, and he had not to-day

that short, sharp tone he has in general, which is not natural to him, and which he puts on, I am convinced, to keep people at a distance.

"He seemed full of knowledge of me and my affairs, and I doubt not I shall yet have a regular conversation on the subject. Well, God be thanked, I am once more lifted from a pit by a guardian angel.

"Alexander evidently pleased him. 'I wish,' said I, 'to make him an aspiring youth,' at which he nodded. 'Don't make the queen d——d ugly.' 'No, my Lord, that I won't,' ('I flatter myself I like a handsome woman, and know as much of them as your Lordship,' thought I). 'The king promises finely—Clytus I like very much. It is very fine.' He seemed pleased with himself, and with me, and walked about, and turned round on his heel, as if now he had a right to be familiar.

"The only reward I wished him—and that would have been, God knows, sufficient—was to have seen my Mary's face in the evening.

"Long life to him with all my soul, and from my soul I offer God my gratitude."

We have seen how Haydon had so far conquered his pride as to send his Venus and Anchises to the exhibition of the Royal Academy. He followed this up by a step, his account of which in his journal, (July 10th) he has headed (in 1839), "this is the disgrace of my life." As my object is to let the painter speak for himself, wherever I can, and as the incident is an important one in his life, and the narrative characteristic, I transfer to my pages without abridgment his account of the visits he paid to members of the Academy, with a view to conciliate that body, and, if possible, pave the way for his own admission to it. He was ashamed of this step, when it turned out unsuccessful. I must confess that it is my own impression that his shame at this ineffectual act of submission, like his original quarrel with the Academy, was more owing to personal feeling than to considerations of principle, though these might be mingled with the less worthy motive.

"A month ago, taking into consideration the kind reception I had met with in the Royal Academy, by the hanging of my pictures, and the great good I had since derived from sending them there, I called on Calcott, who called on me after Solomon and its success, and then spoke to me in a strain of subdued quiet. Oh, what an ass I was not to meet him then half-way! I missed it, treated him with *hauteur*. I was victorious, honourably and openly victorious. But I was not a frank and forgiving foe, and now it was my turn to call on him.

"Call I did, with a variety of sensations, and saw Calcott. I recalled his visit to me, told him I now called on him; that my feelings had undergone a change in consequence of the way my pictures had been treated; that I felt weary of keeping aloof from the profession, and asked him what chance he thought I should have of bringing things round amicably. He looked grave and important, but still I saw it was put on. He was pleased. 'Why, really, Mr. Haydon, I won't hurt your feelings by saying what I think of your former violence.' 'Yes, but Mr. Calcott, remember the cause,' (repeating all my arguments), 'remember I never criticised the works of any living artist. What I did was on public grounds.' 'Well, Mr. Haydon, we won't talk about the matter. If you wish for reconciliation you will have heavy work.' 'Well,' said I, 'Christian, in Pilgrim's Progress, shook off his load at last, and so shall I.' He said he wished me success, and held out his hand, which I shook and went away. In spite of the great irony of his expression, he was pleased, I swear.

To-day I called on Shee: I told him, after sixteen years' absence, I wished to recommence our acquaintance. Shee was much agitated, and asked me to walk in. There we discussed the whole matter. I maintained I began life with an enthusiasm for the Academy; that I offended my patron by refusing to concede to his desire of keeping Dentatus for the Gallery;* that I sent it to the Academy, and that they, after hanging it up, then took it down, and

* The British Institution.

placed it in the dark. (As I knew he was one of the hangers, I determined to tell this out.) He said he was used just as badly: but I replied, 'Portraits were paid for; historical pictures were the work of years, and such a proceeding, in the case of commissions from noblemen, whose vanity became alarmed if repute did not follow employment by them was ruin.' He said, 'Then it was your own personal disappointment?' 'Yes; for if a student, a devoted, enthusiastic young man, as I was, praised by all, after having given such successful proofs of having studied soundly, was not considered qualified for election or honour because he had not taken the trouble to render himself personally agreeable to the Academicians,' (taking into consideration the treatment Reynolds too had met with from the same party,) I was justified in suffering my personal disappointments to excite me to a general attack on the system. The personal consequences I was not aware of. I might have foreseen them if I had hesitated; but I was heaped with calumnies, anonymous letters, had everything put on my shoulders, was accused of envy and hatred, called a Barry, when I have always preferred clean sheets, a glass of wine, and a clean house, and am naturally happy tempered.' So we went on; he did not make any convincing reply to this. I agreed with everything he said about an artist writing, because I felt its fatal truth. It embitters and destroys his mind and his conceptions, turns aside the tranquil train of his thoughts, and renders his habits of thinking unpictorial. Making allowance for the severe things I have said of Shee, I expected and should have excused occasional hits. 'My dear sir,' (with his brogue), 'a public body is invulnerable; a public body is only amused at the attacks of individuals.' 'Ah,' thought I, 'were you amused, my dear Mr. Shee, when you called a general meeting of the Academy to take into consideration my accusation of mean motives for taking away the cartoon of Ananias; and though no other step was taken, by Fuseli's advice, than entering on your books the fact of the cartoon being lent to the Gallery, and your right to claim

it,' (which Wilkie told me of,) 'I believe this was a little more than amusement.' However I said nothing. I made them all tremble, and this they remember well. And, by heavens, my calling makes them tremble still. Shee shook hands heartily, and then said he would call very soon; so we parted as I wished.

"Now to old Flaxman. I think if I can get Beechey, Flaxman and Shee, to say, 'I wish you well,' the greatest part of the road is got over.

"In the course of conversation we talked of Cymon and Iphigenia at the Gallery. 'Portrait painters,' said Shee, 'when they paint history, beat the historical painters.' If I had put him down, which I could in an instant, away would have gone our reconciliation. Who beat Raffaele, Rubens, Michel Angelo, Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Rembrandt, Domenichino, Guido, Guercino, Giorgione?

"Because Reynolds beat West in force, depth and colour, portrait painters beat historical painters in character, expression, form, drawing, and composition! This is a specimen of the sort of family trash and namby-pamby that is the circulating medium of the Academy. It makes me sick. (I'll bet my existence I shall never have patience to go through.) Portrait painters, from the habit of imitation, will no doubt beat historical painters who compose and finish without reference to nature. But because Reynolds beat West, Fuseli, Singleton, Copley, and others of that species — does he mean to say that the great historical painters, who never painted without life, have left anything for portrait painters to complete? Ah, Shee, I could have pointed to Prospero and Miranda over your chimney-piece as a refutation, but good breeding rendered it necessary to bow.

"And now for my old friend Chantrey.

"I always admired his simplicity and harmlessness of nature. Whether wealth and fame have altered him I must see. Once, when I called on horseback, he held my stirrup while I mounted, and that too when his Sleeping

Children were before the world, and he was in the full blaze of repute. I always remember this as a proof of his unaffectedness. Chantrey agreed with me in my attack; he seceded and left me. We shall see how he will take a visit on my part to pave the way to reconciliation.

"When he set up his carriage he was not to be borne. It was all day, 'John, tell Richard to desire Betty to order Mrs. Chantrey's maid to tell Mrs. Chantrey to send down my snuff-box.' He rode about as full of conceit as an egg; but I believe Chantrey's heart to be good, and we shall see.

"I shall only call on those whose feelings I have hurt, and I hurt the feelings of some of whom I had no right to complain but as they were of the body corporate.

"This was wanton, and gives me pain—great pain. Surely there can be no degradation in trying to heal up the wounds one has inflicted, without thought, at thirty. Old Flaxman, though pompous, is good.

"*July 13th.*—To-day I saw Beechey, who is hearty and sincere. I afterwards called on Flaxman, who received me most kindly. I saw the Michael he is doing for Lord Egremont. The head is fine.

"I said, 'Mr. Flaxman, I wish to renew my acquaintance after twenty years' interval.' 'Mr. Haydon,' said the "intelligent deformity," 'I am happy to see you—walk in!' 'Mr. Flaxman, sir, you look well.' 'Sir, I am well, thanks to the Lord! I am seventy-two, and ready to go when the Lord pleases.'

"As he said this, there was a look of real unaffected piety, which I hope and believe was sincere.

"'Ah, Mr. Haydon, Lord Egremont is a noble creature.' 'He is, Mr. Flaxman; he has behaved very nobly to me.' 'Ah, Mr. Haydon, has he? how?' 'Why, Mr. Flaxman, he has given me a handsome commission.' 'Has he, Mr. Haydon? I am most happy to hear it—most happy—very happy;' and then with an elevation of brow, and looking askance, he said, 'How is your friend Mr. Wilkie?' 'Why, Mr. Flaxman, he is ill—so ill I fear he will never again have his intellects in full vigour.' 'Really, Mr. Haydon, why it

is miserable. I suppose it is his miniature-painting has strained him, for between you and me, Mr. Haydon, 'tis but miniature-painting you know: hem—he—m—e—e—m.' 'Certainly, Mr. Flaxman, 'tis but miniature-painting.' 'Ah, Mr. Haydon, the world is easily caught.' Here he touched my knee familiarly, and leaned forward, and his old, deformed, humped shoulder protruded as he leant, and his sparkling old eye and his apish old mouth grinned on one side, and he rattled out of his throat, husky with coughing, a jarry, inward, hesitating hemming sound, which meant that Wilkie's reputation was all my eye in comparison with *ours!*

"'Poor Fuseli is gone, sir.' 'Yes, sir.' 'Ah, Mr. Haydon, he was a man of genius, but, I fear, of no principle.' 'Yes, sir.' 'He has left, I understand, behind him some drawings shockingly indelicate.' 'Has he, sir?' 'Yes, Mr. Haydon. Poor wretch!' said Flaxman, looking ineffably modest. 'Mr. Flaxman, good morning.' 'Good morning, Mr. Haydon. I am very, very happy to see you, and will call in a few days.'

"From him I called on Westall, who was out of town, and then on my old friend Bailey. Bailey had got on well in life, and was now in a large house, and with plenty of employment. I broke bread and drank wine with him, and he told me I might depend on him. I was too tired to do more, and came home to look at my picture with delight.

"I have been very kindly received, and my intentions seem to give decided satisfaction.

"I certainly wish to be at peace for ever.

"*July 17th.*—To-day I saw Thompson, Ward, Howard, who is a gentlemanly clever fellow—Soane, whom I used dreadfully ill—Stothard, who has an angelic mind. As an instance of his calm nature he said, 'I never read the papers, Mr. Haydon; they disturb my peace of thinking.' There he sat making a sketch of Kemble's tomb for a gentleman, from a drawing of a lady's, and his beautiful pictures unbought about him,—beautiful, that is, as far

as sweetness of feeling went. I felt quite affected. He has not material enough for modern art. He told me he remembered Sir Joshua looking at the effect of some people in a pork-shop near Newport Market, and imitated his manner, holding his head back, and taking off his glasses to see the effect. I could not help contrasting Stothard's simplicity and sincerity with Flaxman's frog-like croaking flattery.

"He has a fine head, with silvery hairs, hanging brows, and a benignant smile that expresses a happy conception and a perpetual feasting on sweet thoughts. I left him highly gratified. He said he complained at the time to the hangers that Dentatus was not done justice to, and that they said 'It was a glaring picture.' Every word uttered at the time, and which I got hold of one way or the other, proves the extent of the tacit agreement to stop my progress, and embarrass me for a time. This single act only of hanging that picture in the dark changed the whole current of my life for a time. So great is the power of men who arrange the exhibition. I told Stothard that a week before the picture was sent in my room was filled with people of fashion and beautiful women, and that after it was so hung I never saw even my particular friends for a year. It darkened all my prospects. It was not a picture dashed together in a hurry for a temporary effect, but the labour of a year or longer, deeply studied and deeply thought on, on which my future fortune depended. I painted it to prove my sincerity, to prove the value of the studies I had made in that very Academy, and yet I was sacrificed to a base intrigue of West, Phillips, Howard, and Shee, who agreed to undo what Fuseli had induced them to do. After having hung it and voted it a place, could there be a greater cruelty or injustice than to take it down? I am happy to see, when I speak of this, the Academicians cannot bear my searching glance, and to all I have mentioned it as the first cause of my defection.

Howard and I afterwards had a very interesting conversation. He gave up the prospects of art in the country. I did not. He is the beau ideal of modern historical art

formed on the Roman antique;—Flaxman, in fact, in colours—but an intelligent refined man, a great favourite, I have heard, with Sir Joshua. He did not see the good effects in the long run of the school Wilkie has formed. It has effectually counterbalanced the slobber of Reynolds, and will in the end reflect itself back again on history, and be the means of advancing the whole system of art. Howard of course complained of its having engendered a premature art. I agreed; but still I see the end of that and the good that must accrue. Of course he was a disappointed man. Now I am not a disappointed man, though a ruined one.

"I then saw old Bone, the enamel painter, who has got a nervous twitch and a croaking voice, as if he was always watching a bit of ivory in a furnace for fear it should crack. He showed me all the celebrated characters of Elizabeth's reign. Elizabeth, by Sir A. More, capital—a man's head on woman's shoulders. Burleigh's was goodness and integrity personified. Spencer's like the sweetness of his own stanzas. 'Is it like Shakespeare?' said I of a portrait of Shakespeare. 'Why,' said old Bone, 'they have talked so much about Shakespeare they begin to know less than ever.'

"Soane was crabbedly good-natured, and happy to see me. Indeed all received me frankly, and shook hands heartily. They were evidently pleased. As a specimen of taste, on Soane's chimney-piece were bits of paper to light candles with, crumpled architecturally, in his peculiar style.

"Thompson and I had a long conversation. He is a gentlemanly fellow. He told me goodnaturedly of several bits of rudeness on my part to him, which I never meant or thought of.

"With Ward I entered into a long conversation, and he was astonished at my declaring I never criticised any modern works whatever.

"The lies that have been circulated about me, as I find now I come to see my enemies, are quite extraordinary.

"So has passed this day.

"*July 25th.*—Out again and saw the rest of the Academicians. Phillips and I had a long confab. Phillips is kind but irritable. His manner of art is heavy—a sort of exaggeration of Kneller's and Reynolds's breadth. He was pleased at my coming. He asked me if I did not do this, and I asked him if he had not done this and had not done that; by which means we came to an anchor. He is the only man who has not behaved in the same manly way as the rest behaved; but it is temper. This was the reason. 'Do you believe,' said he, 'the ancients according to Pliny had only four colours—white, ochre, red, and black? Ochre,' he added, 'is no yellow.' He then mixed white with it to show me. 'But,' said I, 'I will make ochre look like gold by contrast and by management; glaze it for a half-tint, touch in dark and red reflections, then heighten by white touches in lights. You will find the local colour—the real ochre—will look golden.' 'But they must have had no blue.' 'Well,' said I, 'the finest pictures in colour, expression, and form, could be painted without blue, though Titian's richness is principally owing to blue. Besides, by management, I will make black look blue.'

"He then said, 'they knew nothing of light and shadow.' 'Why,' said I, 'do you remember Quintilian?' 'Does Quintilian say any thing?' said Phillips. 'Ah,' thought I, '*prenez garde, M. Haydon. Il faut être un ignorant en présence de M. le Professeur, souvenez-vous en bien.* Shall I send you an extract,' said I. 'I shall be obliged,' said he. 'What is your notion of the vehicle of the ancients?' 'Gad, sir, I know so little, really I have no idea. What is your's, Mr. Phillips?' 'It was water,' said he; 'how could a sponge else be thrown against a picture*, and produce the effect?' 'Of course,' said I,

* Alluding to the story of Protogenes having thrown his sponge in despair at a picture he was painting of a dog with foam coming out of his mouth, and having thus produced the effect he was seeking.

though I thought on that reasoning it might be soap and water, for if it was water, because a sponge was used, a sponge is as often used with soap as with pure water.

"It is surely as likely, at least, that Protogenes having just obliterated what he had painted with a sponge, the sponge must have been covered with the colour and vehicle taken off, and if he dashed it up against the picture, the same vehicle and colour must have been again dashed on. It might be oil, or wax, or spirits, because sponge could equally clear all.* Nothing certain could be obtained from taking the sponge as a principle of reasoning.

"All this I did not say, but thought and looked profound, so I dare say he fancied I was amazingly struck by his remark.

"By this time he got peevish, and so I bid him adieu. I will certainly attend his first lecture.

"From Phillips I called on Sir Thomas, and I must say was amazingly struck by the beauty and force and grace of the women in his gallery. I think I can venture to say with truth that he is the only man since Vandyke who has detailed, without destroying, the beauty of a face. He is not mannered as he used to be; and a head of Lady Sutton's was really beautiful—pure in colour and expression—his old men and his women are his forte—his children are affected—his young men puppies—but his women are fashionable, though, perhaps, a little dollish. That heavy lumbering breadth without detail he has left off, and he deserves his employment.

"I did not say all I thought, because it might look like praising him to ingratiate myself.

"Lawrence and Sir George Beaumont are the two most perfect gentlemen I ever saw. Both naturally irritable and waspish, but both controlling every feeling which is incompatible with breeding.

"At a large party once at an hotel in Jermyn Street, to breakfast with Sir Walter Scott, Sir George remained a

* It was Tempera. Phillips was partly right.—B. R. H. 1837.

long time with his empty cup waiting for tea. The conversation being lively, he was forgotten by Sir Walter, and I sat watching him to observe how he would bear it. It was quite a study to see how admirably Sir George by anecdotes, and laughing, and listening, all of which was intentional, kept everybody from believing he was neglected, or thought so. At last his cup caught Sir Walter's eye; he filled it, with an apology, and Sir George took it as if he had then only been thirsty, and as if on the whole his tea was a great deal better than if he had had it sooner. It was exquisitely done. Lawrence is not so inherently a gentleman. His air looks like obedience: in Beaumont it was like delicacy.

"From him I called on Cooper, and after so many common-place people Cooper, who is really a man of genius, was a consolation. His walk is English History. His knowledge is great there, and he talks well and enthusiastically. With him I spent an intelligent, argumentative, and instructive half hour; so much so that I almost forgot my object, and at last it came in incidentally, and was again soon swallowed up in the discussion of matters more important. I have been used all my life to literary men, or men of genius. The portrait-painters are really so buried in self, and so occupied with individuality, that, except Lawrence, they are abroad on subjects of general interest. In the houses of Phillips and Shee there was not one bust of antiquity or work of art, while Lawrence's house is filled with them.

"The moment Cooper and I met, there was a set-to, and his manner in talking struck me as like Wilkie's. It was quite a pleasure, a relief, and an excitement. I left Cooper with several new subjects of thought, many original ideas, and walked leisurely home, determined not to disturb myself any more to-day.

"Neither Shee, Phillips, nor any other said one thing I remembered, except Lawrence.

"Perhaps it may not be a paradox to say the most waspish men are the best bred.

"The perpetual consciousness of a defect of temper which would destroy all affection begets a perpetual effort at control. Reynolds, Lawrence, and Sir George are examples. Reynolds was naturally irritable. His good fortune and success, with the submission he received, kept him amiable; but the first time he was thwarted he got into a passion, and resigned.

"*August 5th.*—Hard at work on the drapery of Olympias, as I knew my lay-figure must go again in the evening for cash. In the evening it went till the next advance. I hope to get through now without feeling the want of it.

"*August 6th.*—In Kent with Mary. Boy to school—Hayes—delicious place. The scent of woodbine, honeysuckle, roses and grass, so exquisite that I could have laid down like a dog and rolled about, enchanted and snuffing.

"*August 11th.*—Hard at work. Finished Philip. Now for Olympias—a sort of Lady Macbeth and Clytemnestra. The king's hands did well to-day.

"*August 12th.*—Hard at work and succeeded with the queen—Olympias. Remembering what my old friend Apelles said (that he knew when to leave off) the moment I had hit the expression I ceased, congratulating myself on my forbearance, although the surface was a little too rough, and the colour not quite the thing yet. Expression is the prime point, and I never will risk expression for anything.

"*August 13th.*—To-day the queen's head looked exactly the thing, and I rejoice I left off; though I was agitated and nervous to go on, and should have spoilt it in five minutes, had not dearest Mary begged me to keep my resolution.

"*August 14th.*—Both yesterday and to-day harassed to death. When I was employed on portraits I ordered several frames; the attacks of the press destroyed my portrait-painting, and these frames were left on my hands. I gave a bill for the amount, *37l. 15s. 0d.*, was not paid for my Pharaoh, could not pay the bill, and have

lost two precious days in trying to get time to complete my picture. I hope to go to work to-morrow, as I am literally hungry to go on.

"Called in at the National Gallery, and forgot my bill for two hours with Titian, Raffaele, Vandyke, Rubens, Reynolds, and, happy am I to add, my old friend Wilkie. When I recollect that Wilkie painted this Blind Fiddler in the summer of 1806, No. 10. Sol's Row, top of Tottenham Court Road, in a paltry first floor, — that he had but fifty guineas for it, and that now it is one of the prime ornaments of the English school at the National Gallery — when I recollect all the models he had, especially the old grandfather, whom we both painted, and the circumstances attending each, and the little anecdotes connected with them, I am deeply gratified.

"*August 18th.* — Out to meet, persuade, and battle with a lawyer: we compromised the matter, but it destroyed my time, and I returned totally unhinged. This is the way half my precious time is lost. I not only lose my time, but I pay for losing it, which is a double loss.

"*August 20th.* — Sunday. Spent a heavenly day. No duns; no lawyers' letters; no disturbance of any sort: but silent, peaceable, and holy in my feelings. My heart continually grateful to God. I only ask, if painting on a Sunday generates such feelings, and going to church and listening to a stupid parson generates the contrary, which is most acceptable to God?

"*August 21st.* — Painted the queen's hand. Obliged to go out just as I felt abstracted and delighted. *Obliged.* Law. 'Your money or a writ.' This should be the lawyer's motto, or 'Your money or a prison.' Either will suit these amiable, established robbers. Foot-pads are respectable in comparison. At least I think so, who am generally a debtor and not a creditor.

"*September 1st.* — The first thing I began the month with was a lawyer's letter, threatening proceedings if I did not settle directly. Away I was obliged to go on the top of a stage for the city. I talked him over for a month.

He asked what I was about. I described the subject, and as I was talking I saw him open his mouth, and follow me by its motions. 'All right,' thought I, and I soon brought him to anchor. As I went along I studied as fine a sky as I ever remember seeing. The arched vaulted look and sunny airiness was a perfect lesson which I did not miss.

"*September 2nd.* — Out again on the usual affairs. 'Sir, a warrant will be granted if you do not pay up your water-rate.'

"Oh what a pity there should be taxes, water-rates, poor-rates, tailors' bills, book bills, rents, butchers' and bakers' bills, for a man of genius. He should be let alone, and though perhaps he would die in a few years from over-conception, it would be better for painting.

"*September 5th.*—Saw elder Reinagle, a nice old fellow. He remembered Sir Joshua using so much asphaltum that it dropped on the floor. Reinagle said he thought me infamously used, and wondered I had not gone mad or died. 'Where is your Solomon, Mr. Haydon?' 'Hung up in a grocer's shop.' 'Where your Jerusalem?' 'In a ware-room in Holborn.' 'Where your Lazarus?' 'In an upholsterer's shop, in Mount Street.' 'And your Macbeth?' 'In Chancery.' 'Your Pharaoh?' 'In an attic, pledged.' 'My God! And your Crucifixion?' 'In a hay-loft.' 'And Silenus?' 'Sold for half price.' Such was the conversation, at which the little man

"'Shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.'"

During September, Haydon, who had not quitted London for two years, finding that his mind had "become rusty," rushed down to Brighton, where, he says, "he rolled in the sea, shouted like a savage, laved his sides like a bull in a green meadow, dived, swam, floated and came out refreshed." Enjoying the effects of the change and the sea air, he returned to town, and at the beginning of November brought down his wife and children. In the interval he mentions meeting with Bannister—once the

most "sympathetic" of actors, on the winning effect of whose voice and manner old playgoers are still eloquent.

"*September 30th.*—Met Bannister by accident in Chenies Street, Bedford Square. His face was as fresh, his eye as keen, and his voice as musical as ever. I had not seen him for years. He held out his hand just as he used to do on the stage, with the same frank, native truth. As he spoke, the tones of his favourite Walter* pierced my heart. It was extraordinary the effect. 'Bannister,' said I, 'Your voice recalls my early days.' 'Ah,' said he, 'I had some touches, had I not?' He told me a story of Lord Egremont. B. bought at Sir Joshua's sale the Virgin and Child. He sent it to a sale at a room for 250 guineas. Lord E. told the seller he would give 200. It was agreed to. Lord Egremont afterwards said to Bailey, 'I have bought Reynolds's Virgin and Child.' 'Ah,' said Bailey, 'it was Bannister's picture. You gave 250.' He said nothing, but the same day wrote to Bannister he was ashamed to have offered less, and sent him a cheque for the 50 owing.

"I said to Bannister, as Napoleon said to Talma, 'We are talking history; I shall put this down.' 'Shall ye though,' said he, as his face flushed. 'That I will,' said I; and he hobbled off with a sort of wriggling enjoyment. His acting was delightful; and his tones to-day accounted for his fame. They were as a man's something like Mrs. Jordan's as a woman's. Mrs. Jordan when making up a quarrel with a lover was touching beyond description.

"Here are a brace of stories—*se non veri, ben trovati.* 'Spent two hours with S——. Among other gossip he told me, a large party at Petworth were dining, among whom was Lady L——, with a page, a boy who holds her pocket handkerchief, and so forth. The first day this passed off well. The next, to the astonishment of the company, Lord Egremont had a great tall fellow behind him in a smock frock. In the middle of dinner

* A great part of his—the milder ruffian in the "Babes in the Wood."

Lord E. called out, 'Page, give me some bread.' All eyes were immediately turned on her Ladyship, and off went my Lady the morning after. The above is a fact.

"The following is a pendant, and a very good story:—

"This page was one day very impertinent to her Ladyship. She wrote a note to Lord L——, saying, 'Give him a box on the ear.' The page took the letter, and meeting his Lordship's huge Swiss running footman, gave him the note to carry. The fellow took the note to his Lordship. His Lordship opened it, and read, 'Give the bearer a box on the ear.' The bearer was about 7 ft. 2 in. high!"

While at Brighton with his family an invitation to Petworth arrived. His account of the visit may excite a smile, from the *naïveté* of enjoyment, and the self-satisfaction of the writer. But it gives a glimpse of a hospitality so frank, kindly, and unstinted, and the emotions and impressions it discloses belong so peculiarly to Haydon, that I insert it without change.

"*November 13th.*—Set off for Petworth, where I arrived at half past three. Lord Egremont's reception was frank and noble. The party was quite a family one. All was frank good humour and benevolence. Lord Egremont presided and helped, laughed and joked, and let others do the same."

"*November 15th.*—Sketched and studied all day. I dine with the finest Vandyke in the world—the Lady Ann Carr, Countess of Bedford. It is beyond everything. —I really never saw such a character as Lord Egremont. 'Live and let live' seems to be his motto. He has placed me in one of the most magnificent bed-rooms I ever saw. It speaks more for what he thinks of my talents than anything that ever happened to me. On the left of the bed hangs a portrait of William, Lord Marquis of Hertford, elected Knight of the Garter 1649, and by act of parliament restored Duke of Somerset 1660. Over the chimney is a nobleman kneeling. A lady of high rank to the right. Opposite Queen Mary. Over the door a

head. On the right of the cabinet, Sir Somebody. And over the entrance door another head. The bed curtains are different coloured velvets let in on white satin. The walls, sofas, easy chairs, carpets, green damask, and a beautiful view of the park out of the high windows.

"There is something peculiarly interesting in the inhabiting these apartments, sacred to antiquity, which have contained a long list of deceased and illustrious ancestors. As I lay in my magnificent bed, and saw the old portraits trembling in a sort of twilight, I almost fancied I heard them breathe, and almost expected they would move out and shake my curtains. What a destiny is mine! One year in the Bench, the companion of gamblers and scoundrels,—sleeping in wretchedness and dirt, on a flock bed, low and filthy, with black worms crawling over my hands, —another, reposing in down and velvet, in a splendid apartment, in a splendid house, the guest of rank, and fashion, and beauty! As I laid my head on my down pillow the first night, I was deeply affected, and could hardly sleep. God in heaven grant my future may now be steady. At any rate a nobleman has taken me by the hand, whose friendship generally increases in proportion to the necessity of its continuance. Such is Lord Egremont. Literally like the sun. The very flies at Petworth seem to know there is room for their existence; that the windows are theirs. Dogs, horses, cows, deer and pigs, peasantry and servants, guests and family, children and parents, all share alike his bounty and opulence and luxuries. At breakfast, after the guests have all breakfasted, in walks Lord Egremont; first comes a grandchild, whom he sends away happy. Outside the window moan a dozen black Spaniels, who are let in, and to them he distributes cakes and comfits, giving all equal shares. After chatting with one guest, and proposing some scheme of pleasure to others, his leathern gaiters are buttoned on, and away he walks, leaving everybody to take care of themselves, with all that opulence and generosity can place at their disposal entirely within their reach. At dinner he meets

everybody, and then are recounted the feats of the day. All principal dishes he helps, never minding the trouble of carving; he eats heartily and helps liberally. There is plenty, but not absurd profusion; good wines, but not extravagant waste. Everything solid, liberal, rich, and English. At seventy-four he still shoots daily, comes home wet through, and is as active and looks as well as many men of fifty.

"The meanest insect at Petworth feels a ray of his Lordship's fire in the justice of its distribution.

"I never saw such a character, or such a man, nor were there ever many.

"*16th and 17th November.*— The politics of Petworth are interesting. Of course amongst so many dependents jealousies will arise; and I soon saw that the old military heroes who had for years been drinking my Lord's claret were confoundedly annoyed at the sudden irruption of——, who, being a keen active fellow, did not conduct himself with all possible respect to the two old colonels. He left the dinner-table before they had finished their wine; he contradicted their military notions, which Lord Egremont never took the trouble to do; and the old heroes, disturbed in their entrenchments by this young interloper, revenged themselves by abusing him in all ways.

"*18th November.*— I left Petworth to-day, and arrived safely at Brighton, where I found my dear children and dearest Mary well.

"*Before leaving* that princely seat of magnificent hospitality, I wrote, when I retired to my bed-room last night, the following letter: —

"My Lord,

"I cannot leave Petworth without intruding my gratitude for the princely manner in which I have been treated during my stay, and in earnestly hoping your Lordship may live long, I only add my voice to the voices of thousands, who never utter your Lordship's name without a blessing.

"I am, my Lord,

"Your Lordship's humble and grateful servant,

"B. R. HAYDON."

Refreshed by rest, and cheered by the hearty hospitality of his noble employer, the painter's fancy "was now teeming with inventions daily" — and conceptions streaming out like sparks from a furnace. By the end of the month his Alexander was concluded, and the journal bears evidence, in its thick-coming designs and sketches, of the activity that peace, employment, and hope were quick to engender. Among these are sketches for Mercury and Argus — for a Judgment of Paris, and for the picture which he now began of Eucles, who rushing from Marathon to Athens with the news of victory drops dead at his own door. The story is in Plutarch, and the painter had imposed on himself a difficult achievement — to express in his principal figure triumph and patriotic joy struggling with the weakness of imminent death. It occupied him for the remainder of the year, of which he gives his summary as usual.

"*31st December.* — Another last day — so we go on and on. The sun rises and sets as it has ever done, while we rise and fall, die and become earth — are buried and forgotten.

"For want of a vent my mind feels like a steam-boiler without a valve, boiling, struggling, and suppressing, for fear of injuring the interests of five children and a lovely wife.

"Bitterly I have wanted and intensely I have enjoyed during this year.

January and February	Law and harassed.
March - -	Hard work and harassed.
April - -	Sketched and harassed.
May - -	Ill and harassed.
June - -	Began Alexander.
July - -	Hard at work.
August - -	Hard at work.
September - -	Hard at work.
October - -	Hard at work.
November - -	Brighton and Petworth.
December - -	Finished Alexander, and more harassed than ever.

"Thus ends this year, and I am harassed to death for paltry debts. My Mary is well, and dear Frank quite recovered: all the children are wonderfully better, and we have all passed a happy Christmas. Last year I was not harassed in petty money matters, but sickness had seized the house. I have therefore to thank God sincerely for the mercy of my dear family's health, and hope He will grant me strength to conquer and bear up against my wants. O God, grant it! Grant me the means this ensuing year to diminish my debts. Grant this time twelvemonth I may have deserved less pain of mind in that point, and may have it. O God protect us, and grant us all that is best for our conduct here, and our salvation hereafter. Amen.

"Alas! how unlike the endings of former years! No noble scheme animates and inspires me. The coldness of men in power — the indifference of the people — the want of taste in the King, and the distressing want of money — the state of the Academy — all, all, press down hope, and freeze up the most ardent and enthusiastic imagination.

"I have tried the people, and was nobly supported. I have tried the Ministers, and was coolly sympathised with. I have tried the Academy, and was cruelly persecuted. But the people alone could do nothing. Time — time — time.

"I do not despond, but I do not see *how*. I have lost my road, and am floundering in bye-paths. I see no more the light that led astray. It has sunk, and left me groping — hoping, but cheerless.

"Still I pray I may not die till the Grand Style is felt and patronised. Amen, with all my soul."

1827.

The year opened gloomily. On the 12th of January an execution was in the house, and he was only saved from arrest by the prompt assistance of his friend, Sir

F. Freeling. Lord Egremont, who had promised him 200*l.* (the balance of the price of his Alexander) at the beginning of the year, did not send it till the 16th, as I find from the journal.

"*January 16th.*—A happy day indeed for me. Lord Egremont sent me my cash, which literally saved me from ruin. The execution on the 12th was the meanest thing ever done to me, and I take my leave of giving others such power.

"I had no less than three warrants of attorney, three cognovits, and three actions. The perpetual loss of time and anxiety literally obstructed my thinking. I was flying from one to the other to get a couple of days to paint. Oh what would his Lordship have saved me from if he had sent me this a month ago. However, it cannot be helped, and God be thanked it came at last. One man after I had paid him 10*l.* out of 16*l.*, and paid for four dozen of wine, ran me to 18*l.* expenses on the 6*l.* left.

"Another on 76*l.* to 18*l.* 6*s.*

"Another on 17*l.* to 4*l.*

"Another on 21*l.* to 4*l.* 5*s.*

"Another on 8*l.* 10*s.* to 2*l.* 6*s.*

"Another on 8*l.* to 3*l.*

"Another on 5*l.* to 1*l.* 4*s.*; &c. &c. And this is the way I am served if behind-hand a moment!

"The moment my mind was relieved from these agonising pressures it began conceiving subjects as I walked along the streets, with a sort of relishing delight.

"*January 20th.*—I called on Chantrey at Brighton. I had not seen him for eight years, and was astonished and interested. He took snuff in abundance. His nose at the tip was bottled, large and brown, his cheeks full, his person corpulent, his air indolent, his tone a little pompous. Such were the effects of eight years' success. He sat and talked, easily, lazily, gazing at the sun with his legs crossed.

"He came to the door and we chatted a long time in

the air. I soon saw that the 'essence' of the Quarterly Review which alludes to him came from himself. I asked him how he got on with Lord Egremont's Satan. He said he deferred it. "Stop," said Chantrey with a very profound look, "till I am perfectly independent, and then you shall see what I will do in poetical subjects."

"To see a man of Chantrey's genius so impose on himself was affecting. Here he was, for that day at least, quite independent; gazing at the sun, sure of his dinner, his fire, his wine, his bed. Why was he not at that moment inventing? Good God! if I had waited till I had been perfectly independent, what should I have done?

"Invention presses on a man like a nightmare. I composed the Crucifixion in part, while going in a hackney coach to sign a warrant of attorney. I began Solomon without a candle for the evening. I finished it without food, at least meat, for the last fortnight. And here is Chantrey putting off poetical inventions till he is perfectly independent!

"I smiled to myself to see a man of such genius under such a delusion."

Sir George Beaumont died this year. Haydon who, in spite of their quarrel, did justice to the kindly qualities of Sir George Beaumont and to his real love of art, says of him, "Sir George was an extraordinary man, one of the old school formed by Sir Joshua—a link between the artist and the nobleman, elevating the one by an intimacy which did not depress the other. Born a painter, his fortune prevented the necessity of application for subsistence, and of course he did not apply. His taste was exquisite, not peculiar or classical, but essentially Shakespearian. Painting was his great delight. He talked of nothing else, and would willingly have done nothing else. His ambition was to connect himself with the art of the country, and he has done it for ever. For though Angerstein's pictures were a great temptation, yet without Sir George Beaumont's offer of his own collection, it is a

question if they would have been purchased.* He is justly entitled to be considered as the founder of the National Gallery. His great defect was a want of moral courage: what his taste dictated to be right he would shrink from asserting, if it shocked the prejudices of others, or put himself to a moment's inconvenience. With great benevolence he appeared, therefore, often mean; with exquisite taste he seemed often to judge wrong; and with a great wish to do good he often did a great deal of harm. He seemed to think that to bring forth unacknowledged talent from obscurity was more meritorious than to support it when acknowledged. The favourite of this year was forgotten the next.

"His loss, with all his faults, will not easily be supplied. He founded the National Gallery. Let him be crowned. Peace to him."

The remembrance of Sir George naturally brought up that of Wilkie, to whom he had been an early patron and friend. In contrasting himself and Wilkie, "Wilkie's system," says Haydon, "was Wellington's; principle and prudence the groundworks of risk. Mine that of Napoleon; audacity, with a defiance of principle, if principle was in the way. I got into prison. Napoleon died at St. Helena. Wellington is living and honoured, and Wilkie has had a public dinner given him at Rome, the seat of art and genius, and has secured a competence, while I am as poor and necessitous as ever. Let no man use evil as a means for the success of any scheme, however grand. Evil that good may come is the prerogative of the Deity alone, and should never be ventured on by mortals."

Dissatisfied with his Alexander, Haydon this month determined to repaint the hero, observing (February 18th) on what he wished to realise in the figure, "It is a difficult point. He must not look as if at the head of an army. He must look as if having just accomplished a dashing

* For the nation.

attempt made in the flush of youth and vigour of reflection. More of a growing youth in his form."

Feb. 19*th.* — Now came political changes. "Lord Liverpool seized on Saturday with apoplexy: what a break-up there will shortly be amongst ministers and the royal family. For my part I should like to see the Wellesleys having the sole direction of the country, as they will have.

"*Feb.* 20*th.*—There are three things in this world I hope to see before I die,—the Americans thrashed at sea, my own debts paid, and historical painting encouraged by Government.

"21*st.*—Succeeded (I flatter myself) with the head of Alexander. I have hit the air of ambition, daring, firmness, cruelty, generosity, and reflection which characterised the noblest human animal that ever lived."

Lord Egremont's letters on the projected alteration contain passages of good sense and sound criticism, and the change pleased him. In a letter of March 7th he says:—

"Alexander now looks like a young hero, and I shall be very well satisfied with him if he is the same in the picture as he is in the drawing. I would not give a farthing for the opinion of all these persons*; but the object now is to make the best use of this picture to get other orders and more employment for yourself, and if you think that consulting all these persons will conduce to this object, as I think it may, I should advise you to do so."

By the 10th of March the alteration was completed, and the picture really finished and ready for exhibition. Yet he could hardly give up working on it.

"*March* 11*th.* — Still hovering about Alexander. I altered the tone of colour by Clytus; made it a more pleasant mixture of hot and cold. I sometimes make my

* Dukes of Bedford and Devonshire, Marquisses Lansdowne and Stafford, Lords Aberdeen and Farnborough.—B. R. H.

reds hot by keeping the lights on red drapery not light enough. The Lazarus was free, quite, from any heat, so was the Solomon.

"It is a very nice question in art—though not if a man has the courage of Euripides—to tell how far to meet the received impression of the vulgar.

"A wrist in a certain position is like an edge. The vulgar, who know nothing, all say, 'Is not that wrist narrow, Mr. Haydon?' 'Yes, but it must be so.' This does not seem to satisfy them. Ought I to make it broader to suit the general impression of a wrist? No. The vulgar ought to reflect and find out the reason of an artist."

Before this time Haydon had conceived two subjects, both of which he afterwards painted,—Alexander's Combat with the Lion, and the First Sight of the Sea by the Ten Thousand, from the Fourth Book of Xenophon's Anabasis. He was doubtful which of the three subjects (Eucles, Alexander, and Xenophon) to begin with as a picture, but, at last, determined on the Eucles.

Haydon's painting-room was now crowded with visitors to see Alexander before it went to the Exhibition, whither it was duly dispatched on the 4th of April. On that day he has an entry:—

"*4th.*—Sent Alexander to the Exhibition. I contrasted as I went down my feelings now and when I followed Dentatus, 1809, seventeen years ago. Apathy now, then all nervous anxiety lest a dray-horse should kick a hole; now indifferent if a house fell on it,—not quite, but nearly."

Among his visitors was Charles Lamb, of whom I find a pleasant letter mentioning the fact.

"Dear Raffaele Haydon,

"Did the maid tell you I came to see your picture, not on Sunday but the day before? I think the face and bearing of the Bucephalus tamer very noble, his flesh too effeminate or painty. The skin of the female's back kneeling is much more carnous. I had small time to pick out praise or blame, for two

lord-like Bucks * came in, upon whose strictures my presence seemed to impose restraint: I plebeian'd off therefore.

"I think I have hit on a subject for you, but can't swear it was never executed — I never heard of its being—'Chaucer beating a Franciscan Friar in Fleet Street.' Think of the old dresses, houses, &c. 'It seemeth that both these learned men (Gower and Chaucer) were of the Inner Temple; for not many years since Master Buckley did see a record in the same house where Geoffry Chaucer was fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan Friar in Fleet Street.'

Chaucer's life by T. Speght, prefixed to the black letter folio of Chaucer, 1598.

"Yours in haste (salt fish waiting),
"C. LAMB."

The passage of Plutarch (*De Gloriâ Atheniensium*), which records the incident, describes how Eucles *ταῖς θύραις ἐμπεσόντα τῶν πρώτων* expired with the simple words *χαίρετε καὶ χαίρομεν*. For an explanation of the *τῶν πρώτων*, I find Haydon laying under contribution Gaisford, Scholefield, Valpy, and other scholars of less note. The question was, whether the words meant "at the first houses he came to," or, "at the houses of the chief men?" A question, as Gaisford pointed out, of no possible importance to the picture; but probably Haydon was not sorry to parade his Greek before the professors. He had at last determined on beginning with this subject, but political changes affected his application. It was a stirring time, with the Catholic question agitating all minds.

April 10th, I find, "This breaking up of the ministry has disturbed us all. I regret Wellington. While he was at the head of the army, I felt safe. He has made a mistake. This illustrious man is no longer necessary for the safety of the nation. Napoleon is no longer a bugbear, and now, with the well-known gratitude of nations, he is

"'Ungrateful, and savage, and sullen, and cold,
The nation's scorn, and army's hate.'

* Duke of Devonshire and Agar Ellis.—B. R. H.

"This is Moore in the Times. Think of such a man being so spoken of, who rescued the world from Napoleon's grasp, and raised his own country to the highest glory. 'The nation's scorn;' that is, the scorn of the Whigs and Radicals, because he destroyed the hopes of their hero, Napoleon:

"'To have done is to hang
In monumental mockery.'

Lawrence offered a criticism on the Alexander, which the painter of it dissents from with some reason: — "Saw Lawrence, who thought my Olympias not animated enough. He said it ought to be more like Volumnia. Never were two beings so opposite as Volumnia and Olympias. Alexander has merely broken a vicious horse, and it would have been beneath her, on such an occasion, to have done more than welcome his success, as if it was a feat scarcely worthy of her anticipation of his genius.

"Volumnia would have blessed her son even if she had died the victim of his cruelty: Olympias would have made no scruple to have sacrificed Alexander, had he roused her revenge or wounded her pride."*

Haydon had suffered, he thought, from the large size of his pictures. He now determined on adopting smaller canvasses.

"*May 14th.* — Rubbed in Eucles in the cabinet size. Now I will try my hand on the darling size of England. Success to it. It is curious that I have at this moment a positive passion to try my hand at the cabinet size — to work it up like Rembrandt's small works — gemmy, rich, and beautiful. I hope I shall succeed. I will attack those fellows now in their own way. This is the first day I have felt my love of art revive for months. I had been all day in the city, and came home tired to death,

* Vol. XIV. of Journals begins at this date, with this motto: —

"Hæc sub numine nos nobis fecimus sapientiâ duce, fortunâ permittente."

and set to work, and before dark it was in. If I had begun in this size I should have made my fortune. I offended the nobility of England by standing out against their predilections. I advanced the art—ruined myself —and when my larger works are again a novelty out I will bounce.

"16*th.*—Completed the head of Eucles, and hit the expression—a gasp of exhausted, flashing triumph. I am happy I have done so.

"18*th.*—Lord Egremont called; before he called he was with Carew. 'What am I to do with Haydon?' said he. 'My Lord, you know best,' said Carew. 'Why does he not paint portraits?' 'My Lord, his mind has been habituated to another style.' 'His style is too bold for this country: has he anything to do?' 'Nothing, my Lord.' After a few moments he said, 'He shan't starve. I'll go over to him.'

"He then came over, and behaved in the kindest manner. In fact gave me another commission—for Eucles. Carew said the impression on his mind was, that some poison had been poured into his mind—that they had been endeavouring to push him to employ me on portrait, where they hoped I would fail.

"As he walked up stairs, he said, 'How do you find yourself? Have you anything to do?' 'Nothing, my Lord.' 'Why don't you paint portraits?' 'My Lord, I am willing to paint anything for my family.' 'Only make 'em handsome,' said Lord Egremont; and then he said of Eucles, 'If you do not make a man catching him, you can't tell the story.'

"From me Lord Egremont went to young Lough, the sculptor, who has just burst out, and has produced a great effect. His Milo is really the most extraordinary thing, considering all the circumstances, in modern sculpture. It is another proof of the efficacy of inherent genius.

"Lord Egremont goes about helping everybody who wants it.

"*20th.*—Hard at work on Eucles—finished the hand and arm—sorry work. When I was painting Lazarus I used to wonder at the insignificance of human beings when I left my painting-room. I wonder now at the insignificance of my own paltry imitation.

"*21st.*—An execution put in for 18*l.* I hope to get rid of it. If I do not to-morrow, I will make the fellow sit for the other hand of Eucles. In looking at the small pictures to-day at the National Gallery, I was astonished. The fact is, that having to-day and yesterday turned my mind to small size, and being astonished at the quantity of knowledge I was obliged to leave out, I went to look at other small pictures, and wondered at the same thing. It is really extraordinary, after doing the human figure the full size, to find how much one can conceal on a scale less than life.

"'Why does he not finish more?' said Lord Egremont; 'his style is too bold for this country, though I am perfectly satisfied.' A love of finish argues an early or a decaying taste; where character, form, expression, colour, and drawing are not coveted because the mode is not finished, it argues a sorry fastidiousness and weak understanding.

"*22nd.*—Westmacott, with the most heartfelt kindness, assisted me to get rid of the execution. I came home and dashed at and succeeded in the head of Eucles in my larger picture—the other hurts my eyes."

Amidst his own distresses and self-assertions, it cannot be said that Haydon was insensible either to the wants or the talents of other artists. He did what he could to relieve the one and to enforce appreciation of the other. At this time appeared before the town a young and self-taught sculptor,—Lough. Though he is still living, I do not think he will consider any confidence violated by the publication of what follows.

"*May 23rd.*—Young Lough spent the evening with me, and a very unaffected, docile, simple, high-feeling young man he is. His account of himself was peculiarly

touching;—from his earliest boyhood he was always making figures in clay with his brother. In his father's window lay an old Pope's Homer. His brother and he were so delighted, that they used to make thousands of models, he taking the Greeks, and his brother the Trojans. An odd volume of Gibbon gave an account of the Colossæum. He and his brother after reading it, the moment the family were in bed, built up a Colossæum of clay in the kitchen, and by daylight had made hundreds of fighting gladiators. A gentleman I know was returning from fox-hunting, and saw in a garden attached to Lough's father's cottage hundreds of models of legs and arms lying about. He alighted and walked in, and found the ceiling of the kitchen drawn all over, and models lying about in every direction. Lough was sent for, invited to this friend's house, who showed him Canova's works and Michel Angelo's. To use his own language to me, Canova did not prick him, but Michel Angelo affected him deeply. He used to follow the plough, and shear the corn; and in this obscure Northumberland spot the only artist they heard of was Haydon. His Entry into Jerusalem they had long read about, and he and his brother used to sketch Christ and the Ass on the walls, and wonder how I had placed him. This interested me very much; in fact, I was highly delighted. He went on chatting till past one, and I promised to come down and go over his figure by candlelight.

"*24th.*—I went down, and was perfectly astonished. The feet and hands are not equal to the rest, but the body, head, thighs, legs, and whole expression and action, are grand beyond description. The beautiful mixture of fleshiness and muscular action, of high style and individual truth, is beyond praise. The back is as fine as the Theseus; and this, from me, is no small thing to say.

"It is the most extraordinary effort since the Greeks—with no exception—not of Michel Angelo, Bernini, or Canova.

"I pointed out one defect—in the loins. He had been

so flattered I could hardly bend him to alter it. The moment he did it with a piece of wood, he acknowledged the improvement. To see such a splendid effort of innate power, built up in an obscure first floor (No. 11. Burleigh Street, over a greengrocer's shop), without the aid of education, foreign travel, patronage, money, or even food, is only another instance of the natural power which no aid or instruction can supply the want of. If he goes to Italy he will be ruined! What becomes of all those who go and doze in the Vatican? They come back castrated. Lough did not, like Chantrey, put off his hour of inspiration till he was independent. Alas, he could not. His genius sat on him night and day like an incubus—goaded, haunted, pressed, worried, drove him to exertion. I was a fortnight without meat during Solomon. Lough never ate meat for three months; and then Peter Coxe, who deserves to be named, found him: he was tearing up his shirts to make wet rags for his figure to keep the clay moist, and on the point of pulling it down. Mr. Coxe saved it—aided him, and by this one act has made amends for a life of folly and his poem of the 'Social Day.'

"Lough will be a great man. He has all the consciousness of genius, with great modesty. The only fear is, he has become so soon ripe, and has so mature a style, that he may, if not perpetually curbed by nature, get into manner. I told him this, and he seemed grateful. The more I reflect on this extraordinary work, the more delighted I am. The thigh and back looked like flesh itself."

His Alexander was now at the Exhibition, not hung, in the painter's opinion, as it deserved. Debt and difficulty were pressing. Lord Egremont's commission had not been followed by others. Still, harassed as he was, Haydon took an active part in helping on a proposed exhibition of Lough's figures.

"*June 8th.*—Lazily at work. Interested for Lough and his exhibition, whom I hope in God I have rescued from a set of harpies who wanted to make him a tool.

Cockerell got him a room. I have set him on the right road, and his own energy will do the rest.

"This is the only high and sound genius I have ever known. To-night he said to me, as if half afraid he should be laughed at, 'Mr. Haydon, I fancy myself in the Acropolis sometimes, and hear a roaring noise like the tide.' 'My dear fellow,' said I, 'when I was at my great works, 'I saw with the vividness of reality the faces of Michel Angelo and Raffaelle smiling about my room. Nurse these feelings, but tell them not — at least in England.'

"*9th.* — Lough passed the evening with me, and we excited each other so much by mutual accounts of what we had suffered, that we both felt tears in our eyes.

"He declared solemnly to me that he had not ate meat for three months, and began the fourth. He said every day at dinner-time he felt the want, and used to lie down till it passed. He felt weak — at last faint — giddy continually, and latterly began to perceive he thought sillily, and was growing idiotic. He had only one bushel and a half of coals the whole winter, and used to lie down by the side of his clay model of this immortal figure, damp as it was, and shiver for hours till he fell asleep. He is a most extraordinary being — one of those creatures who come in a thousand years; and last night when he said he went from my conversation always inspired, the gaunt and lustrous splendour of his dark eyes had a darkened fire, as if a god was shrined within his body, and for a moment forced his concealment. He told me with absolute horror that Hilton said Michel Angelo was a very clever man, but that there were many cleverer. Lough is the only man I have ever seen who gave me an idea of what people used to say of *me*. In short, he is the only man I have ever seen who appears a genius.

"*10th.* — Lough's private day. It was a brilliant one. I wrote to Mrs. Siddons, and begged her to come. She came, and I conducted her into the room. Perhaps it will be the last private day she will ever go to. The room

cleared round her as if Ceres was coming in. She was highly delighted. Several Academicians were there, and as I did not wish to injure Lough, by associating him with the prejudices connected with me, or to appear too principal in the affair, I gradually left her to herself. Westmacott sidled up to her. Here came the question. 'Shall I cut the little good man out, or shall I let him triumph?' 'Well,' thought I, 'I brought her; he will be mortified if I put him by.' Mrs. Siddons was going. She looked to me. I inclined back. She felt it. 'Good morning, Mr. Haydon.' Westmacott offered his arm, and I immediately took Miss Siddons. Westmacott thus sallied forth in triumph. As a young gentleman ambitious of academic honour, it became me to be modest. I followed. Had I led, and left him the daughter, I should have lost his vote! Such is human nature, and such are the secret workings of every bosom in all assemblies of men and women who meet to smile, to be sincere and to be happy.

"The Duke of Wellington entered before Mrs. Siddons and I had gone. I never saw one whose air and presence were so unlike genius or heroism. He seemed embarrassed, and as if he felt he was unpopular. Lord Farnborough with his mean face immediately went up to him. As Lord Farnborough was looking at Milo with me, and talking with hollow abstracted insincerity of its grandeur, looking at the door to every visitor to see if he had not committed himself by coming—in came the Duke —and away flew my Lord. I saw easily that Lord Farnborough would get off, if he could, without committing himself for sixpence. The question was *how*. I watched. The Duke felt great admiration indeed, and going to the books opened, wrote with his own illustrious right hand —which as the means of conveying the conceptions of his great genius had destroyed Napoleon—an order for Milo and Sampson. It was done in a spirited manner. He then turned round. One of Lough's patrons came over, and shook his Grace by the hand, and thanked

him. The Duke said, 'He should go abroad,' in his loud, distinct, and military voice. Silvertop, who had just heard my opinion, hesitated. The Duke, surprised at his view not being acceded to, half blushed, and said, 'Not to stay, but to see—eh—the eh—great works, as others have done.' He then turned. I bowed to thank him: as he walked out he touched his hat, like a military man, to me and to all.

"The moment he went out Farnborough made a bustling pretence he had something to say, and hurried after him.

"To conclude: the day was, I know, a brilliant one. I saw it would be, and first advised this step. Such attendant circumstances can never concur again in the execution of any future work of the same man. I therefore told Lough 'be prompt and decisive — get a friend to do, I will direct, and promise you a harvest.' He did so. Lord Egremont approved. A friend, whose modesty forbids the disclosure of his name, got all the tickets ready. I marked the Court Guide—his servant took them round: Cockerell and Bigge secured his room, and, God be thanked! we have placed this mighty genius on the road to prosperity. If his health keep strong, which I pray God it may, he will be the greatest sculptor since Phidias.

"14*th*. — I have been quite ill from excitement about Lough and my own anxiety to work again. The first day he took 8*l*. 3*s*., the second 10*l*. 4*s*. This will do, considering it is but a single figure."

To Haydon's great delight the young sculptor's exhibition was successful, but the excitement of it completely overcame the passionate painter, who saw in the difficulties so nobly overcome by this self-taught artist a reflex of his own early struggles, and of the spirit in which they were encountered. I should have hesitated to introduce these passages, relating as they do to an artist still living and labouring amongst us, but that they seem to me to reflect equal credit on the friend and the befriended.

In June of this year came a repetition of the blow which had already fallen on Haydon in 1823. He was once more arrested for debt. Once more he appealed to the public through the newspapers, and to Parliament by petition. Mr. Brougham presented his petition, and the newspapers printed his letters. It was in vain to preach to one of his sanguine temperament and determined habit of self-assertion, as his friend Du Bois did, with great good sense, at this time: "Rely on yourself and your own powers, which may yet work wonders; but pray, as you would avoid the gall of disappointment, build little on exciting the active interference of the public. Any battery opened against their poor pockets in favour of the fine arts will make as much impression, I fancy (to use a simile in the *Times*) as cannon-balls on a mud bank." But if public appeals were vain, private applications were met with a promptitude and liberality which show what a large fund of real benevolence there is lying in the world for the unfortunate to draw on. Sir W. Scott was here, as ever, among the readiest with his purse and his sympathy, while the unaffected, manly kindness of the letters in which both money and sympathy are conveyed must have doubled their value. I find letters from Lawrence and Campbell, both kind, but alike unable to relieve. Mr. Lockhart, whose strenuous and practical help on this and other like occasions calls forth repeated expressions of Haydon's gratitude, suggested the plan of a subscription for the purchase of one or more pictures, finished or unfinished. Joseph Strutt, of Derby, too, one whose heart seems always to have guided the distribution of his ample means, sent a draft of 100*l.* for a picture to be painted at the artist's convenience. The Duke of Bedford, Lady de Tabley, and the artist's warm friend Mr. Chauncey Hare Townshend, were equally active in this crisis.

The result of Mr. Lockhart's suggestion was a public meeting on the 23rd of July, the following report of which it is worth while to append, as it contains a summary account of the painter's expenditure and embarrassments.

"A Public Meeting was held yesterday at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Lord Francis Leveson Gower in the chair, 'For the purpose of raising a subscription to restore Mr. Haydon to his family and pursuits, he having been imprisoned one month in consequence of embarrassments arising from an over-eagerness to pay off old debts, from which he was exonerated, and the want of employment for eight months.'

"Lord F. L. Gower said, that the object of the Meeting would perhaps be best forwarded by the perusal of a statement of Mr. Haydon's affairs which had been prepared for the occasion by a friend.

"Mr. Burn then addressed the Meeting. He would be as brief in his remarks as possible; and in order to put the meeting fully in possession of the state of Mr. Haydon's pecuniary affairs he would read a debtor and creditor account, which had been made out. Mr. Haydon's debts amounted to 1,767*l.* 17*s.*; and the only assets which he had to meet them were the picture Eucles, which, when finished, will be worth five hundred guineas, and whatever might be the produce of the exhibition of that picture. Since 1823 Mr. Haydon had contracted debts to the amount of 1,131*l.* 17*s.*, and had received, by cash, for paintings, portraits, &c., 2,547*l.* 14*s.* 2*d.* The difference between the sum 1,131*l.* 17*s.* and the 1,767*l.* 17*s.* before mentioned, was 636*l.*, which was made up of debts incurred by Mr. Haydon previous to his embarrassments in 1823, and consequently could not be carried to the profit and loss account since that period. It appeared then that Mr. Haydon had expended, during the last four years, the sum of 3,679*l.* 11*s.* 2*d.*, and as it was but right that this meeting should be informed of the manner in which he had done so, he (Mr. Burn) would read the different items. They were as follows:—

By house-keeping expenses, for four years, at 220*l.* per year		£880	0 0
By professional expenses, viz.			
Colours at	£20 per annum		
Models	60 „		
Drapery	10 „		
Brushes	10 „		
	£100 per year for four years	400	0 0
	Carried forward	£1280	0 0

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward	1280	0	0
By rent and taxes { Rent - £121 / Taxes 30			
£151 per year for four years	604	0	0
By cash paid for furniture - - - -	190	18	7
By ditto paid debts owing previous to 1823 - -	397	0	0
By wearing apparel for self, Mrs. Haydon and children, at 60*l.* per year for four years - - -	240	0	0
By schooling for two children, 60*l.* per annum, equal 120*l.* a-year for four years - - - -	480	0	0
By servants' wages, 30*l.* per year for four years - -	120	0	0
By law expenses, within the same period - -	280	0	0
By travelling and incidental expenses, 20*l.* per year -	80	0	0
	£3,671	18	7

"Such was the state of Mr. Haydon's affairs, and the meeting would not fail to remark, that a considerable portion of Mr. Haydon's burthen had arisen from his anxiety to discharge debts from which the law had freed him. He had seen Mr. Haydon in prison, in distress, in destitution; he was, in fact, at that moment, without the slightest prospect or hope of relief, but such as might flow from the sympathy of the public. Under such circumstances, it might be natural to inquire, even before relief was given, how an artist of Mr. Haydon's acknowledged abilities, had failed to reap that encouragement which had so often been bestowed on artists in countries far less civilised than England. He believed that his friend had fallen a victim to his own too ardent imagination. He had not only aimed at the highest branch of his art, but he had neglected to remember that while he was toiling to reach the first station, he was making but little provision for the necessities of the passing day. It was well known that the cultivation of the arts tended to promote civilisation and happiness: Mr. Haydon had laboured strenuously to forward that which he professed, and the generosity of the public could not be better directed than to his relief. Painters of his talent had been protected by monarchs themselves. If Mr. Haydon had enemies who had the slightest inclination to oppose the object of that meeting, he would ask them to visit the prison, and then proceed with their opposition if they could. If there were critics who questioned the merits of Mr. Haydon's performances, he would call on them in the name of charity to forget their opinions; or if Mr. Haydon had

friends, as he saw he had, he would entreat them to seize on the opportunity which then presented itself, and exert themselves to rescue their friend from prison and restore him to his suffering family. It was proposed to raise a subscription for Mr. Haydon, but not to place the money in Mr. Haydon's own hands. Trustees were to be named; and as he had prepared a series of Resolutions which would explain the plan, he would beg leave to read them.—It would be the duty of the trustees to liberate Mr. Haydon as soon as possible, in order that he might exert himself in his profession, which he would do to the utmost, and then to make such arrangements as might appear best calculated to do justice to the creditors and rescue Mr. Haydon and his family from distress. Mr. Haydon had a wife and five children and was in the daily expectation of an increase to his family; he had no hope of relief but in the sympathy and generosity of the public, and it was hoped that the appeal would not be made in vain.

"The resolutions were then put *seriatim*, and agreed to.

"Lord F. L. Gower said, that after the statement which had been made, it must be quite unnecessary for him to detain the meeting by offering any remarks. Mr. Haydon's case was one of those in which every one who respected genius, or commiserated misfortune, must take a lively interest. His Lordship then read a letter from the Duke of Bedford, in which his Grace said, that absence from London would prevent him from attending the meeting; but in consideration of Mr. Haydon's merits and distresses, he begged to enclose a check for 50*l.*

"Mr. Burn said, that as an impression had gone abroad that Mr. Haydon had received Parliamentary relief in 1823, he thought it right to state, that he then held a letter in his hand, in which Mr. Brougham declared, that from circumstances no application had been made.

"Lord F. L. Gower having left the chair, together with a cheque for 20*l.*, the thanks of the meeting were voted to his Lordship and it broke up.

"In the course of a few minutes subscriptions to the amount of 120*l.* were received, including 50*l.* from the Duke of Bedford and 20*l.* from Lord F. L. Gower."

At this meeting it was resolved, That under the circumstances which have caused Mr. Haydon's present

misfortunes, he was entitled to public sympathy and relief. That an account be opened with Messrs. Coutts & Co. (who consented to receive subscriptions) in the names of J. G. Lockhart and S. G. Burn, Esqs., as trustees for a subscription, with the intention, as soon as the amount subscribed should equal the price of his picture of Eucles (500 guineas), that lots should be cast for that picture, — 10*l.* to give one chance, 20*l.* two, and so on.

The result was Haydon's release at the close of July.

While in the King's Bench he saw the mock election, a picture of which he afterwards painted. In a letter to the Duke of Bedford, written just after his release, he describes that incident.

"In the midst of this dreadful scene of affliction up sprung the masquerade election, — a scene which, contrasted as it was with sorrow and prison walls, beggars all description.

"Distracted as I was, I was perpetually drawn to the windows by the boisterous merriment of the unfortunate happy beneath me. Rabelais or Cervantes alone could do it justice with their pens. Never was such an exquisite burlesque. Baronets and bankers, — authors and merchants, — young fellows of fashion and elegance, insanity, idiotism, poverty and bitter affliction, all for a moment forgetting their sorrows at the humour, the wit, the absurdity of what was before them.

"I saw the whole from beginning to end. I was resolved to paint it, for I thought it the finest subject for humour and pathos on earth."

By the 15th of August the picture was rubbed in. Among the characters he encountered during his imprisonment was one, from whose information he furnishes this passage of secret history in illustration of Mr. Canning's negotiations with the South American republics.

"16*th.* — What a half-year this has been. In the Bench I met Chambers, the banker, and a Dr. Mackay, who was employed by Canning to arrange and negotiate

the treaty of commerce and independence with South America.

"Dr. Mackay had resided many years in Mexico, and knew all the parties thoroughly. He made a fortune and had returned to England. He was sent for by Canning, and after all due preliminary caution sent out to Mexico.

"As he and I paced up and down the racket-ground by moonlight, he told me every particular, and interesting it was. I invited him to my room, and, like a true politician, or *employé politique*, he began to suspect me. 'Remember,' said he, 'before I proceed, you make no use of this.' I gave him my word and he proceeded. Vittoria was his old friend. On his way to Mexico, under pretence of pressing business, he called on Vittoria, and found him in actual negotiation with Spanish commissioners; that evening a treaty was to be signed and settled. Vittoria begged him to dine. He refused a long time, but Mackay making him promise to put off the Commissioners till next day, he agreed. Vittoria sent word he was ill, and Mackay was received as an English physician and old friend. That night the ground was broken. Vittoria complained they were forsaken by England. Mackay opened his powers, and it was agreed that Vittoria should continue ill, Mackay visiting and prescribing every day. He did so; and at last Vittoria got better and better, and received full authority from Mexico, and Mackay and he used to walk out to take a little air and retire unobserved into a bye street, to a room hired for the purpose. In this way the treaty of independence and commerce was finally settled. One party proposed an article,—after discussion it was written in a book, each party at liberty to reflect till next day. When they met again the article proposed and agreed to was restated and discussed again, and if nothing had occurred to alter and amend, it was finally entered into a separate book, whence there was no appeal.

"In this way Dr. Mackay told me the whole treaty was settled. As he knew the Spaniards well, and that

pride was their failing, he got nothing by downright opposition, but carried everything by yielding and persuading them that even he would not have so favoured England by such a proposition, &c., &c. Mr. Canning was highly delighted and gave him great praise.

"It was interesting to talk to Dr. Mackay, who had lost 40,000*l.* (which he had amassed in Mexico by a long life of labour) in speculations on the Stock Exchange.

"Here he was planning steam stage-coaches, and talking of setting off for Mexico as soon as he was free and undisturbed. He seemed to have a very great idea of Canning's genius, and spoke of him with the greatest respect."

This is the painter's own description of the Mock Election, the picture of which was finished by the close of the year, and exhibited in January, 1828, at the Egyptian Hall.

"Nothing during the last year excited more curiosity than the Mock Election, which took place in the King's Bench Prison; as much from the circumstances attending its conclusion, as from the astonishment expressed that men, unfortunate and confined, could invent any amusement at which they had a right to be happy.

"At the first thought, it certainly gave one a shock to fancy a roar of boisterous merriment, in a place where it was hardly possible to imagine any other feelings to exist than those of sorrow and anxiety; but, on a little more reflection, there was nothing very unprincipled in men, one half of whom had been the victims of villany, one quarter the victims of malignity, and, perhaps, not the whole of the remaining fourth justly imprisoned by angry creditors in hope to obtain their debts; it was not absolutely criminal to prefer forgetting their afflictions in the temporary gaiety of innocent frolic, to the dull, leaden, sottish oblivion, produced by porter and cigars.

"I was sitting in my own apartment, buried in my own reflections, melancholy, but not despairing at the darkness of my own prospects, and the unprotected condition of my wife and children, when a sudden tumultuous and hearty laugh below

brought me to the window. In spite of my own sorrows, I laughed out heartily myself when I saw the occasion.

"Before me were three men marching in solemn procession, the one in the centre a tall, young, reckless, bushy-haired, light-hearted Irishman, with a rusty cocked-hat under his arm, a bunch of flowers in his bosom, his curtain rings round his neck for a gold chain, a mopstick for a white wand, tipped with an empty strawberry pottle, bows of ribbons on his shoulders, and a great hole in his elbow, of which he seemed perfectly unconscious; on his right was another person in burlesque solemnity, with a sash, and real white wand; two others, fantastically dressed, came immediately behind, and the whole followed by characters of all descriptions, some with flags, some with staffs, and all in perfect merriment and mock gravity, adapted to some masquerade. I asked what it meant, and was told, it was a procession of burgesses, headed by the Lord High Sheriff, and Lord Mayor, of the King's Bench Prison, going in state to open the poll, in order to elect two members to protect their rights in the House of Commons!

"'Ah! L'étrange chose que la vie!'—MOLIERE.

I returned to my room, and laughed and wept by turns! Here were a set of creatures who must have known afflictions, who must have been in want and in sorrow, struggling (with a spiked wall before their eyes) to bury remembrance in the humour of a farce! flying from themselves and their thoughts, to smother reflection, though, in the interval between one roar of laughter and another, the busy fiend would flash upon 'their inward eye,' their past follies and their present pains! Yet, what is the world but a prison of larger dimensions? We gaze after the eagle in his flight, and are bound by gravitation to the earth we tread on; we sail forth in pursuit of new worlds, and after a year or two return to the spot we started from; we weary our imaginations with hopes of something new, and find, after a long life, we can only embellish what we see; so that while our hopes are endless, and our imagination unbounded, our faculties and being are limited, and whether it be six thousand feet, or six thousand miles, a limit still marks the prison!

"I bore in pain that day the merriment and noise so uncongenial to an aching heart; but the next, an irresistible desire induced me to go out, and, as I approached the unfortunate, but merry crowd, to the last day of my life I shall ever remember

the impression I received: — baronets and bankers; authors and merchants; painters and poets; dandies of rank in silk and velvet, and dandies of no rank in rags and tatters; idiotism and insanity; poverty and affliction, all mingled in indiscriminate merriment, with a spiked wall, twenty feet high, above their heads! I saw in an instant the capacity there existed in this scene of being made morally instructive and interesting to the public, by the help of an episode in assistance. I told Mr. ——, the banker, who stood by me, I would paint it, and asked him if he believed there ever were such characters, such expressions, and such heads, on human shoulders, assembled in one group before?

"Day by day the subject matured in my mind, and, as soon as I was restored to my family and pursuits, I returned and sketched all the heads of the leading actors in this extraordinary scene: — began the picture directly, and have finished it in four months.

"I will now explain to the spectators the details of the picture: —

"In the centre is the Lord High Sheriff, with burlesque elegance of manner, begging one of the candidates not to break the peace, or be irritated at the success of his rival, towards whom he is bending his fist; while Harry Holt, the pugilist, in a striped dressing-gown, is urging on the intended member, and showing him how he can most effectually hit. The intended member is dressed in green, with an oil-skin cap and a red bow (the colours of his party). The gentleman who actually filled this character is, I have heard, a man of considerable fortune in Ireland; from the speeches he made, he evidently believed himself going to the House of Commons, as much as ever did Mr. Canning or Mr. Hobhouse. Right opposite, attired in the quilt of his bed, and in a yellow turban, is the other member, a gentleman who actually sat in the House two years, and who, by his experience in the finesse of elections, was the moving spring in all the proceedings of this. His face expresses sarcastic mischief — he is pointing, without looking at his opponent, with a sneer! Between the Lord High Sheriff, and the candidate in a quilt, is the Lord Mayor, with the solemn gravity becoming his office; he holds a white wand with a blue and yellow bow, and a sash of the same colours — he was a third candidate. The colours of the first member I have made red,

of the one in a quilt blue, and the Lord Mayor's colours blue and yellow.

"Immediately below, in a white jacket, is the head poll clerk, with quizzing humour, swearing in the three burgesses before they are allowed to vote, and holding up his finger, as much as to say, speak the truth. The three voters are holding a bit of deal; the first, a dandy of first fashion just imprisoned, with a fifty-guinea pipe in his right hand, a diamond ring on his finger, dressed in a yellow silk dressing-gown, velvet cap, and red Morocco slippers; on his left stands an exquisite, who has been imprisoned three years, smoking a three-penny cigar, with a hole at his elbow, and his toes on the ground; and the third is one of those characters of middle age and careless dissipation, visible in all scenes of this description, dressed in a blue jacket and green cap.

"Between the dandy in yellow and the short red-nosed man, dressed in the red curtain of his bed, with a mace, and within the hustings, is another poll clerk, entering in a book the names of the electors. Above the clerk is the Assessor, suppressing a laugh, and behind the member, in a quilt, is a man sticking in a pipe, as an additional ornament to the member's person.

"These characters form the principal group; the second group is on the right, and on the left is the third, while the prison wall and prison form the background.

"In the right hand group, sipping claret, sits a man of family and a soldier, who distinguished himself in Spain; he was imprisoned in early life for running away with a ward in Chancery; embarrassment followed, and nine years of confinement have rendered him reckless and melancholy; he has one of the most tremendous heads I ever saw in nature, something between Byron and Buonaparte; it was affecting to see his pale determined face and athletic form amongst the laughing afflicted, without a smile! without an emotion! Indifferent to the humour about him, contemptuously above joining in the burlesque, he seemed, like a fallen angel, meditating on the absurdities of humanity!

"'. . . . . Care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge; cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion.' — MILTON.

"In the picture I have made him sit at ease, with a companion, while champagne bottles, a dice box, dice, cards, a racket bat and ball on the ground, announce his present habits.

"Leaning on him, and half terrified at the mock threats of the little red-nosed head constable with a mace, is an interesting girl attached to him in his reverses; and over his head, clinging to the top of the pump, is an elector intoxicated and huzzaing!

"The third and last group is composed of a good family in affliction. The wife, devoted, melting, clinging to her husband! The eldest boy, with the gaiety of a child, is cheering the voters; behind is the old nurse sobbing over the baby, five weeks old; while the husband, virtuous and in trouble, is contemplating the merry electors with pity and pain. The father and mother are in mourning for the loss of their second boy, for 'troubles never come in single files, but whole battalions;' in his hand he holds a paper, on it — 'Debt 26*l.* 10*s.* *paid* — costs 157*l.* 14*s.* *unpaid.* Treachery, Squeeze and Co., *Thieves' Inn.*'

"Behind this family is a group of electors with flags and trumpets, and all the bustle of an election. On one flag is 'The Liberty of the Subject;' on the other, 'No Bailiffs;' while the spiked wall and state house finish this end. The opposite end is the commencement of the prison, each window marking a separate apartment, and under a red striped blind are a party of electors, listening to a speech before marching up.

"An old fat fellow, between the head constable and the young girl, is laughing at his mock severity, while two fellows, arm in arm behind, and a bill of exchange of the Hon. Henry Lawless lies on the ground, at 999 years' date, to Mr. Cabbage, tailor, of Bond Street, for 1,562*l.* 14*s.* 7*d.*, for value received, complete the composition, in which I have done my best to convey, to the nobility and the public, a scene that almost baffles pencil or pen!

"Many may be inclined to be severe, and disposed to ask, 'how I could be thinking of painting, when I was making the town ring with my afflictions?' I have only to reply, I could not help it; a man, who for years has never looked at a face, without instinctive reference to its imitation, has absolutely a

sixth sense, and in all probability, even at the stake, would study the expression of his executioners."

The following entries in the journal in relation to the characters and circumstances introduced in the Mock Election seem curious enough for insertion.

"*August 22nd.*—Succeeded in the High Sheriff's head. It should be a sort of Beggars' Opera—Polly and Macheath affair. I have hit him, and the world will think so.

"*23rd.*—Hard at work, and advanced the High Sheriff. The careless, Irish, witty look, the *abandon de gaieté* of his head and expression was never surpassed by Hogarth. This is my genuine belief and conviction, and so will posterity think.

"*26th.*—Went to the King's Bench to make sketches. I sketched the head of a smuggler who carried the Union-jack in the election. Never in my life did I see such a head:—air,—wind,—grog,—risk,—anxiety,—daring,—and defiance, were cut into his handsome weather-beaten head. 'After being at sea,' said I, 'does not this life hurt your health?' 'My health, sir? I keep up my health with grog. Eh, Bob?' turning round to a veteran crony, 'How many tumblers d'ye average?' 'Why, I think, sir, I may say five-and-twenty!'

"What a set of heads I shall have in this picture.

"Looked at Staunton's head to-day, and liked it.

"What a set of beings are assembled in that extraordinary place—that temple of idleness and debauchery. When you walk amongst them, you get amongst faces that are all marked by some decided expression, quite different from people you meet in the street."

"*28th.*—Put in the gallant colonel exquisitely, from the remembrance of the principles of an idiot's head. I hit his likeness in a minute. Child's cheeks, woman's nose, age's lips and chin, fool's forehead.

"The calm beauty of Eucles, when I looked at it to-day after the rag-fair subject of the election, was extraordinary. The principles of the one will illustrate the other.

"*31st.*—Last day of August. The last sixteen days I have employed myself well. I have got the Election well on. I went to the Bench to-day to sketch, and got so melancholy from stories of want and misery and crime around me, I was obliged to return.

"*Sept. 3rd.*—Put in the gallant colonel. Capital character—Irish—hot-headed—duelling—idiotic—the only person *serious* in the whole scene. The subject grows on me rapidly.

"*4th.*—Holt, the boxer, sat. Finished him and the colonel's right hand.

"*5th.*—Hard at work, and finished Holt. If I had not made a good likeness of Holt, I should have lost my reputation in the ring. Holt said to-day, 'I have always heard of you, sir, for these twenty years, but not knowing any thing of art, I thought you were an old master.

"How true is the antique. Holt is the only instance I ever saw of the hair springing up from the forehead like wire, as the hair of Alexander does on his bust.

"*10th.*—Worked hard, and advanced my puppy.

"*11th.*—Worked hard, and improved my puppy.

"*12th.*—Worked and finished the velvet cap of the puppy. I take such delight in this puppy, that on looking at Eucles after, it seemed cold and chaste. I should not wonder if this picture has awakened a faculty that has been dormant."

On the 14th of September, the progress of his work was for a while arrested by the birth of a son—Frederick.

"*16th.*—'The child is father to the man,' as Wordsworth says. From a boy I had always an intense desire for seclusion. I remember then, as now, my delight in a study of my own. I remember constructing of pasteboard a little place shutting in a window, where I used to retire as soon as school was over, to sketch, and draw, and meditate.

"The other night as I walked into my painting-room, and saw Eucles on the floor, and the sketches and pictures

about, I felt a delight, an elevation I cannot describe. I remember feeling the same thing thirty years ago in my pasteboard house. Such is the truth; and it is painful to think how little real knowledge one gets after twenty.

"17*th*.—I took my child Frank to-day to see Macbeth at Sir George's, Grosvenor Square. As we wandered through the deserted gallery and drawing-rooms I thought, here have assembled more men of real genius, and more pretenders to it, than in any other room perhaps in Europe.

"Since he gave his collection to the National Gallery, there are, of course, few pictures left. The Tondo of Michel Angelo, with his bust over it, was still in the Gallery, and the picture from the Colonna Palace. The walls were covered with his own works, many of which I had been consulted about; and on seeing the silent rooms, half lighted and half dusty, with the furniture covered, I was exceedingly affected with a sort of sympathy at the mortality of us all. Poor Sir George. The genius of the place was gone to his audit, and if we meet hereafter, as I hope we may, purged of our weaknesses, we shall find we have each qualities for the enjoyment of the other, which worldly passion obscured and dulled."

On the very day Frank was born, Sir George and Lady Beaumont called within a few hours. It was interesting to see his little figure striding about where his father had so often strode before.

"Macbeth keeps its colour capitally.

"18*th*.—Began a portrait to-day, and I felt as if my hand, and soul, and imagination were numbed, '*e senza stelle*.' How can I succeed under such impressions?

"19*th*.—Attacked the head-constable to-day with delight—a Bardolphian dog as ever lived. Succeeded—though yesterday my model was an interesting, fine fellow, and the face to-day a red-nosed, ugly pug. I got on to-day with delight, because, though cramped as to likeness, I was working with reference to a story. The hatred of

portrait-painting is, I am sorry to say, a feeling in my nature, invincible: at least I fear so.

"*23d.* — Hard at work and dashed away successfully. Read Vasari's life of Raffaele till the tears came into my eyes. I saw my Lazarus to-day, and the further I get from the grand style, the more I am struck with my former pictures, and the more bitterly feel my afflictions.

"Ah, what a shame to the patrons of my time! Truly might Lord Ashburnham say he wondered how they could answer to their own consciences for their shameful neglect of me. What will become of me? Yet this is cant. I do not despair; and something whispers me that I shall yet do greater things than I have ever yet done, and that my knowledge will not be suffered to leave the world without a period arriving of full development.

"*27th.* — Began to work in irritable spirits. The colours were badly mixed, the brushes were badly cleaned. I hesitated — trifled — faddled — and idled; but at last, ashamed of my delays, I plunged at a hand, and getting interested, soon forgot my troubles. I shall accomplish the group by the time marked out. From the habit of running about the town so in pecuniary difficulties, when they ceased I actually looked to Monday, for at least a week or two, as a day of walking, squabbling and battle. Such is habit.

"*Oct.* 1*st.* — Went to the Bench and finished all my sketches."

"*2nd.* — Arranged the effect for to-morrow — sky, &c., and improved it much: made a drawing for the corner figure from my old model, Forster.

"*3rd.* — Put in the foreground head — wants paring — a terrific character."

"*4th.* — Was unhinged and unsettled — could not tell why. Advanced, but not conclusively, as I was trying to doctor yesterday's attempt.

"*10th.* — Hard at work, and nearly completed one of the corner figures. Third of the month gone. Not so much to show as I ought, or intended to have. Anniver-

sary of my wedding day—six years. Well, we have had some exquisite happiness, and some bitter agony. God protect us! For the mercies, gratitude—for the pains, gratitude also, if they have contributed to purify our souls, and fit them for immortality.

"*20th.*—Began again to-day, thank God, and got in the head of the good man.

"*21st.*—Hard at work—finished the Gambler.

"*22nd.*—Hard at work—coated the good man in sorrow and affliction.

"*23rd.*—Got in nurse and infant. Hard at work, and finished the good man.

"*24th.*—Obliged to lay by from deranged digestion. All painters seem to have suffered from this. All thinkers in fact—painters or not. Rubens used to take his great meal at night. You get up with a black veil over your fancy, through which you see all things.

"*28th.*—Hard at work on the mother and wife.

"*29th.*—Hard at work, and advanced the mother.

"*30th.*—Worked at a sitting seven hours—then took lunch, and set to one hour and a half. Finished the mother.

"*31st.*—Last day. I worked pretty well up, but people called, and chatted, and gossiped, and plagued me.

"*Nov. 1st.*—Hard at work, and succeeded in completing the boy. I don't know that I think less; but I think less of the thoughts that occur.

"*4th.*—Hard at work. Finished my portrait of Talfourd, and got an order for his wife.

"*5th.*—Hard at work, and put in another head.

"*6th.*—What a strange thing is the intellectual power. I awoke between four and five saying to myself, 'it may be laid down as an axiom, that that art which, as a principle, renders the inanimate or inferior parts of equal consequence to the intellectual or superior, is erroneous in foundation, and contrary to the great principle of our highest associations. The Greek school, and all the great

modern schools of 1500, were conducted on the opposite principle, the modern French school on the above.'

"This was a mere caprice of my mind in sleep, for I had not been dreaming, and it was evident from so sound a remark that my mind had had rest enough."

By the beginning of December the picture was nearly finished, (as well as a portrait of his friend, Mr. Talfourd, painted while the Mock Election was in progress), and before the close of the year, the Exhibition opened.

1828.

"*January* 1*st.*—I began this new year and ended the last in apathy and indifference. No prayer, no thanksgiving, no reflection, no thought. I was ill, and fretful, and callous. My Frank was seized with an attack of the lungs. He recovered. My Mock Election opened and succeeded moderately, but it has not sold; and though I have to thank God for the last five months with all my heart and all my soul, I am beginning again to apprehend necessity."

He was now at work on Eucles, when a new subject suggested itself as adapted to that Hogarthian faculty which he flattered himself might have developed itself in the Mock Election. He thus describes the subject and the circumstances under which it occurred to his mind.

"*February* 1*st.*—For this last week I thought I should have gone mad at the prospect of losing dearest Frank—a fellow string of the same instrument as myself. O Frank—dear little intellectual, keen, poetic soul! One night as I was sitting by the fire in his room—his still room—sobbing quietly, in bitter grief, and resolving, if he died, to glory in letting my faculties rot over my blasted hopes, when—will it be believed—Punch, as the subject for a picture, darted into my thoughts, and I composed it, quite lost to everything else, till dear little Frank's feeble voice recalled me.

"This involuntary power it is which has always saved me. To God I offer my gratitude for its possession."

"*March 1st.**—I begin my new volume, not with the enthusiasm of my former ones. I have ceased to make great attempts, and have gradually sunk to fit my efforts to the taste of those on whom I depend: that noble elevation of soul I feel no longer. The necessities of a large family, imprisonment, and sorrow, have startled me for the time out of that glorious dream. I can't pray now to the Great God to aid and help and foster me in my attempts for the honour of my great country, for I am making no attempt at all. I am doing that only which will procure me subsistence, and gratify the love of novelty, or pander to the prejudices of my countrymen. Even that does not succeed. I have not sold the Mock Election. I have no orders—no commissions. After all the public sympathy of last year, I am still without employment. The exhibition of the picture gets me a bare subsistence, and that is all.

'Non sum qualis eram.'

"What to do I am at a loss. Brougham is chilled, and the state of the finances render any expectation of a government vote for the higher walk of art a vain delusion. My admission into the Academy is out of the question. It has turned out as I predicted to Lord Egremont it would. I begin at last to long to go abroad, family and all. Had I been single, after leaving prison for the first time, I would have gone back to my stripped house and finished the Crucifixion; but here my wife shrank, and I loved her too well to pain her.

"To have finished the Crucifixion without a bed to lie on, or a chair to sit on—without casts or prints, because the world thought it impossible—was to my mind a cause of fiery excitement. I would have gloried in doing it,

* The Fifteenth Volume of the Journals opens at this date, with the motto, "For I have eaten ashes like bread and mingled my drink with weeping."—*Psalm* cii.

and would have done it. But by painting lately only paltry things, I have ceased to excite the enthusiasm I once lived in, because I have ceased to feel it myself. How all this will turn out God knows—for though I do not pray to Him as I used, I trust in His mercy, as I ever shall. I dread blindness in my old age, but I hope my God will spare me this calamity. His will, not mine be done.

"*March 2nd.*—I got up melancholy in the extreme, and sallied forth to call on Brougham, in order to come to some conclusion. I saw him in the passage. His carriage was at the door—a gentleman was eagerly talking—Brougham had his foot on the stairs, and could not get up for the importunity of this man. Brougham's hand was full of papers, and his whole appearance was restless, harassed, eager, spare, keen, sarcastic and nervous. The servant did not hear me ring, and the coachman called from his box in a state of irritable fidget—'Why, George, don't you see a gentleman here? He has been here these five minutes.' Up came George, half dressed, and showed me right in. The moment Brougham saw me, he seemed to look 'Here's Haydon—at such a moment—to bore me.' Brougham never shakes hands, but he held out his two fingers. 'Mr. Haydon, how d'ye do? I have no appointment with you. Call on Wednesday at half past five. I can't spare you two minutes now.' I never saw such a set out. The horses were not groomed. The coachman not clean. The blinds of the coach were not down, and gave me the idea as if inside the air was hot, damp, foul and dusty. There the horses were waiting, half dozy—the harness not cleaned or polished—their coats rough as Exmoor ponies; and inside and outside the house, the whole appearance told hurry-scurry, harass, fag, late hours, long speeches, and vast occupation. Since I saw him last he seems grown ten years older—looks more nervous and harassed a great deal. He tried to smile, by way of saying, 'Don't be hurt;' but I never am hurt by such things. When a man calls on another in that way,

he must expect the consequences of breaking in. I wish any body was as considerate for me."

Haydon now proceeded to turn to further account his King's Bench experiences. The tragi-comedy of which he had delineated the first act in his Mock Election, furnished him with a second, under the title of Chairing the Member. I append the painter's own account of the picture, at this point, as it will render intelligible many subsequent entries in his journal between the commencement of the work and its conclusion towards the end of August.

"The scene now painted and represented to the public is The Mock Chairing, which was acted on a water-butt one evening, but was to have been again performed in more magnificent costume the next day; just, however, as all the actors in this eccentric masquerade, High Sheriff, Lord Mayor, Head Constable, Assessor, Poll Clerks and Members were ready dressed and preparing to start, the Marshal interfered and stopped the procession! Such are human hopes!

"The Marshal sent word he wished to speak with those he named; they went directly, anticipating admonishment if their innocent frolic was irregular, and resolving to submit to Mr. Jones's wishes; but, after a few words, the whole who had obeyed his desire were ordered to be closely confined in a room, to which the Black Hole at Calcutta was a palace.

"Those who were thus treated were gentlemen, one of whom had been member of the House of Commons for two years. They had been guilty of nothing but an innocent and harmless frolic, that relieved their own anxieties, and contributed very materially to assuage the anxieties of others; they had trespassed on no privilege of authority, they had shown no disrespect to their superiors, there had been no wilful violence, no riot, no drunkenness; in fact, during the continuance of this extraordinary scene, there had been less of what was improper or abandoned; for the minds of the unhappy had for a time been excited, and they forgot their troubles, and their usual methods of burying the recollection of them.

"The Marshal now sent for some others, whom he had forgotten in the first instance; but, dreading a similar fate to their companions, they refused to go; speeches, expostulations,

and messages took place, and the Marshal was advised to send for the Guards!

"About the middle of a sunny day, when all was quiet, save the occasional cracking of a racket-ball, while some were reading, some smoking, some lounging, some talking, some occupied with their own sorrows, and some with the sorrows of their friends, in rushed six fine grenadiers with a noble fellow of a sergeant at their head, with bayonets fixed, and several round of ball in their cartouches, expecting to meet (by their looks) the most desperate resistance!

"However, those are questions out of my province: I merely state what I saw, and that I, as an Englishman, felt bitterly wounded that the most heroic troops on earth, the Guards of the Sovereign, should have been sent for to outflank Harry Holt and cut off the retreat of four gentlemen in dressing-gowns!

"The materials thus afforded me by the entrance of the Guards I have combined in one moment, as I did those in the last picture. In that picture, the dandy in yellow and the dandy in rags, the characters in one corner and the characters in the other, were not all assembled at the same moment at the same place. Some of the materials existed, others I invented. So, in this picture of the Chairing, I have combined in one moment what happened at different moments. The characters and soldiers are all portraits. I have only used the poet's and painter's licence, '*quidlibet audendi*,' to make out the second part of the story, — a part that happens in all elections, viz., the chairing the successful candidates.

"In the corner on the left of the spectator are three of the Guards, drawn up across the door, standing at ease, with all the self-command of soldiers in such situations, hardly suppressing a laugh at the ridiculous attempts made to oppose them; in front of the Guards is the commander of the enemy's forces, viz., a little boy with a tin sword, on regular guard position, ready to receive and oppose, with a banner of 'Freedom of Election' hanging on his sabre; behind him stands the Lord High Sheriff, affecting to charge the soldiers with his mopstick and pottle, but not quite easy at the glitter of a bayonet. He is dressed in a magnificent suit of decayed splendour, with an old court sword, loose silk stockings, white shoes, and unbuckled knee-bands; his shoulders are adorned with white bows, and his curtain-rings for a chain, hung by a blue ribbon

from his neck. Next to him, adorned with a blanket, is a character of voluptuous gaiety, helmeted by a saucepan, holding up the cover for a shield, and a bottle for a weapon. Then comes the fool, making grimaces with his painted cheeks, and bending his fists at the military; while the Lord Mayor, with his white wand, is placing his hand on his heart with mock gravity and wounded indignation at this violation of Magna Charta and civil rights. Behind him are different characters, with a porter pot for a standard, and a watchman's rattle; while in the extreme distance, behind the rattle, and under the wall, is a ragged orator addressing the burgesses on this abominable violation of the privileges of election.

"Right over the character with a saucepan is a turnkey holding up a key and pulling down the celebrated Meredith, who, quite serious, and believing he will really sit in the House, is endeavouring to strike the turnkey with a champagne glass. The gallant member is on the shoulders of two men, who are peeping out and quizzing.

"Close to Meredith is his fellow member, dressed in Spanish hat and feather, addressing the sergeant opposite him, with an arch look, on the illegality of his entrance at elections, while a turnkey has got hold of the member's robe, and is pulling him off the water-butt with violence.

"The sergeant, a fine soldier, one of the heroes of Hougoumont, is smiling and amused, while a grenadier, one of the other three under arms, is looking at his sergeant for orders.

"Two of the three soldiers are only seen, the third is supposed to be behind the member.

"In the corner, directly under the sergeant, is a dissipated young man and his distressed family, addicted to hunting and sports, without adequate means for the enjoyment. He, half intoxicated, his only refuge left his bottle, has just drawn a cork, and is addressing his only comfort, while his daughter is delicately putting the bottle aside and looking with entreaty at her father.

"The harassed wife is putting back the daughter, unwilling to deprive the man she loves of what, though a baneful consolation, is still one; while the little shoeless boy, with his hoop, is regarding his father with that strange wonder with which children look at the unaccountable alteration in features and expression which take place under the effects of intoxication."

"Three pawnbrokers' duplicates, one for the child's shoes, 1*s.* 6*d.*, one for the wedding-ring, 5*s.*, and one for the wife's necklace, 7*l.*, lie at the feet of the father, with the Sporting Magazine; for drunkards generally part with the little necessaries of their wives and children before they trespass on their own.

"At the opposite corner lies curled up the Head Constable, hid away under his bed-curtain, which he had for a robe, and slily looking, as if he hoped nobody would betray him! By his side is placed a table, with the relics of luxurious enjoyment, while a washing-tub as a wine cooler contains, under the table, a pine, hock, Champagne, and Burgundy.

"Directly over the sergeant, on the wall, are written, 'The *Majesti* of the *Peepel* for ever — huzza!' 'No military at Elections!' and 'No Marshal!' On the standards to the left are '*Confusion to Credit, and no fraudulent Creditors.*' In the window are a party with a lady smoking a hookah; on the ledge of the window 'Success to the detaining Creditor!' At the opposite window is a portrait of the painter, looking down on the extraordinary scene with great interest; underneath him, '*Sperat infestis.*'

"On a board under the lady smoking is written the order of the Lord Mayor, enjoining *Peace*, as follows: —

"*Banco Regis*
"Court House, July 16,
"In the Sixth year of the
"Reign of GEORGE IV.

"Peremptorily ordered: —

"That the special constables and headboroughs of this ancient bailwick do take into custody all persons found in any way committing a breach of the peace during the procession of chairing the members returned to represent this borough.

"Sir ROBERT BIRCH (Collegian), Lord Mayor.

"'A New Way to pay old Debts,' is written over the first turnkey; and below it, 'N.B. A very old way, discovered 3394 years B. C.;' and in the extreme distance, over a shop, is, 'Dealer in everything genuine.'

"While the man beating the long drum, at the opposite end, another the cymbals, and the third blowing a trumpet, with the

windows all crowded with spectators, complete the composition, with the exception of the melancholy victim behind the High Sheriff.

"I recommend the contemplation of this miserable creature, once a gentleman, to all advocates of imprisonment for debt. First rendered reckless by imprisonment, — then hopeless, — then sottish, and, last of all, from utter despair of freedom, insane! Round his withered temples is a blue ribbon, with '*Dulce est pro patria mori*' (it is sweet to die for one's country); for he is baring his breast to rush on the bayonets of the Guards, a willing sacrifice, as he believes, poor fellow, to a great public principle! In his pocket he has three pamphlets, On Water Drinking, On the Blessings of Imprisonment for Debt, and Adam Smith's Moral Essay. Ruffles hang from his wrists, the relics of former days; rags cover his feeble legs; one foot is naked, and his appearance is that of a being decaying, mind and body."

"*March 16th.*—Lough's private day to-day. He had a brilliant one, but no orders, though the Musidora is the most beautiful of his productions.

"Lough is delicate, sensitive, and will be short-lived: but what a mighty genius. He dined with me to-day. What a gaunt, fiery eagle he looks. He complained of palpitations.

"His having no orders affected him, though I told him it was the consequence of fashion. I propped him up, and restored his spirits; but he is still depressed. If he goes through one quarter of what I have gone through, he will die.

"God grant him life, for the sake of the art. What a pure, virginal, shrinking, chaste, delightful creature is Musidora.

"*March 24th.*—I am in a very precarious state of mind—in apathy. I cannot begin on anything, do what I will. I feel a lassitude of mind and being; I hope it is not the symptom of some disease. I finished the Election at the beginning of December; then wrote the catalogue, and fell ill. By the time I was well, Frank was ill; and now he is well dearest Mary is ill, so that I have

continual anxiety. But one must make the most of one's situation, let the difficulties be what they may.

"*March 25th.*—Lough has not had one order for the Musidora. My God! to hear on the private day people saying, 'Very promising young man,'—at works before which Michel Angelo would have bowed. 'Why does he not do busts?' Why does not the state give him sufficient employment to prevent the necessity?

"*March 26th.*—My greatest weakness, I am sorry to say, is the expectation I form of every picture. I am then disappointed—grow angry and foreboding—wander about, and do not return to my pursuits till drawn by conscience. Shee (to whom I strolled for comfort, and who made me worse) said yesterday, 'that an artist was always miserable in reality or in imagination;—in reality if he fancies he is perfect, in imagination if he have a perfect idea he can never realise.' (This was the day Shee said to me, on my saying to him the Academy was founded for historical purposes, 'That never entered their heads. It was most likely founded on intrigue.')"

Haydon ought now to have been employed on the Eucles, for the purchase of which his friends had subscribed at the time of his imprisonment. But he hung back from beginning it for some reason he could not explain to himself. The cause was probably that depression which is apparent in the preceding extracts from the journal, the result of disappointment and ever-recurring difficulty from which he at this moment despaired of being able to extricate himself, and which drove him to apply to his friends, high and low, for money,—a practice which he frequently laments that he ever had recourse to, and from which earlier "condescension" to portrait painting and pictures of the cabinet size might have saved him. Now that he was willing to do anything for money, patrons were, naturally, less eager to employ one, who in the heyday of his reputation had refused to undertake such commissions as they were ready to give.

On the 8th of March he writes, "Sent in a study of a

child's head to the Academy, and worked hard at copying an old head from a miniature. What an employment! After painting the head of Lazarus, to think at forty-two years of age I am compelled to do this for bread,—pursuing my art as I have pursued it, with all my heart and all my soul, for the honour of my country. The fact is England is strictly and decidedly commercial, and the highest gifts of genius are considered more in the light of curses than blessings, if a man puts forth his powers on any principle incompatible with the commercial basis of sale and returns.

"10*th*.—In the city on business. Met my old fellow-student L—— last night at Buckingham's *conversazione*. He had been in Rome thirteen years. Went out in enthusiasm, and of course in Rome and Italy had increased it by coming in contact with the works of the departed great. He has brought his large picture to exhibit, and was full of all sorts of hopes, and quite inexperienced in the apathy of the great. I felt for him, but did not repress his feelings."

There is much probability (admitting his claims to the title of a man of high genius) in the reasons he gives in the following extract, for the sympathy shown for him in his misfortunes and the apathy which followed.

"16*th*.—The nobility were touched by my sorrows last year, not because I was a man of genius in sorrow, but because I was a husband shut up from my wife at a time of approaching confinement, and they felt for my dreadful situation as men and human beings. If it was from sympathy for talent, why am I not employed? Why? Because they do not care about my talents, and would rather, conscientiously, if put to the test, not be cursed with any who have powers in a style of art they do not comprehend, and wish not to encourage because they do not comprehend it. In short, a man of high genius is an incumbrance on the patrons of this country, a nuisance to the portrait-painters, and an object of sympathy to the public.

"The above is a bitter truth, but it is a truth."

But a stroke of great and unexpected good fortune was at hand, which swept away the gloom from his path, and quickened into new life the sanguine anticipations of a nature which no experience of adversity ever really schooled into either prudence or submission to circumstances. This piece of unlooked-for happiness occurred on the 18th of this month, and is thus recorded.

27th to *31st.*—This morning, to my surprise, the King, George IV. (whom God preserve!) sent Seguier to say he would wish to see the Mock Election. For my part I am so used to be one day in a prison, and the other in a palace, that it scarcely moved me. God only have mercy on the art, and make me a great instrument in advancing it by any means, suffering or happiness. Oh have mercy, and grant this lot of fortune, under Thy mercy, may turn out profitable to my creditors.

"*19th.*—This morning I moved the Mock Election to St. James's Palace. I rang the bell, and out came a respectable-looking man, dressed in black silk stockings. I was shown into a back room, and the picture moved in. In a short time livery servants, valets, and the devil knows who, crowded around it. At eleven, Seguier came: the picture was moved up into the state apartments. I went into the city to my old friend Kearsey, one of those who had supported me during the struggle. He was gone to a funeral. 'Man groweth up and is cut down like a flower.' 'Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes,' was a very proper rap to me in my super-human elevation.

"When I came back Seguier called me aside. The room was in a bustle. 'Well,' said he, 'the King is delighted with your picture. When it was brought in he looked at it and said, "this is a very fine thing." To the figures on the left hand he said, "This is our friend Wilkie out-and-out." He then turned to Campbell in the corner. "That's a fine head, it's like Buonaparte." "Your Majesty, Mr. Haydon thinks it's like Buonaparte and Byron." "Can I have it left to-day." "Mr. Haydon will leave it with your Majesty as long as you desire."

"Seguier declared the King was highly delighted, and

said, 'Come to me to-morrow.' Seguier said he really was astonished at the tact of the King. He told some stories about his father so capitally, and laughed so heartily, that the pages were obliged to go out of the room. (Exquisite flattery of the pages.)

"Seguier said 'Can the King have it directly?' 'Directly,' said I. 'Meet me at the British Gallery at twelve on Monday.' 'That I will, my hero,' said I. What destinies hang on twelve on Monday!

"Lackington (my landlord) said 'D——n it, I hope he will let you have it again, as you will pay your creditors 10*s.* in the pound!' *vrai Jean Bull!* As I went down I dreaded all sorts of disappointments. 'Might not the King be ill? Might not the palace catch fire? Might not Seguier have overruled his expectations?'

"Thus it is; when we are young, from our ignorance of evil, we dash on expecting flowers to bloom at every step; at maturity, from our dread of evil in consequence of suffering, no pleasure is felt unmingled with apprehension.

"*20th.*—I thought in the morning, shall I go to church and pour forth my gratitude? Will it not be cant? Will it not be more in hopes for what is coming, than in gratitude for what is past? Yes. But my Creator is merciful. He knows the weaknesses of human nature. To give up trying to do our duty because we cannot do it perfectly, is more criminal than trying to do it sincerely, however imperfectly. I went. I laboured in prayer to vanquish vain aspirations. I poured forth my gratitude, and felt the sweet assurance which prayer only brings.

"*21st.*—To-day has been a bright day in the annals of my life. The King has purchased my picture, and paid me my money. I went to the British Gallery at half-past eleven; at twelve Seguier came, with a face bursting, and coming up to me, said, 'Get a seven and sixpenny stamp.' 'My dear fellow, I have only got 5*s.* in my pocket!' Seguier looked mischievously arch as he took out 2*s.* 6*d.* Away I darted for a stamp. 'Threepence more,' said the girl. I ran back again, got the 3*d.*, took the stamp, signed it, and received the money.

"Seguier was really rejoiced, and verily I believe to him I owe this honour."

Elated by his good fortune it required all the cool good sense of his friend Seguier to restrain Haydon from writing to the King a letter of gratitude, in which, we may be sure, he would not have missed the opportunity of inculcating that duty of encouraging art by public patronage, which he so perseveringly forced upon ministers. But though occasional suspicions of his friend's motives in imploring him to be quiet crossed his mind, his better judgment bowed to the force of the advice, and he abstained.

The purchase of his Mock Election by the King sent him with fresh spirit to the companion picture of the Chairing.

On the 28th I find in his journal: — "On Friday week at the palace of my Sovereign: to-day in his prison. I called on C ——, and found him much improved. His face had lost that desperate look. He expected to be restored to the world. Such was the effect of hope.

"After sketching heads worthy of Shakespeare, I had a desire to throw the possessors off their guard. I sent out for lunch and wine, and ate and drank with them. What a scene! What expressions! What fiery, flashing vigour of diabolism! It was eight months since I had seen them, and the weather-beaten sailor who boasted he drank twenty-six glasses from sunrise to sunset was completely altered — flabby,—nervous,—gouty. The young bearded Canadian was feeble,—hesitating,—tired,—weak. Meredith's death seemed to have touched them.

"I now, I hope, take my leave of the King's Bench for ever.

"I completed all my studies, and am ready. To-morrow the High Sheriff sits. I met him as I was coming home, loitering about the detestable neighbourhood as if enchanted.

"The Bench is the temple of idleness, debauchery, and vice.

Sir Walter Scott was now in town and visited Haydon.

"*30th.*—Began the High Sheriff's head, and succeeded. Sir Walter Scott called. I introduced him to the High Sheriff. Sir Walter kissed dear Frank's forehead and blessed him, and hoped he would be a clever man. It was highly interesting to see Sir Walter, with his fine head, kissing little Frank, who watched and scrutinised him. He promised to let me have a sketch of his head before he went. Sir Walter laughed heartily at the subject of Chairing the Member. 'The Marshal should have let the poor fellows finish it,' said he.

"*May 5th.*—Sir Walter came to breakfast according to promise. Talfourd, Eastlake, and a young surgeon, met him, and we had a very pleasant morning. He sat to me afterwards for an hour and a half, and a delightful sitting it was. I hit his expression exactly. Sir Walter Scott seems depressed. He came up to be happy with his family, to be among them; and, said he, 'They are all scattered like sheep. My daughter expected a fine season at the Caledonian Ball and Almack's; packed up her best gown, and she found her sister so anxious, she has given it all up!' I myself was touched. I had not seen him so long, and when I saw him last, Lazarus towered behind us. I had been imprisoned; he had lost 42,000*l.*; he was getting older; I could not be younger. In short, the recollections of life crowded on my mind.

"He told some admirable stories, but still was quieter than before. He is such a native creature. I told him of an Irishman in St. Giles's, who, coming by where there was a great row, seized his stick, looked up to heaven, and saying, 'The Lord grant I may take the right side!' plunged in, and began to thump away. 'Ah,' said Sir Walter, 'he showed more discretion than the rest of his countrymen;' and then he began to look up with an arch look, and pretending to spit in his hands and seize a club, like Paddy, told us of an adventure he met with in Ireland himself; but directly after relapsed into a musing, heavy sadness.

"I started ghosts, quoting Johnson's assertion in Rasselas. He told us some curious things, affecting to consider them natural, but I am convinced he half thought them supernatural. Sir Walter Scott has certainly the most penetrating look I ever saw, except in Shakespeare's portraits.

"C. H. Townshend, the author of The Reigning Vice, being in an agony of desire to see Sir Walter, I called with him. Sir Walter came out with his usual simplicity of manner and chatted. Townshend came away quite happy, and triumphant over a maiden aunt, who laughed at him for having such a desire.

"'Mr. Townshend,' said I, 'is a great admirer of your genius, Sir Walter.' 'Ah, Mr. Haydon, we won't say a word about that. At any rate, I have amused the public, and that is something.' We talked of all sorts of things. In speaking of the Thames Tunnel, he said, 'Mr. Brunel should take care of the river, for he has proved he is capable of bursting in.'

"But there was a heaviness about him of which I never saw a symptom before."

Time has done something to correct Haydon's judgment of more than one of his contemporaries in art; and his criticism of one at least of the two painters referred to in the following entry will scarcely be accepted now.

"*May 9th.*—Worked till two, and then went out to the private days of Martin and Lane. How completely my private days and exhibitions have bit them all.

"Martin and Danby are men of extraordinary imaginations, but infants in painting. These pictures always seem to artists as if a child of extraordinary fancy had taken up a brush to express its inventions. The public, who are no judges of the art, as an art, overpraise their inventions, and the artists, who are always professional, see only the errors of the brush.

"19*th.*—My portrait-day. By devoting a day to portraits without interruption, I find my dislike waning. I

then make it a study, and find it useful and delightful, and go to my pictures the day after, improved by it.

"*20th.*—Hard at work on High Sheriff's hands; finished them. How every part in nature is in harmony. These hands, bony, venous, long and Irish, would suit no other head; returned to my picture with delight."

There is truth, which has now a chance of being admitted, in this criticism of Sir Thomas Lawrence's portraits.

"*22nd.*—Spent a whole morning at the Exhibition. Lawrence's flesh has certainly no blood: Jackson's is flesh and blood.

"Lawrence sacrifices all for the head; and what an absence of all purity of tint, in comparison with Vandyke or Reynolds! His excellence is expression, but it is conscious expression; whereas the expression of Reynolds, Vandyke, Titian, Tintoretto, and Raffaele, is unconscious nature.

"Lawrence is not a great man: indeed posterity will think so. Lady Lyndhurst's hands are really a disgrace in drawing, colour, and everything. He affects to be careless in subordinate parts, but it is not the carelessness of conscious power; it is the carelessness of intention.

"Since he went to Italy his general hue is greatly improved, but his flesh is as detestably opaque as ever.

"The whole Exhibition was lamentably deficient. Constable and Jackson are the only colourists left.

"Why are there no historical pictures? Hilton has had no commissions, Etty has had no commissions, I have had no commissions. Why are there so many portraits? Lawrence has had commissions, Jackson has had commissions, Shee has had commissions, and a hundred others have had commissions, and that is the reason there are so many portraits.

"If Lawrence dies, there is nobody to give an air of fashion and taste to the room. In fact I regret I went. There was no one single thing I learnt anything from, but many thousand things I deeply regret remembering.

"I afterwards went to L——'s and Martin's. The

group of Joseph and Mary is very fine, and there is really nothing like Martin's picture (Nineveh) in the world.

"*22nd* and *23rd.*—Hard at work making pen sketches of the heads in the Mock Election, and writing a great many anecdotes in a catalogue handsomely bound, which I mean to request his Majesty's acceptance of. Left it with Lord Mountcharles.

"*27th.*—Portrait day; a day of coats, waistcoats, cheeks, lips and eyes—for themselves alone. The moment the last sitter went, I turned his head to the wall, pulled out my historical easel, placed the Chairing on it, and soon forgot the turn-up nose.

"*June 8th.*—Hard at work. The young man who sat for the sportsman in the Mock Election had spent two handsome fortunes; and (as a specimen of the benefit derived by a creditor from imprisoning a debtor) swore his creditor should never get a sixpence, and in a reckless feeling of defiance and disgust gave seventy guineas for a case of pipes, a short time after he was in. I ordered up a bottle of wine, which excited him, and his face got that keen relish and fiery flush which is visible in a debauchee when temptation is near. He drank it all, as if the devil was at his elbow. He had served in Spain, and was up to everything. He had once, for fun, joined a strolling company. The actors all boarded with the manager, and one day, at dinner, he addressed them thus: 'Gentlemen, them as can act Thelley or Argo must eat taties!'

I could not help thinking what a pity it was that those qualities which were so engaging and disinterested generally led to ruin, whilst the meanest vices realised fortunes.

"*June 24th.*—Worked hard at the wife, and succeeded; but how superior was nature. Left off depressed at my own ineffective attempt, when in came some one and admired my effort at imitation, because he had not seen, as I had, superior nature.

"*26th.*—Hard at work on the fool's head, and succeeded. Walked in the evening in my old haunts in the Kilburn

meadows, where I have walked so often with Keats; went on to Hampstead to Well-Walk, and home in a state of musing quiet. The grass, and hay, and setting sun, and singing birds, and humming bees entered into my soul, and I lay dozing in luxurious remembrances till the evening star began to glitter dimly in the distance."

Wilkie had now returned to England, after his three years' quest of health, and the old friends met again, and renewed acquaintance; but with little, I fear, of the cordiality of their student days. Their natures, in fact, were antagonistic, and each secretly distrusted the other for the qualities in which they differed respectively.

"*June 27th.*—Worked till two, and then went to Lord Grosvenor's, where I met Wilkie after an absence of three years. He was thinner, and seemed more nervous than ever. His keen and bushy brow looked irritable, eager, nervous, and full of genius. How interesting it was to meet him at Lord Grosvenor's, where we have all assembled these twenty years under every variety of fortune! Poor Sir George is gone, who used to form one of the group. Wilkie, Seguier, Jackson and I are left. Lord Mulgrave is ill.

"As usual, Wilkie started a new theory—about the pictures in Spain not being varnished. He says he saw a Titian in a convent that had evidently not been touched since it was painted. We saw one together at Malmaison, belonging to Josephine, which was evidently pure, the blues in harmony. Wilkie said it was now in Russia.

"I was deeply interested at seeing my old fellow-student and friend; but Wilkie chills everybody; it is his unfortunate nature. He told me he never ate animal food till he came to Edinbro'—his father was too poor. Perhaps this laid the foundation of his unhappy debility of constitution. Whether the energy of England will recover him I do not know. I hope so. He looks radically shaken.

"*29th.*—Called on Wilkie—found him better. He

said Newton's Vicar of Wakefield looked like Goldsmith in a dress of Molière's. It had not got the simplicity of Goldsmith. He was afraid to talk much; but he will recover. He seemed more impressed with Spain than either Italy or Germany. The whole world has had such a rattle, that the highest as well as the lowest have abated of their pretensions.

"*30th.*—Completed the group. L—— dined with me yesterday: already, poor fellow, cut up, as I predicted three months ago. He has resolved to relinquish historical painting, and turn to portraits.

"*July 9th.*—The moment I quit my canvas, I get into all sorts of messes.

"Whether it is the activity of my mind, or that trifles press more heavily on me when not occupied, I can't tell: but the children seem to cry more than usual; the postman knocks harder than his wont; the dustman's bell makes more noise; and I get restless, yawn, gape at the clock, stroll into the fields, get weary of my existence. What a life an idle man of fortune's must be.

"*12th, 13th.*—Better. Worked faintly at the fool. Every body who called exclaimed, 'What a melancholy sot, with a touch of insanity.' This was the very thing.

13 days gone. Six ill—idle—business.
6
7 at work.

Eighteen days left. Let us see whether, if I work with prudence and attention to my health, I can keep up the whole eighteen. The misfortune with me is, I do too much at particular times. But it can't be helped: impulses must be attended to. My delight in my art is so interwoven with my nature, that I envy the very fellow who grinds my colours. I could be always in my painting-room when once there. I always leave my work with difficulty, dwell on it till I return, and recommence in pleasure. I would not let pupils set my palette, or grind my colours, or aid my designs. I love it all too much. Business, anxieties, and sickness take their turns of retar-

dation; but my heart is anchored, and it is only a slackening of the cable for a time. It is never loose, and when the sea is calm and the winds are high, I haul taut up, and ride fearless, in delight and triumph.

"*14th.*—At work successfully, but not long. Rather melancholy from my state of personal health.

"*15th.*—At the moment I opened my window a magnificent white cloud was passing. I rushed in for my palette, and dashed it into my picture before it had passed. It does exactly.

"Instead of getting better, I got worse, and dear Mary advised me to go out of town for a few days. I flew off directly, and instead of forming one of the vulgar idlers at a watering-place, determined to make a pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon. Happy, indeed, am I, I did so. A more delightful jaunt I never had in all my life. It will be a bright spot in my imagination for years and years.

"The first day I went to Oxford. I got in late, and peeped into some of the colleges. After the bustle, anxieties, fatigue, and harass of a London life, the peace and quiet of those secluded, Gothic-windowed, holy chambers of study, came over one's feelings with a cooling sensation, as if one had mounted from hell to heaven, and been admitted on reprieve from the tortures and fierce passions of the enraged, the malignant, the ignorant and the lying, to the beautiful simplicity of angelic feelings, where all was good, and holy, and pious, and majestic.

"I need not say it was vacation, or very likely my feelings in peeping in would not have been so very holy.

"I left Oxford next morning outside, and got to Stratford at two. I ordered dinner, and hurried away to Henley Street. The first thing I saw was a regular sign, projecting from a low house. 'The immortal Shakespeare was born in this house.' I darted across, and cursed the door for keeping me out a moment, when a very decent and neat widow-looking woman came from a door that entered from the other house, and let me in. I marched through, mounted an ancient staircase, and in a moment

was in the immortal room where Shakespeare gave the first puling cry, which announced he was living and healthy.

"It is low and long, and has every appearance of having been in existence long before Shakespeare's time. The large old chimney has a cross-beamed front. There is a document to the effect that his father bought the house when Shakespeare was ten years old, and a tradition he occupied it before: so that there is perhaps little doubt he was born in it, and as people generally are born in bedrooms, why this up-stairs room probably gave birth to the poet.

"The present possessor complains bitterly of the previous tenant, who after promising not to injure the names of all the illustrious visitors for the last eighty years, in mere spite, because she was obliged to leave, whitewashed the whole room. His Majesty's name, as Prince of Wales, can't be found; Garrick's, and the whole host of the famous of the last century, are for ever obliterated: and hundreds on hundreds of immortal obscure who hoped to cut out a little freehold of fame, are again and for ever sunk to their natural oblivion.

"The name of this old beldame is Hornby, and let her be damned to eternal fame with her worthy predecessor, Mr. Gastrell. Illustrious pair, hail and be cursed. When she thought she was dying, she confessed she had imposed on the visitors with her absurd relics, and begged they might be burnt. Now she is well again, she swears by them as much as ever. Those who sat up by her told the present occupant this.

"A squinting cockney came in while I was there, so I left, and walked to the sequestered and beautiful spot where the dust of this great genius lies at rest. A more delightful place could not have been found. It is Shakespeare in every leaf. It must have been chosen by himself as he stood in the chancel musing on the fate of the dead about him, and listening to the humming murmur and breezy rustle of the river and trees by which it stands. The most poetical imagination could not have

imagined a burial-place more worthy, more suitable, more English, more native for a poet than this, — above all, for Shakespeare. As I stood over his grave and read his pathetic entreaty and blessing on the reader who revered his remains, and curses on him who dared to touch; as I *looked* up at his simple unaffected bust, executed while his favourite daughter was living, and put up by her husband; as I listened to the waving trees and murmuring Avon, saw the dim light of the large windows, and thought I was hearing what Shakespeare had often heard, and was standing where he had stood many times, I was deeply touched. The church alone, from the seclusion of its situation, with the river and trees, and sky and tombs, was enough to call out one's feelings; but add to this, that the remains of Shakespeare were near me, prostrate, decaying, and silent in a grave he had himself pointed out, in a church where he had often prayed, and with an epitaph he had himself written while living, and it is impossible to say where on the face of the earth an Englishman should be more affected, or feel deeper, more poetical, or more exquisite emotions. I would not barter that simple, sequestered tomb in Stratford for the Troad, the Acropolis, or the field of Marathon.

"The venerable clerk, whose face looked as if not one vicious thought had ever crossed his mind, seeing me abstracted, left me alone after unlocking the door that leads to the churchyard, as much as to say, 'Walk there, if you please.'

"I did so, and lounging close to the Avon, turned back to look at the sacred enclosure. The sun was setting behind me, and a golden light and shadow chequered the ancient Gothic windows, as the trees moved by the evening wind alternately obscured or admitted the sun, I was so close that the tower and steeple shot up into the sky, like some mighty vessel out at sea, which you pass under for a moment, and which with its gigantic masts seems to reach the vault of heaven.

"I stood and drank in to enthusiasm all a human being could feel — all that the most ardent and devoted lover of a great genius could have a sensation of — all that the most tender scenery of river, trees and sunset-sky together could excite. I was lost, quite lost, and in such moment should wish my soul to take its flight, (if it please God) when my time is finished. As soon as I recovered from my trance, I was sorry to walk back to the town, to talk to waiters and chamber-maids of tea and bread and butter. To feel they were requisite, to think of eating and drinking at all, was a bore and a disgust.

"However, gratified I had lived to enjoy such feelings, I left this delightful seclusion. I dozed all night in a dream; I returned to bed but could not sleep, and early the next morning got up to set off for Charlecote.

"To Charlecote I walked on foot as fast as my legs could carry me, and crossing a meadow, entered the immortalised park by a back pathway. Trees, gigantic and umbrageous, at once announce the growth of centuries: while I was strolling on I caught a distant view of the old red-bricked house, in the same style and condition as when Shakespeare lived, and going close to the river side came at once on two enormous old willows, with a large branch aslant the stream, such as Ophelia hung to. Every blade of grass, every daisy and cowslip, every hedge-flower and tuft of tawny earth, every rustling, ancient and enormous tree which curtains the sunny park with its cool shadows, between which the sheep glittered on the emerald green in long lines of light,—every ripple of the river with its placid tinkle,

> "'Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
> It overtaketh in its pilgrimage,'

announced the place where Shakespeare imbibed his early, deep and native taste for landscape and forest scenery. Oh, it was delightful indeed! Shakespeare seemed to hover and bless all I saw, thought of, or trod on.

"Those great roots of the lime and oak bursting, as

it were, above the ground, bent up by the depth they had struck into it, Shakespeare had seen — Shakespeare had sat on.

"Wondering I had seen no deer, I looked about, and saw a rascal, a lineal descendant, may be, of the very buck Shakespeare shot, lounging on his speckled haunches and staring at me. This completed the delightful delusion, and crossing a little old bridge over a branch of the Avon, of the same age as the hall, I came at once on the green before the house, and turning to the right under an arched doorway, reached the front entrance of another archway with a tower at each angle. In the tower facing my left was a clock. Here was an iron gate, and inside a regular garden, the old front of the house showing at the end of it.

"A young lady and an old one were talking to a parrot; and a gardener was shaving the grass-plot with a scythe. He referred me to the housekeeper; so fearing I had intruded, I returned to the back entrance, and meeting a servant, asked to see the house. By this time chamber-maid, cook, butler, and all the evidences of a full establishment, peeped at me by turns. I sent the respects of a gentleman from London, and begged to see the house. The butler shortly after showed me to the hall, and afterwards the housekeeper came in.

"The housekeeper of Washington Irving's time was married. I saw the same pictures as he saw, and am convinced the hall is nearly the same as when Shakespeare was brought to it. I saw the old staircase, and a collection of pictures with a good one or two amongst them — one a genuine Teniers of his marriage — a fine Hondekoeter, and heads of Sebastian del Piombo and Hobbima, all genuine.

"The Lucy family appeared to me shy. They may not be ambitious of showing themselves as the descendants of the 'lousy' Lucy: that satire sticks to them, and ever must, as long as the earth is undestroyed. They sent

for my card, but nothing came of it. Perhaps they never heard of my name.

"'This is the hall,' said the amiable good-humoured housekeeper, 'where Sir Thomas tried Shakespeare.' This is evidently the way the family pride alludes to the fact, and I dare say servants and all think Shakespeare a profligate, dissolute fellow, who ought to have been transported.

"In the great hall window were the Lucy arms—three luces. I left the ill-bred, inhospitable house, my respect for the Lucies by no means much higher than Shakespeare's; but the park amply compensated me, for a nobler, more ancient, and more poetical forest I never saw.

"Fulbrook I could not stay to see; but if I live I will spend a week at Stratford, and ransack every hole and stream, and no doubt shall find the very place where Jaques soliloquised upon the wounded deer.

"Just as I came again amongst the venerable trees it began to rain with a jubilee vigour, but the invulnerable foliage completely secured me. I sat down on the roots of an ancient lime, and mused on the house before me. A mis-shapen moss-grown statue of Diana, on a pedestal, as old as the house, was at the end of the large trees; and as I sat in thought, a beautiful speckled doe and her young one, after regarding me for a moment, sprang off with a light spring, as if their feet were feathered. Again they stopped, and again stared, and again they were off, and dashed behind some enclosure. Weary of the rain I sallied forth, and after crossing the meadow came into the road; but disdaining the beaten track I plunged into a bye-path, which brought me to the river, of which I caught a long, placid, and willowed stretch, as lucid as a mirror, reflecting earth and sky in sleepy splendour. I mounted the bank again, and scrambling through a damp, soaking path, came out on the road, drenched.

"I could not help remarking how short a road is when

in pursuit of any object, and how tedious after the object is gained.

"Wet to the knees, I passed, as I approached the old bridge, a humble sign of the Plough and Harrow. In I walked, and found an old dame blowing a wood fire—the room and chimney of the same age as Shakespeare. On a form with a back sat a countryman smoking, and by the window a decent girl making a gown. On the table by the door was a bundle of pipes, enclosed in three rings, the two end rings resting on two feet. A clock made by Sharp (who bought Shakespeare's mulberry tree), a chest of drawers on three legs, the old furniture, and the whole room looking clean, humble, and honest. I ordered ale, which was excellent, and giving the smoker a pint, asked him if he ever heard of Shakespeare. 'To be sure,' said he, 'but he was not born in Henley Street.' 'Where was he born?' 'By the water side, to be sure.' 'Why,' said I, 'how do you know that?' 'Why John Cooper, in the almshouses.' 'Who's he?' said I. 'What does he know about it?' said the old hostess. 'Nonsense!' said the young girl. My pot companion, giving a furious smoke at being thus floored at his first attempt to put forth a new theory of Shakespeare's birthplace, looked at me very grave, and prepared to overwhelm me at once. He puffed away, and after taking a sip said, 'Ah, sir, there's another wonderful fellow.' 'Who?' said I, imagining some genius of Stratford who might contest the palm. 'Why,' said he, with more gravity than ever, 'Why, John Cooper.' 'John Cooper!' said I; 'Why what has he done?' 'Why, zur, I'll tell 'ee;' and then laying his pipe down, and leaning on his elbow, and looking right into my eyes under his old weather-beaten, embrowned hat, 'I'll tell 'ee. He's lived ninety years in this here town, man and boy, and has never had the tooth-ache, and never lost wan.' He then took up his pipe, letting the smoke ooze from the sides of his mouth instead of puffing it out horizontally, till it ascended in curls of conscious victory to the ceiling of

the apartment, while my companion leaned back his head and crossed his legs with an air of superior intelligence, as if this conversation must now conclude. We were no longer on a level.

"I spoke not another word: retired to my inn, the Red Horse; took another sequestered sigh at the grave, another peep at the house, got into the garden where the mulberry tree grew, heard the clock strike which Shakespeare had often heard, and getting into a Shrewsbury stage at nine the next morning, was buried in London smoke and London anxieties before nine at night.

"Hail and farewell! Not the Loggie of Raffaele, or the Chapel of Michel Angelo, will ever give me such native, unadulterated rapture as thy silver stream, embosomed church, and enchanting meadow, O immortal Stratford!"

Soon after his return to town Haydon again saw Wilkie.

"*July 24th.*—Called on Wilkie, and saw his Italian pictures, and was much pleased. Wilkie is getting better, and as he finds I am rising again he was not so cold. Parts of Washing the Pilgrims' Feet were beautiful. His two studies of the Sybils from Michel Angelo were beautiful, but of course his want of knowledge made the drawing deficient.

"Every feeling and theory of Wilkie centres in self. His theory now is no detail, because he finds detail too great an effort for his health. He said, 'When you and I began the art we found everything splash and dash. We set about reforming it, and we did reform it.' I was astonished at the liberality of this acknowledgment.

"The King, with his usual benevolence, has bought two of his pictures. I was glad to see Wilkie recovering. We both talked of our excessive misfortunes; of Sir Walter's misfortunes, and remarked if we all got through, how useful they will have been to the whole of us.

"*27th.*—Wilkie called. He said I had no idea of Fra Bartolomeo. He said some good things and some weak things, as usual. He said he always stopped when he

found a difficulty, and never painted anything but what was perfectly easy. This was entirely on account of his health, and because his health was weak, he laid down as an axiom in art, that when you come to a difficulty you should stop. A pretty doctrine to teach a pupil! He said (which was good) 'that behind any object of interest there should be repose, and a flat shadow.' I gave him a catalogue, and he said he must get it read to him, for he had not strength to read it. He looked gaunt and feeble. God knows what to make of Wilkie's health.

"But I was happy to see him. The many early and pleasant associations I have connected with Wilkie always must make him interesting to me. His selfishness and Scotch individuality have chilled, without destroying, my regard."

By close and hard work Haydon, by the end of July, had finished his picture of Chairing the Member.

"*July 30th.*—Hard at work and finished the soldiers. It is done, and God be praised that I have accomplished this work in precisely the same time as the last, and that I have been blessed with health and competence and happiness.

"*31st.*—The Duke of Bedford called; he was infirm. He said, 'I suppose the King will have this to complete the suite.' I wish he may. He admired it exceedingly; but it is a satire touching so nearly on depravity that nobody but a king could sanction it. I passed the day before my picture contemplating improvements, and with my dear friend Miss Mitford. I prayed gratefully and sincerely; and have been quiet, serene, and contented."

The point was now the exhibition of the picture. Where was the money to be found for a frame and for advertising? "I wrote to two or three friends," he says,—"I hope successfully. Till I am out of debt, I shall be still obliged to pester my friends occasionally." His application, in one quarter at least, *was* successful. Joseph Strutt, of Derby, was ready again in this emergency. It is but one instance of assistance so given by this benevo-

lent man, out of many of which records are preserved in the journals of Haydon, and in all, the manner of conferring the aid is as noble as the aid itself is munificent.

The exhibition opened, (at the Western Bazaar in Bond Street) and was moderately successful. Besides the new picture, it included Solomon, Christ's Entry into Jerusalem, and the drawings for the two prison pictures. The Mock Election was not there, as it had before this been removed to Windsor. From many letters of congratulation I select this from Charles Lamb. The half-profane half-reverent allusion towards the end of it seems intended as a hint that it was questionable taste to introduce into the same exhibition of a single painter's works subjects of broad humour and of religious solemnity; and the motive of this hint, to my mind, excuses the manner of it.

"Dear Haydon,

"I have been tardy in telling you that your Chairing the Member gave me great pleasure—'tis true broad Hogarthian fun, the High Sheriff capital. Considering, too, that you had the materials imposed upon you, and that you did not select them from the rude world as H. did, I hope to see many more such from your hand. If the former picture went beyond this I have had a loss, and the King a bargain. I longed to rub the back of my hand across the hearty canvas that two senses might be gratified. Perhaps the subject is a little discordantly placed opposite to another act of Chairing, where the huzzas were Hosannahs! but I was pleased to see so many of my old acquaintances brought together notwithstanding.

"Believe me, yours truly,

"C. Lamb."

The Chairing of the Member being at length off the easel, Eucles was fairly begun. Here is the painter's own description of that picture, (which was exhibited next year in an unfinished state,) introduced here to render more intelligible subsequent references to it while in progress.

"Eucles was a Greek soldier, who ran from Marathon to Athens, as soon as the victory over the Persians was decided, and died from fatigue and wounds just as he entered the city.

"It is supposed (in the manner of treating the subject) that after Eucles had announced the victory to the primates, he ran bleeding and exhausted to his own home, and dropped just as he reached it.

"His wife and children are rushing out to welcome him, not knowing his condition: a man is springing from a step to catch him as he drops, a woman is hiding her face, and her daughter clinging to her, while a man on horseback is huzzaing to those behind.

"In the background is the Acropolis; with the Propylæum, the Parthenon, and the statue of Minerva Promachus.

"It is wished to express in the figure of Eucles, the condition of a hero, fresh from a great battle — his crest torn — his helmet cleft in — one greave lost — and the other loose — all military array disorganised, and the whole figure announcing struggle, triumph, and approaching death!

"Every caution, criticism, and remark are courted. The intention, expression, composition, and action are as they are meant to be; the colour alone is unfinished, and not a subject for criticism. To show a picture in this state is an experiment, but it is to let the subscribers see it is advancing, and that it will soon be done.

"As remarks have been made, in consequence of this picture not being finished before the Mock Election, Mr. Haydon begs to say, he had leave of the principal subscribers to paint the Election first."

During the later months of 1828, Haydon was actively engaged in writing on the old subject — public patronage for art — to influential members both of the Lords and Commons. The Duke of Wellington being now at the head of affairs, Haydon addressed himself to him, as he had done to Mr. Robinson, Mr. Vansittart and Mr. Canning, but with no better effect.

"*December* 13*th*. — I wrote the Duke, begging his leave to dedicate a pamphlet to him, on the causes which have obstructed the advance of high art in England for the last seventy years.

"Here is his answer in his own immortal hand.

"'London, 12th December, 1828.

"The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Haydon, and has to acknowledge the receipt of his letter.

"The Duke has long found himself under the necessity of declining to give his formal permission that any work whatever should be dedicated to him.

"The Duke regrets much, therefore, that he cannot comply with Mr. Haydon's desire."

Nothing daunted, Haydon returns to the charge.

"*December 21st.* — Wrote the Duke and stated the leading points of a system of public encouragement. God in heaven grant I may interest him. Ah, if I do!

On the 23rd came the prompt and decisive answer.

"The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Haydon, and will readily peruse and attend to his work, but he is much concerned again to repeat that he must decline to give permission that any work should be dedicated to him."

On the 25th, Haydon again wrote, and thus recapitulates the points of his letter.

"According to the Duke's permission I sent him the leading points. I pointed out how a practical plan could be immediately put in force by adorning the Admiralty, Chelsea Hospital, House of Lords, &c. I said I have been asked by members of both Houses what practical plan I could propose. Encouraged by such a question I have replied, let the great room at the Admiralty and Chelsea Hospital be adorned with the leading points of naval and military glory, and the House of Lords with four subjects to illustrate the best government, the first showing Horror of Democracy (Banishment of Aristides), the second, Horror of Despotism (Burning of Rome by Nero), the third, Blessings of Law (Alfred establishing Trial by Jury), and the fourth, Limited Monarchy settled (the King returns crowned to Westminster Hall, welcomed by the shouts of beauty and rank).

"What finer accompaniment to the graceful magnificence of His Majesty?

"Between each, portraits of the great, Alfred, Bacon, Nelson, Wellington, &c., and all those who established our greatness."

"I concluded a strong letter by pointing out all the causes of the failure of historical painting, in the preponderance portrait got at the Reformation; and the remedy, the patronage of the state and the Sovereign. I finished by saying, 'Encumbered by laurel as the Duke is, there is yet a wreath that would not be the least illustrious of his crown.'

"As this was an extract and not addressed to him, I apologised for the allusion.

"But I suspect the Duke is innately modest: he was not pleased, and sent the following cold official reply, so different from his other letters.

"The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Haydon, and begs leave to acknowledge the receipt of his letter of the 25th inst.

"'London, Dec. 26. 1828."

"I know his character. I questioned the policy of saying it, but still, after my explanation, I trusted he would have understood the nature of my mind, and my eager enthusiasm.

"At any rate the truth has gone unto him, and though he may be angry with my obliging him to see it, he can't forget it. I have put him in possession of the ground. Time will develope all."

On the last day of the year a purchaser * was found for the Chairing at 300*l.*, "225*l.* less than its worth," says Haydon, but the offer was accepted from sheer necessity. The net receipts from these two pictures, including the produce of the exhibition and the sale of drawings, amounted to 1,396*l.*, a sum, as he observes, which in better circumstances and with less expense would have been a comfortable independence for the year.

* Mr. Francis, a country gentleman, living near Exeter.

1829.

The first month of this year ushered into the world a pamphlet, in which Haydon set out for the public the same reasons which he had so long been vainly urging on ministers, in favour of the public employment of artists. The best disposed of his friendly critics agreed that, admitting the truth of his reasoning, it was hopeless to expect any realisation of what he asked for. The Duke of Wellington, with his usual punctuality, acknowledged, with his own hand, the receipt of the pamphlet, immersed as he was, at the moment, in the growing difficulties of the Catholic question, which now agitated the country and engrossed the Cabinet.

Haydon remarks on this striking proof of disciplined attention at such a moment, "What an extraordinary man Wellington is. The day I sent my letter his head must have been full, morning, noon, and night. Parliament opens on Thursday. The Catholic question was coming on. The Spitalfields weavers came in procession with a petition. There was a Council till six. The day before he was at Windsor. In addition to all this, consider the hundreds of letters, and petitions, and immediate duties, and yet he found time to answer himself my request, with as much caution and presence of mind, as if lounging in his drawing-room with nothing else to do."

On the 30th he wrote the Duke "to ask with all the respect due to his illustrious character," whether if his plan for the encouragement of historical painting by a grant of a moderate sum of money was brought forward in the House of Commons, it would meet with any obstacle on the part of His Grace, or whether if His Grace should be favourably disposed towards his prostrate style of art, he would rather that any plan of that nature should emanate entirely from himself?

His Grace's opinion (Haydon assured him) would be held sacred by him, and he concluded with every apology for his presumption.

The Duke replied: —

"The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Haydon, and has had the honour of receiving his letters.

"The Duke begs leave to reserve his opinion upon the encouragement proposed to be given to historical painting, until he will see the practical plan for such encouragement."

On this Haydon at once submitted his practical plan: —

"7th February, 1829.

"May it please your Grace,

"I beg respectfully to express my deep sensibility of the high honour conferred by your Grace's reply, viz., that you reserved your opinion till you saw the practical plan to be proposed. May it please your Grace, it must be admitted that historical painting has never flourished in England as in Italy or France, solely because it has never been patronised by the State in this country.

"It will therefore be proposed (not without the sanction of your Grace), that 4000*l.* be granted every two years for six years for the employment of historical painters; and if, at the end of that period, the works produced justify the liberality of the grant,

"That the 4000*l.* shall be continued annually for ten years more, to be renewed every ten years, or abolished at the end of the first ten years, according to the success or failure of the system pursued.

"It will be proposed that a Committee of the House, as in the case of the Elgin Marbles, be selected to examine the most eminent artists as to the best method of disposing of the money to be distributed, the plan to be regulated according to the report made.

"May it please your Grace,

"The above is the plan to be proposed, provided your Grace approves of it being brought into the House, but if your Grace should say 4000*l.* shall be laid aside to try the effect of commissions from the State as in France, and should condescend to ask me, as an individual, for my opinion as to an immediate practical plan, I should presume, encouraged by such a distinction, to say the best and most effectual plan would be at once

to give four commissions to four of the most established artists to paint four pictures on an important scale, size of life, viz.,

One military -	- for Chelsea Hospital.
One naval -	- for great room Admiralty.
One sacred -	- for an altar-piece.
One civil -	- for hall of justice.

"May it please your Grace,

"I have received a letter from a distinguished member of the House of Commons within this week, saying historical painting will never flourish in England, but from grants of public money as in France, where the effect of such a system is visible, a large school of history being solely supported by such means.

"I humbly and respectfully hope that the sum proposed will be considered by your Grace as so moderate as not (if permitted) to interfere with the system of rigid economy determined on by His Majesty's Government, and that as the condition of historical painting is prostrate, and that it will decay and be extinct without the system pursued in other countries where it has flourished be adopted, that your Grace will be pleased to add to the other glories of your ministry, the glory of establishing a system of national aid to the arts in the highest style.

"Anxiously awaiting your Grace's reply as my sole guide,

"Ever your Grace's humble servant and

"Ardent admirer,

"B. R. HAYDON."

which eager appeal was met by this brief and conclusive answer: —

"The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Haydon, and has had the honour of receiving his letter.

"The Duke must again beg leave to decline to give an answer until the plan shall be brought regularly before him.

"The Duke must, however, in the first instance, object to the grant of any public money for the object."

This left no opening for further correspondence, even to Haydon's pertinacity, and he applied for advice to Mr. George Agar Ellis.

"*February 14th.* — Saw Mr. Agar Ellis by appoint-

ment, and told him all that had passed between the Duke and myself. Asked him if I had any chance by laying the plan regularly before him through the secretaries. He said, 'Not in the least: that last year the Directors of the Gallery applied to Government for 3000*l.*, offering 3000*l.* of their own money, for a piece of ground to extend the National Gallery. Lord Wellington would not listen to it. And when he granted the Museum some money he told the trustees that next year they must go without.'

"Mr. Agar Ellis said he would be on the alert, and put in a word occasionally whenever an opportunity occurred, but he gave me no hope whatever at present. He begged me to continue my pamphlets every year, and whenever he saw a prospect he would make the motion requisite, but unless sanctioned by Government it would be impossible to carry it, because there is a strong party in the House against it, which if backed by Government would be quite irresistible. Well. The King is my only hope now; and perhaps he is afraid of the Duke, as everybody appears to be. I cannot help expressing my astonishment at the masterly manner in which the Duke has managed Peel. If he had let him resign, he would have been head of the opposition to emancipation, and safe to have been minister. By persuading him to stay he has ruined the only chance he ever had of being formidable. All my predictions about Wellington are daily coming true. He will rescue the country, double its power, and leave it with its revenue flourishing, feared, [redacted] wondered at."

July 22nd. — This matter settled, Hay[redacted] newed his intercourse with Wilkie. "[redacted] two hours indeed with Wilkie looking [redacted]panish pictures, and had one of our usual discu[redacted]bout art. The worst of it is one never can find out W[redacted]'s genuine opinion upon art. He is always influenced by his immediate interests, or convenience, whatever that may be. Now it is all Spanish and Italian art. He thinks nothing of his early and beautiful efforts—his Rent Day, his

Fiddler, his Politicians. 'They are not carried far enough,' as if anything on earth, in point of expression and story, was ever carried further.

"We then of course got on the old subject — my writing. Wilkie said, 'It is not the most conducive to a man's interests to be too right.' (I thought this a good touch.) 'It is rather better,' said he, 'to let others imagine they are right, and you wrong, if you want to get on in the world.'

"When an opinion of Wilkie's cannot be traced to any personal consideration, it may be listened to with safety. In composition he is perfectly infallible.

"Italian art is to him quite new, and he comes out to his own astonishment with notions and principles which, to those who began, as I did, with Italian art, are quite a settled and old story. At the same time there is great liberality in Wilkie, for he keeps nothing to himself, and, right or wrong, always communicates his thoughts to others.

"*25th.*—Wilkie called, and we had again a long and entertaining conversation. He said when he came to Madrid, of course English art had never been heard of. He had a character to make. He began his Council of War, which the King had bought. The artists called and could make nothing of his system of art. At last, as it began to be completed, they began to be interested, and old Gomez (Ferdinand's painter) said to a friend of Wilkie's, 'Depend [redacted] don't know who they have got in Signior [redacted] could pronounce Wilkie's name.

[redacted] enuously advised me to get to Italy, family [redacted] depend on his sincerity. I have got a [redacted] character [redacted] e a hit in satire; got ground in a style which he [redacted] e cannot touch without being considered an imitator. [redacted] od knows,—he may be sincere. Would to God men had lanterns in their breasts, as Socrates said. By staying so long abroad he has lost ground, I am convinced; and I am also convinced if I went now I should break up an interest I could never effectually recover.

"By dunning all classes about my misfortunes, I have got all classes to lament that my style of art is not more supported; this is a step. If I go away and break off, the sympathy will be dissipated.

"*March 1st.* — Spent an hour with Wilkie very delightfully. Since his return from Italy he seems tending to me very much. We got mutually kind to-day, and mutually explained. The only quarrel we ever had was about that arrest. I was too severe and he too timid. We ought to have made mutual allowance for our respective peculiarities. He had been my old friend. He had dined with me the night before. We had drank success to my marriage. We parted mutually friendly. The next morning I was arrested by a printer, to whom I had paid 120*l.* that year, for the balance of 60*l.* It was the second time in my life. The bailiff said, 'Have you no friend, sir?' 'Certainly,' said I, and at once drove to Wilkie's. Where ought I to have driven? Whom ought I to have thought of? 'I thought it would come to this,' said Wilkie, and after a great deal of very bad behaviour he became my bail. When roused I am like a furious bard of ancient days. I poured forth such a dreadful torrent of sarcasm and truth that I shook him to death. Wilkie told me to-day it sank deep into his mind, and never left him for months. His journey to Italy has opened his mind to the value and importance of my views of art. I see he thinks higher of me than ever. We agreed to-day never to allude to our unfortunate quarrel, with a mutual desire of continuing our friendship, and I hope it is buried for ever. I should hope it is.

"His temperament is different; but my sister told me she was convinced he had more regard for me than any other person. He was affected to-day, and so was I. I hope we shall end our lives as we began them.

"We both talked of Sir George, and of the happy days we had passed with him, and bitterly lamented him.

"'Real art is that which savages feel as well as the

refined,' said Wilkie. 'Of course,' said I, 'and the greatest artists are those whose fame does not depend on technicalities, but on intellect and expression. These form a universal language.'

"He speaks very highly of Fra Bartolomeo, Michel Angelo, and Titian. I do not think Raffaele impressed him so much. He is quite altered in his views of art, and has got a large canvas up, to my infinite delight.

"When I remember the rows we used to have about my painting large, and to hear him now say, 'Ah, — dear, — dear, — I wish my pictures were larger,' it is impossible to help laughing. That is all I fear.

"Wilkie's mind is a mind of extreme simplicity. For eight years I battled him about his painting to please the Academicians. He now says they nearly ruined him. In fact, he finds I am right in attacking the whole system of British art. What I did publicly, he is now doing privately. He argued with me that there was not a man who can colour in the art except Jackson, and he only occasionally.

"Wilkie said if Lawrence did not paint portraits he would not get a subsistence. I agreed with him. What a thing the King's portrait was! We both agreed. Good God! what drawing — perspective — composition! What will foreign artists think? Was there ever such a thing painted? The head is the only part my eye can bear.

"I never saw any man so ignorant of perspective and composition as Lawrence. He never puts his feet at the right angle.

"Wilkie wished me to try subjects of more simplicity. I think he is right. He said, 'Why paint subjects of humour?' 'Ah, my friend, these I have started up in since you were abroad!' I may say to him, 'Why paint subjects of history?' He said, 'You belong to a certain class of art, and you ought to keep there.' No! — no! — I will carry the principles of a higher class into satire, and, as Lord Gower said, 'I'll found a new one.'

"Master David, I think I scent the old human nature.

But with all thy faults I like thee still, and can nowhere find thy equal.

"I believe you think so of me, and the best way is to forget, and make the remainder of our lives as happy as possible; for twenty years will make such a vast advance towards the grave, and then there will be no time to forget grievances.

"We have known each other twenty-four years — since 1805 — the finest time of our lives. Now comes the mature part, and then the decaying. God grant we may yet add to our reputation.

"More want of prints. I have little continental reputation; but I will have. And if they cried *per Baccho* for Wilkie in Rome, they shall cry *per Giove* for me, they may depend on it — when I come."

On the 6th of March Haydon had another child born to him, — a daughter, — brought into the world amidst the excitement of Catholic emancipation and the distresses of her struggling and combative father, who could not be brought to comprehend the indifference with which the great bulk of the Cabinet, the Legislature, and the public viewed the whole subject of art.

"'When the country is quiet,' he writes (March 20th), 'something will be done for art.' When the country is quiet! When will that be? Was Florence ever quiet? Was Rome, or Pisa, or Venice, or Athens? No. Nothing but turbulence and struggle in them, and yet the arts advanced and flourished."

With all his devotion to his pencil, Haydon took a keen interest in the politics of the day, and wrote many letters to the newspapers in favour of Catholic emancipation, strenuously urging trust in Wellington. Nay, he even wrote to the Duke a letter of sympathy and respectful encouragement, which the Duke acknowledges with his usual promptness. But besides the distraction of public events, Haydon was harassed at this time by the conduct of the purchaser of his last picture — a young man, who after buying it became alarmed at his rash act, and it was

not till the painter was on the brink of arrest, (from which indeed he was only saved by his friend Dr. Darling), that he got the price of the picture, 300*l.*, half in money and half in bills. This saved him from a prison, and he began his picture of Punch.

"*April* 15*th.* — Finished one cursed portrait — have only one more to touch, and then I shall be free. I have an exquisite gratification in painting portraits wretchedly. I love to see the sitters look as if they thought, can this be Haydon's — the great Haydon's — painting? I chuckle. I am rascal enough to take their money, and chuckle more. When a man says, 'Paint me a historical picture,' my heart swells towards him. All my powers rush forth. He seems at once to have turned the key to my cabinet of invention, for I teem instantly with thoughts. Yesterday when I rubbed in Punch, my thoughts crowded with delight. My children's noise hurt my brain. At such moments no silence is great enough, but I am never let alone. Good God! what I should have produced had I been let loose in a great palace, and saved from distracting embarrassments.

"16*th.* — Rubbed in Punch. It should rather be called Life.

"*May 2nd.* — Began to-day, — worked and completed all my portraits. Now to imagination with all my heart and all my soul. Sir George Phillips called, and on looking at my portraits and small Eucles, said, 'Ah, you are in the right way now!' *i. e.*, I have come down to what artists and connoisseurs think so. God help them! Give me the dome of St. Paul's, and they should see which I think the right one.

"*3rd.* — Called on Wilkie, who was at the levee on Friday. On the whole he seemed pleased with the effect of his pictures at the Academy. Wilkie's face expressed great feeling when I wished him good morning.

"4*th.* — At the Exhibition, Wilkie's portrait of Lord Kellie looked dark in flesh, but broad and wonderfully fine in effect. I agree with Seguier. He spoilt it by the

caution he put it in with. His other Italian and Spanish pictures have not made the impression he imagined. Indeed they are in so altered a style the public cannot make them out. The woman in the Saragossa is not beautiful. I am not pleased they do not look better.

"It is no use to affect what I do not feel. I have little or no sympathy with the moderns. The communion I feel is with Titian, with Rubens, with Veronese for execution and colour, with Raffaele and Michel Angelo, and the Elgin Marbles for form and expression, and with nature for all these, with the addition of humour, and fun and satire. I see nothing in modern exhibitions from which I can learn, and which I can look at with that delight and confidence I feel before an ancient work. It is not from conceit, for I reverence my superiors; but there is in English art an inherent ignorance of the frame and structure—a vulgar ruddiness of colour—an ignorance of harmony of action as well as its contrasts — a lack of repose that leaves the mind in a state of excitement and fatigue, till one hurries away to a Titian or a Claude for relief and consolation, as one looks out of a heated ball-room at day-break and listens to the lark, and scents the cool freshness of the dewy grass, and forgets the passions, disgusts, heats, fatigues, and frivolities within, in the peace and heavenly repose of renewing nature. And yet what vast, mistaken, illiterate power is in an English exhibition, struggling like an untaught giant to give vent to his ideas in a language he does not scientifically know.

"But why say all this? Why not keep my mind fixed, and in blessed quiet do my best without interfering with others? This is the best way, and the only way. Paint—paint—paint!

"*6th* and *7th*.—Went early to the Exhibition, and fell in accidentally with Lady Beaumont and Mrs. Phipps. Wilkie's portrait does not preponderate, as I thought it would; and except the Cigar picture, the Spanish pictures do not support his reputation. The Cigar picture is a beautiful thing, and the best.

"Called on W——, who was half-distant, half-disturbed. He told me Lawrence addressed the Duke at the dinner, and appealed to him for aid to build an academy. The Duke rubbed his face with his hand.

"Here was Lawrence owing the Duke 2000*l.* nearly, which he had advanced him for a large picture of all his general officers in Spain, and which he had never touched, —to the Duke's great anger, who expresses himself everywhere very strongly,—here was Lawrence addressing the Duke, both he and the Duke feeling conscious of their private relation, and Lawrence the merest tool of the Academicians, who had set him on. It is pitiable! I never saw any man who has so subdued a look as Lawrence, as if he was worried out of his senses.

"18*th.*—Spent the day at the British Museum in ecstasy. How the Elgin Marbles looked after a long time! I bowed bareheaded as I entered, as I always do.

"Sketched from the Capitoline, Clementine, and Florentine Museums. How thoroughly the ancients understood form, and motion, and grace! Nothing they ever did was ungraceful.

"10*th.*—Read prayers at home—felt bitter remorse of conscience at my late neglect. It is extraordinary infatuation. I go on, day after day, like Johnson, in hypochondria, looking for hours at my picture, without the power to do one single thing. With my family it is dreadful. I am so often thrown off my balance by pecuniary difficulty, that it is a perpetual struggle to get on the road again. And yet the only chance I have of getting out of difficulty is by hard work, and now my health is so much recovered, I ought not thus to dissipate the fine maturity of my life. Ten days are gone in May; all April and all January I did nothing: oh, it is disgraceful! O God, assist me to vanquish this bitter delinquency of infatuation. If I had read, if I had increased my knowledge, it would be well. But to have done nothing, but sit, and muse, and build castles, till I awoke and mused again! I can hardly read without sleeping. Nothing

keeps me alive but painting, and that I think of at this moment with disgust. Strange creature, man!

"11*th.*—Went first to the National Gallery, and studied well the Gevartius, the Titian, the Sebastiano. Then walked to the Royal Academy on purpose to compare modern with ancient art. Wilkie's portrait of Lord Kellie looked blackish and broad. Clint's Lord Spencer made the flesh suffer. This portrait has raised my opinion of Clint very much indeed; the head is exceedingly fine. Wilkie's portrait looks like a common person in a lord's dress; Clint's like a nobleman of literature and taste, dressed as he ought to be. There is something in the eminent portrait-painters, from their daily and perpetual intercourse with nature, that painters of history can always look at with advantage and learn from. I am astonished at this portrait of Clint's, for whom I had once a great contempt. *Pickersgill* and *Clint* are instances of what hard work and diligence will accomplish, without one atom of invention or genius.

"12*th.*—Partly breakfasted with Wilkie, and spent two hours pleasantly. The King sitting to him, his being at the levee, and altogether his intercourse at Court have affected him, though not much. I dare say he will be *Sir* David if he succeed with the King. He advised me to be patient. God knows I need it. The more one reflects on Christianity, the more one is convinced Christ's advice is the best guide.

"14*th.*—Worked hardish, and all my depression vanished. I have lost hope for history, and this is a great hindrance.

"17*th.*—Worked deliciously hard; felt light, happy, and invincible. Walked in the evening with Talfourd. Read prayers with dear Frank, and slept tranquilly, as if angels were fanning me with their wings. Ah, could I always feel so!

"Succeeded in the head of the mother of Eucles. Talfourd said, before I asked, 'What a distracted and anxious beauty,'—the very thing I tried for.

"*18th.*—Made a drawing, but felt feeble in mind, and lazy in body. Called at the Admiralty, and saw Mr. Riley, who gave me hopes of placing my boy * in a ship. I hope he will distinguish himself. One of the critics on Pharaoh† said, 'the Queen and all the family were too much dressed for the time of night.' I had a great mind to write, and say 'I had authority for stating that Pharaoh and the royal family were too anxious that night to take off their clothes; and that there is every reason to infer from a passage in Sanconiathon, Lib. MCCCCCCXIX. chap. MMMII., that the ladies of the family came out of their apartments in their tunics only, the elder sister with only one sandal and one ear-ring, and that Pharaoh had his night-cap on when he first got up; but being reminded by the eunuch in waiting, took it off, and put on his crown.'

"What criticism! If there was time to send for Moses and Aaron, surely there was time to dress at least decently.

"*22nd.*—At West's sale. I took Frank, and asked him how he liked the Christ in Christ rejected, and he said it was common. He is six years old, and this is a capital evidence of feeling and taste. Nothing on earth could be truer.

"When first I came to town, West was in the vigour of his life—tall and upright. He then sunk down, lost his teeth, and died. His works, and house, and all are selling; and shortly not a vestige of his house and gallery will be left.

"Sketched in a print-shop. Saw a print of Correggio, which enchanted me. Beauty should predominate in everything—form, expression, colour, light and shadow, drawing and drapery. Beauty in means and pleasure in effect should be the principle. Did not paint.

"*23rd.*—Exceedingly hard at work, but after working eight hours, was obliged to undress my lay figure and

* His second step-son, Simon Hyman.—Ed.

† Then exhibiting.

take her out to raise three pounds for my family. Something might be done to prevent this disgrace.

"*25th.*—Hardish at work—four hours. Went to the last day of West's sale. Studied his work. Titian took eight years to paint the Peter Martyr. West would have painted eight hundred in the time.

"In drawing and form his style was beggarly, skinny and mean. His light and shadow was scattered, his colour brick dust, his impression unsympathetical, and his women without beauty or heart.

"There was not one single picture of a quality to delight the taste, the imagination, or the heart.

"The block-machine at Portsmouth could be taught to paint as well.

"His Venuses looked as if they never had been naked before, and were too cold to be impassioned—his Adonises dolts—his Cupids blocks—unamorous. As I left the room, I went into the dining parlour, and saw two delicious sketches of Rubens. My heart jumped."

In July, Haydon set heartily to work on his picture of Punch, and was occupied with it continuously (with the interval of a visit to Plymouth, to vote for his friend, Captain Lockyer) till its completion in November. The picture is now in the possession of his old and tried friend, Dr. Darling. Its character is Hogarthian—a humorous satire on life. The scene is near Marylebone Church. In the left hand corner of the picture is Mr. Punch's theatre, with the performance in progress; in front of it, a simple old farmer, hat in hand, and dog at heel, is gazing with delight at that admirable tragi-comedy, unconscious that a pickpocket's hand is upon his pocket-book, while a flashily-dressed confederate holds the victim in talk; near the farmer, a soldier and sailor, a nurse-maid with a child, and a street-sweeper are looking on in delight; a revel of May-day sweeps, with Jack-in-the-green and his lady, is in full caper in the right-hand corner of the composition, while behind the knot of spectators, a Bow Street officer, truncheon in hand, is stealing ferret-

like upon the pickpocket. The extreme left of the composition is occupied by a charming figure—an orange-girl sleeping by her stall. A carriage, with a newly married pair, is driving past the show—in the middle distance a hearse issues out of a cross-street. Just beyond Mr. Punch's theatre, a tub-preacher is energetically holding forth, and in the background is an Italian image-boy, with casts of the Theseus and Ilissus on his board, neglected for the more potent attractions of Punch.

The picture is remarkable for the force and truth of expression in the heads throughout, and the execution of much of it, particularly the old farmer and his dog, and the sleeping girl, leaves nothing to be desired. The canvas is about 8 feet by 6, and the figures of course less than life size. Wilkie esteemed the picture very highly. Dr. Darling mentions, in a letter now before me, that he saw Sir David, "no mean judge and not overmuch given to praise," when this picture was exhibited, pass his hand over the left-hand portion, exclaiming, "how fine, how very fine, that part is!" adding, "if that picture were in Italy, you would see it surrounded by students from all parts of Europe engaged in copying it." The picture altogether impresses me with a high opinion of the painter's power of conceiving and delineating character. The old farmer, especially, in dress, attitude, and character at all points, would do credit to either Hogarth or Wilkie himself, though it may be doubted if either could have equalled it on the same scale.

The fault of the picture is a little over-crowding, and a consequent effect of something like confusion in the lines of the composition.

While this picture was in progress, Haydon saw Wilkie from time to time—with something, indeed, like a renewal of their old intimacy.

July 30th, I find, "Called on Wilkie, who was finishing Holyrood House picture for the King. This will be a very curious picture. He began it before he went to Italy, when detail and finish were all in all to him. He

is finishing it now, when he has entirely changed his style. The Duke of Argyle, the King's head, the man on horseback with the crown, are in his first style: the trumpeters, the dress of the Duke of Hamilton, the woman, &c. in his last; and the mixture is like oil and water. He was pale and rather depressed. He has not made the hit this season he imagined he should make. I sat with him and his sister while they dined, and he had evidently sunk down into an emaciated old bachelor. There sat I, rosy, plump, and full of difficulties, harass, and trouble, with a large family, and a dear wife. I could not help thinking in early life of our occasional conversations on marriage. 'When I marry,' Wilkie used to say, 'it will be a matter of interest.' 'When I marry,' I always said, 'it will be for love, and for nothing else.' See the result. He has no household anxieties, no domestic harass, no large family to bring up. But he has no sweet affections, no tender sympathies. Would I exchange my situation for David Wilkie's? No, no. If I had ten times the trouble, the anxiety, the harass, the torture.

"*August* 1*st.* — Moderately at work. Wilkie called and we had a long confab. We both lamented the death of Sir George and Lady Beaumont. She has left the Michel Angelo to the Academy.

"Wilkie liked the Eucles very much indeed. Now he is glazing mad, he was advising me what to do, and I told him to take the palette and do it. He then glazed and muddled a head, just in the style he is doing now, which looked rich and filthy, and I rubbed it out. I cautioned him as to his disposition to manner and excess from any new idea in his head, which he acknowledged. His pictures are actually becoming black and white patches, like Raeburn's. Wilkie laughed at Punch. We thought it odd he should tumble into history, and I into burlesque.

"*2nd.* — Hard at work and finished the sailor, and then advanced the whole picture.

"*3rd.* — Moderately at work and advanced the effect and light and shadow. Wilkie was full of wax, and lord knows what — restless thing the human mind. His first picture will stand for ever, and so will mine, and now he has almost tempted me to quack as well as himself, with his wax and magylp. Solomon, Jerusalem, Lazarus, Macbeth and Dentatus, are painted in pure oil — so are the Fiddler, Politicians, Card-players, Chelsea Pensioners, Village Wake; in fact all his early works.

When I first began to paint I executed a head, glazing over pure colour. Wilkie was pleased, and borrowed it. He had then painted nearly all the Blind Fiddler, except the right hand of the fiddler, which he immediately began, leaving out yellow, and painting in white, red, and blue purely, and glazing it into tone. Any painter will see the difference of colour and texture in the right hand of the fiddler from all the other flesh in the picture.

"*6th.* — Harassed: fagged about in the heat and filth of the town to arrange money-matters, and came home exhausted: after some refreshment, my horseguardsman being ready, I set to work heartily and finished him before four, and a capital fellow he is in the picture.

"*7th.* — Harassed still. A severe pain in the pit of my stomach from sheer anxiety. Flew about the town like an eagle. Got things settled. Talked to this man, promised t'other, took a cab, and dashed home, and after a lunch, which I devoured like a hungry tiger, I set to work at my Punch, and vastly advanced it. Thus so far I have not missed a day. I'll try to go through the month so if possible. I saw E—— L—— as I came home lounging through Bond Street on a blood-horse, with a white hat, and all the airs of a man of fashion. There was I, his instructor and master, trudging on with seven children at my back, and no money.

"*8th.* — Worked hard till one o'clock: then sallied forth to stop lawyers, and battle with creditors. The week is over, and I have to thank God that in the mixture of good and evil good has preponderated largely.

"I look for thorough rest to-morrow, but I fear I must not take it.

"*9th.*—I took rest and retired to the windmill beyond Kilburn, where I lounged on the grass, and read the first volume of Allan Cunningham's Lives of the Painters. I am sorry to see cant rising which I will not demolish till it is more ripe, viz., a disdain for all education in art; an indifference to the great who are gone; and a disposition to trust all to the 'wild Academy of Nature.' Hogarth is a specimen of the one: Reynolds, Rubens, Titian, Raffaele and Michel Angelo of the others. Reynolds has long settled the question, but Allan Cunningham, a disciple of Chantrey's, who believes himself to be nature's own high-priest, has laboured hard to revive this exploded trash.

"His review in the Quarterly, and his Lives, shall undergo an investigation as soon as I have time.

"*12th.*—Finished the shepherd's dog, (the farmer's). Met him by accident. I am remarkably fortunate in models. I went out yesterday in a pet because a model disappointed me. Just as I came into the New Road down rushed a flock of sheep, and a most thorough-bred sheep-dog. I hailed the drover, and engaged the dog *instanter*, and to-day completed him. All my dissections of the lion came into play immediately, the construction being the same.

"*22nd.*—Ill and fatigued, harassed, exhausted. Nature will be paid back in repose what she has paid in labour. Napoleon's plan was a good one, to counteract excessive labour by excessive repose."

Much of the following criticism still applies to the Painted Hall at Greenwich.

"*24th.*—Went to Greenwich, and spent the day with my friend, one of the purchasers of Solomon. Saw the gallery they are making. The plan originated with me. Lord Farnborough had the meanness to decline my plan for the Admiralty, and adopt it, without reference to me, at Greenwich.

"Never was the ignorance of the power, the public power of the art, shown so completely as in the arrangement of the gallery. Instead of making history the leading feature, adorned and assisted by leading portraits of the great and illustrious only, it is a family collection of portraits with names one never heard of—men who got commands through borough-mongeries, and did nothing to deserve distinction, then or now. Ranged along at the bottom are a few paltry attempts at incidents of naval history, cabinet size, as if to bring the higher walks of art into actual contempt. No figure in such a gallery ought to be less than life at least, and as to subjects, let them be chosen to illustrate the actors, and not the actors to be buried in the scenes and shipping.

"Lord Farnborough and Mr. Croker have got unlimited power to adorn this hall, and now they have the opportunity we see the extent of their notions of the capability of painting. All they have done is to unlock the garrets of old families who have had a Dick or Jack in the navy, who once in their lifetime burnt a Terror bomb or drove off a pirate from a convoy.

"Instead of arranging the whole hall with reference to one general idea, the glory of the British Navy, their principal object has been to oblige my lord by hanging up some fusty old portrait of my lord's great grandfather. In fact, they have reversed the order of the art, and if they had wished to degrade history, they could not have done it more successfully than by their present plans."

The old hankering after the pen instead of the pencil still occasionally crossed Haydon's mind; but experience had taught a lesson even to *him*.

"*September* 10*th*.—I saw a pompous announcement in The Times which excited me dreadfully to be at it. I got up; set my palette, my imagination teeming with thoughts of sarcasm and humour. I took up my pen; laid down my brush, stopped, thought, and inwardly said, 'The wit, though irresistible, will be temporary; the injury lasting; paint—paint.' After a struggle I conquered

my evil genius, and finished the best hand I ever painted, except the Christ's in the Lazarus.

"11*th.*—The safest principle through life, instead of reforming others, is to set about perfecting yourself. I triumphed yesterday over my evil passions, and this thought was the result."

In September Haydon was at Plymouth, as passionately absorbed (he confesses with shame) in the bustle and strife of a borough-election, as if electioneering had been his business instead of painting. This interval of varied activity, however, improved his health (which during the whole of this year had been suffering from the harass of perpetual money difficulties), but threw him back in his work.

"*October* 12*th.*—This day month I left town for Devonshire, and have not touched a brush till to-day. Borough squabbles I have nothing to do with, and it will hardly be believed how deeply this jaunt has cut into my habits, instead of getting quiet, (to which I was entitled after work,) I got down among old friends who worried and distracted me: gossip, chatter, scandal, idleness, dining, toasting, and speechifying interrupted the chain of my conceptions, and instead of finishing my picture, which I should have accomplished, I came back, and have all to begin again, just as I was getting into thick-coming fancies and delightful thoughts. Curse these interruptions, they may do one's health good, but they destroy one's thinking.

"*30th.*—One should keep all the traits and all the stories one can collect of the times of Napoleon. Monsieur D'Embden, an old officer of the Chasseurs de la Garde, dined with me, and in moments of expansion, by a good fire, and over a glass of wine, described the deeds of vice, violence, and iniquity which the soldiers of Napoleon had done over Europe. No wonder the world arose as if by instinct against his despotism. Wherever the army came convents were opened! In Bohemia the men under D'Embden's command escaladed a convent. The first

victim was a poor young creature who had been from twelve years of age a nun. The old abbess fell on her knees, and begged for mercy. The soldiers kicked her away, said D'Embden, pretending to believe (with true French refinement of vice) that she was praying for an embrace. On a march once they were quartered on a gentleman, who said, '*Officiers Français*, here is my wife, I trust her to your honour.' His two daughters he concealed. The soldiers violated the servant girl, and found out there were daughters. At dinner the next day D'Embden said, 'I don't dine without your daughters.' The master of the house brought them, blushing and confused. D'Embden said, 'You have deceived me; I place you under arrest three days.' The officers then proceeded to seduce wife and daughters, which they accomplished, while they were drinking this man's wine, and living in his house. '*Mon ami* Chauvin,' said D'Embden, 'got into a good thing. In passing through a town we entered a church as a young bridegroom and bride just married were coming out. The bridegroom pushed a French soldier. It was taken as an insult. Chauvin put him instantly under arrest, and made a conquest of the bride.'

"Of the Cossacks he seemed to have great horror. He said they had a way of swinging their spears, and thumping the soldiers between the ribs, which took away their breath. D'Embden had twelve wounds, and lost four or five toes in the Moscow retreat, though he did not go higher than Smolensko. After losing many men, he came to Davoust with a report of his loss. '*Ne me parlez pas des hommes*,' said Davoust. '*Combien de chevaux avez-vous perdu?*'"

On the completion of Punch, the subject of the first sight of the sea on the retreat of the Ten Thousand occurred to him and was sketched in. About this time, too, I find the first sketch of a subject which he afterwards painted, and with which the name of Haydon is more identified than with any other of his works — I mean Na-

poleon at St. Helena contemplating the setting sun. This first sketch is marred by an allegorical Britannia with her lion, in the clouds, which luckily he did not carry into the picture. He now painted, also, a small subject of Lady Macbeth listening on the stairs while the murder of Duncan is being perpetrated.

"*December 6th.* — It is astonishing how unexcited I am without an important composition. I shall go on with Xenophon to-morrow, or my mind will rot. Pecuniary difficulties bring a train of harassing interruptions which have been fatal to peace and study this week."

During the last month of 1829 Haydon succeeded in getting his step-son, Simon Hayman, entered as a midshipman. Here are the maxims for his guidance pasted by his stepfather inside the lid of the youngster's sea-chest. It is worth noticing how he presses on his observance the rule never to borrow. He had felt in his own case the humiliating and fatal consequences of neglecting it. Almost the last words he wrote, before his death, were in solemn reiteration to his children of the same warning.

Maxims for Simon Hayman which I pasted on the cover of his trunk.

"Remember God is ever present and witness of your actions. Therefore always act as if in his presence.

"Hold your word as sacred as your oath. He who is ever ready to promise seldom keeps his promise.

"Never purchase any enjoyment if it cannot be procured without borrowing of others.

"Never borrow money. It is degrading. Remember Lord St. Vincent.

"I do not say never lend, but never lend if by lending you render yourself unable to pay what you owe; but under any circumstances never borrow.

"Make no man your friend who is regardless of his word.

"Nelson said you must hate a Frenchman. There is no occasion to hate any man, but never treat with a Frenchman till you have beaten him, and then with caution.

"Consider your life as a trifle, where its sacrifice would honour your King or keep up the character of the navy.

"Be obedient to your superiors, and kind to those below you.

"Αἰεν ἀριστεύειν, always excel. Be this your motto.

"Honour, truth, dependence on God, diligence and docility, will carry you through all danger and difficulties.

"Never be ashamed of being ignorant, if you wish to gain knowledge.

"Piety is not cowardice, nor boasting courage.

"Vice is not heroism, nor drunkenness virtue.

"Remember a British officer under all circumstances must be a gentleman. This comprises all. Remember this.

"Remember also that your father would welcome your dead body if you died in honour, and spit on you living, if you returned in disgrace.

"Lay these things to thy heart, and God protect thee.

"London, December, 1829."

He closes his journal for the year with a summary as usual. "January and February I worked little. From March to November I finished Eucles and Punch, and since I have three small pictures nearly ready, though I have not seized all moments of study; this has often pro-

ceeded from harass, which has thrown me off my balance. My children are in health. My dearest Mary as lovely and as tender as ever. One of my boys has begun life. God protect him, and make him an honour to the navy. I have reason to hope for the same mercies for the year to come, provided I still struggle (as under God's blessing) to render myself equally deserving.

"O God on my knees I bless Thee for the mercies of the year past. Still bless me through the ensuing year."

1830.

In January of this year Sir Thomas Lawrence died. On the 9th I find this criticism of the painter and his works, much of which has already been sanctioned by the soundest judgments in art.

"Lawrence is dead—to portrait-painting a great loss. Certainly there is no man left who thinks it worth while, if he were able, to devote his powers to the elevation of common-place faces.

"He was suited to the age, and the age to him. He flattered its vanities, pampered its weaknesses, and met its meretricious taste.

"His men were all gentlemen, with an air of fashion, and the dandyism of high life; his women were delicate, but not modest—beautiful, but not natural. They appear to look that they may be looked at, and to languish for the sake of sympathy. They have not that air of virtue and breeding which ever sat upon the women of Reynolds.

"Reynolds' women seem as unconscious of their beauty as innocent in thought and pure in expression—as if they shrank even from being painted. They are beings to be met with reverence, and addressed with timidity. To Lawrence's women on the contrary you feel disposed to march up like a dandy, and offer your services, with a cock of your hat, and a 'd——e will that do?' Whatever characteristics of the lovely sex Lawrence perpetuated, modesty was certainly one he entirely missed.

"As an artist he will not rank high in the opinion of posterity. He was not ignorant of the figure, but he drew with great incorrectness, because he drew to suit the fashion of the season. If necks were to be long, breasts full, waists small, and toes pointed, Sir Thomas was too well-bred to hesitate. His necks are therefore often hideously long, his waists small, his chests puffed, and his ancles tapered. He had no eye for colour. His tint was opaque, not livid, his cheeks were rouged, his lips like the lips of a lay-figure. There was nothing of the red and white which nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on. His bloom was the bloom of the perfumer. Of composition he knew scarcely anything; and perhaps in the whole circle of art there never was a more lamentable proof of these deficiencies than in his last portrait of the King.

"Twenty years ago his pictures (as Fuseli used to say) were like the scrapings of a tin-shop, full of little sparkling bits of light which destroyed all repose. But after his visit to Italy the improvement which took place was an honour to his talents. His latter pictures are by far his best. His great excellence was neither colour, drawing, composition, light and shade, or perspective, for he was hardly ever above mediocrity in any of these, but expression, both in figure and feature. Perhaps no man that ever lived contrived to catch the fleeting beauties of a face to the exact point, though a little affected, better than Lawrence. The head of Miss Croker is the finest example in the world. He did not keep his sitters unanimated and lifeless, but, by interesting their feelings, he brought out the expression which was excited by the pleasure they felt.

"As a man Sir Thomas Lawrence was amiable, kind, generous, and forgiving. His manner was elegant, but not high-bred. He had too much the air of always submitting. He had smiled so often and so long, that at last his smile had the appearance of being set in enamel. He indulged the hope of painting history in his day, but, as Romney did, and Chantrey will, he died before he began;

and he is another proof, if proof were wanting, that creative genius is not a passive quality that can be laid aside or taken up as it suits the convenience of the possessor.

"How would Raffaele or Michel Angelo have laughed to hear C. L. and R. talk of doing great things, but not till they were rich!

"He was not educated, and once gave me a long lecture about the head of Olympias, the mother of Alexander, calling her Olympia.

"The election of Sir Thomas to the chair of the Royal Academy was a blow to high art it has never recovered, and never will, unless, indeed, this opportunity be seized by the members of the Academy,—unless the historical painter, the sculptor, the architect, the low life, or landscape artist, make a stand, and bring in, as they ought, some man of genius in some one of these walks, to the exclusion of any portrait-painter, whoever he may be. If they do not, they will sign the death-warrant of the arts in England.

"But, alas! in public bodies the majority are too lazy to take an active share; and any chattering, talking person, who can make a plausible speech, however impotent in his art, will in all probability get their suffrages.

"To think of Shee occupying the throne of Reynolds!"

The election of Sir M. A. Shee as President of the Academy was certain to elicit a burst of bitterness from Haydon. During the preceding year a correspondence had passed between them in which, if Haydon was coarse and offensive, Shee retorted in terms of such contempt as no man can ever forget or forgive. I give Haydon's remarks on the election, which contain much truth,—conveyed, it is true, in the harsh and irritated tone which invests truth with some of the worst features of falsehood, —not for the sake of showing the feeling with which he regarded the Academy, which is already evident enough, but rather as an illustration of the way in which prejudice will colour a man's inferences from fact, and an example of how little dependence can be placed on predictions in-

fluenced by dislike. How astonished would Haydon have been could it have been foreshown to him that the successor of this obnoxious portrait-painter would be that friend and pupil of his own (as he delighted to call him), who now fills the President's chair in the Royal Academy! How he would have stormed against any one who had maintained that the tendency of English art, even at this inauspicious moment, was from portraiture towards subjects, if not historical in Haydon's sense of the word, still partaking more of the character of history than of portraiture. I extract the following passage because its most acrimonious expressions will, I believe, be read even by the Academicians of the present day without irritation, largely altered as the composition of the Academy has been since the time the passage was written, while there is still much in it which may profitably be laid to heart by artists. It cannot be doubted that if artistic claims be those on which alone should rest the choice of a President of the Academy, Wilkie was the man rather than Shee; but the theory that seemed to Haydon so entirely beyond dispute may, no doubt, be disputed, and on very strong grounds too. A president has ceremonial duties to perform; and erudition, eloquence, and personal acceptableness, may be quite as important qualifications for the post as skill and success in art. I offer no opinion of my own on the point, but I cannot help seeing that Haydon's view is far from incontestable. Nor should it be forgotten, in estimating his opinions, that the public encouragement of art, which he urged so importunately and so long, has at length been conceded by the Legislature, and that we cannot measure the fruits of that encouragement by the limits within which it has hitherto been confined.

With this preface I think there is no reason for withholding Haydon's comments on the election of a successor to Sir Thomas Lawrence.

"*January 29th.*—In the private history of the art of the country the last three weeks have been interesting beyond all calculation. Lawrence's sudden death threw

the Academy into the most bitter puzzle; the intrigue, the bustle, the vanity, the nervousness, the fidget, and the fear evident among the whole, were beyond expression or description.

"I called immediately on Wilkie, and found him quiescently at breakfast. His affected grief for Lawrence, and his sorrow for the loss the art had sustained, were doled forth under an air of conscious power that was amusing.

"In the midst of other conversation I dashed out at once, 'I hope they will elect you.' He became agitated, and affected not to hear me; but I saw in the expression of his face enough to convince me that he had no distant hopes. On going up-stairs to look at the picture of the King at Holyrood House, I repeated it. He put his hand on my shoulder, as much as to say, 'Be quiet.' 'Very well,' said I, — 'not a word more.'

"All sorts of reports, all sorts of surmises, every species of 'hum,' and 'ha,' and, 'Who d'ye think?' went on in the gossip of the art till Lawrence was buried, and the awful time approached.

"On Monday the election took place, and on Monday morning out came in the Gazette, from the Lord Chamberlain's office, the King's appointment of Wilkie as his sergeant painter. The moment I read it I said, 'This will destroy Wilkie's chance of success;' and in the evening the Academicians rushed in as the time approached, with a heat, and fury, and violence, and passion, quite a disgrace to the feelings of gentlemen, or even the lowest members of the lowest clubs. So fearful were they of some message from the King that it would be pleasing to his feelings if Wilkie were elected, that without regular balloting they made every member write down the name of the man he wished; and at each successive knock they ran down, and hurried their friend above stairs, without allowing him to take off his great coat. Wilkie had one or two votes, — some tell me one, some the other — and Shee eighteen, the announcement of which was received with a hurra!

"Wilkie is a man of the greatest genius, and a hatred of superiority had no small share in adding to the apprehension of the Academicians. Wilkie had just that day been appointed the first painter to the King, and this spark was only wanting to explode the magazine.

"Shee is an Irishman of great plausibility—a speechifying, colloquial, well-informed, pleasant fellow, conscious of no high power in art, and very envious of those who have.

"Such a man is sure to be popular, and he will be the most popular president that the artists have ever had; but the precedent established, viz., that high talent is not necessary to the highest rank in the art, is one of the most fatal blows ever inflicted on the dignity of the Academy since it has been established, and will lower it in English and continental estimation. Here was David Wilkie—the greatest genius in his walk that ever lived—the only living artist who has a picture in our National Gallery—the only painter who has a great European reputation—honoured by his Sovereign, respected by the nobility, modest, discreet, upright, diligent, and highly gifted—from whose existence an epoch in British art must be dated—to whose works our present high rank is owing in the opinion of Europe—David Wilkie had two votes! And Martin Archer Shee, the most impotent painter in the solar system—a man who for forty years has never painted any human creature without making him stand on his tip-toes from sheer ignorance—in short, the great founder of the tip-toe school—had eighteen!

"The present unhappy mistake in the art was predicted forty years ago. Reynolds said a party was gaining ground which would ruin the institution, and he was obliged to resign, finding himself thwarted in everything. West, Opie, and Fuseli, said the same thing.

"'Ah! but Wilkie is a Scotchman, and we shall have nothing but Scotch.'

"Here's an acknowledgment! What would the world

say if Sir Walter Scott had contended for the presidency of literature, and had been denied because he was a Scotchman?

"The cause is very simple. Portrait-painters have all their wealth and employment from the domestic sympathies of one of the most domestic nations on earth. Against the influence of this important body historical painters have to struggle without employment, without patronage, and in face of prejudices which portrait-painters with great art keep up.

"There is only one remedy, viz., a moderate annual vote from Parliament, distributed by a committee of the House, which, by placing historical painters on a level with portrait-painters, will enable them to hold their ground, and save the art."

The concluding passage expresses in brief the doctrine which Haydon was preaching all his life from 1810. It may contain some truth, but it certainly does not explain what it professes to do. Whether portrait-painters on the whole earn larger incomes than their fellows in the painters' calling is matter of dispute. And whatever may have been the case when this was written, it is not true now that portrait-painters are dominant in the Academy, or the most highly remunerated class among artists. The painters of landscape and what are called "genre" pictures stand on a level with them, at least, on these points. But if Haydon's remark be limited to the painting of large pictures, it is undoubtedly true that for these private galleries in England afford no room, and that public employment alone can provide for high art on a large scale.

Wilkie was now working on his picture of the King at Holyrood, and Haydon thus records a visit to the picture in company with an old courtier and personal friend of the King in the 'salad days' of the Regency.

"*February 22nd.* — Went in the morning with Sir Thomas Hammond to see Wilkie's portrait of the King. Sir Thomas Hammond, who had been one of the King's

most intimate friends, found fault, and justly, with the legs and feet, which are really wretched, and a disgrace to the picture. He liked the head very much, and it is fine. After we came out Sir Thomas Hammond said to me, 'There is no getting on with a Scotchman — there really is not!' I afterwards dined with him, and spent a very delightful evening: we got into most familiar and confidential conversation about the Court.

"I never knew till last night that the crown at the Coronation was not bought, but borrowed. Rundell's price was 70,000*l.*, and Lord Liverpool told the King he could not sanction such an expenditure. Rundell charged 7000*l.* for the loan, and as some time elapsed before it was decided whether the crown should be bought or not, Rundell charged 3000*l.* or 4000*l.* more for the interval.

"Sir Thomas Hammond said, that once after a long absence, when the King, who had sent for him, received him before a brilliant assembly, he put his hand to his mouth sideways, and whispered, 'Well, damn ye; how are ye?' and then looked grave before the company. Sir Thomas Hammond complained that the manner of young men and women of fashion was altered. Everything now was slang and impudence, and not elegance and grace, as it was when the Prince was in his prime.* Young Lord C —— came in, a fine fellow. What fine, high-minded, brave, creatures there are amongst the young nobility." Eucles and Punch were now exhibited, and to the painter's delight, an order came to send the latter down to Windsor for the King's inspection. In a flutter of expectation, the picture was dispatched. Much depended on its sale. Haydon's difficulties had accumulated afresh, till the shadow of the King's Bench was again darkening upon him. On the 6th, the picture was dispatched. On the 8th it came back unbought.

"*8th.* — The Punch came back to-day. I called on Seguier in the morning, but I saw by the girl's face at the door the King had not bought the picture.

* Take the above anecdote as an example!—Ed.

"Few men have courage to say they believe in dreams; last night I dreamt the King told Seguier he did not like the picture, and would not have it.

"I got up this morning greatly distressed in mind about it, and said, 'If this prove true, is there not something in dreams?'

"It has proved true. The King thought there was too much in Punch. He admired the apple-girl excessively, but thought the capering chimney-sweeper too much like an opera dancer!"

Now that the publication of confidential memoirs and letters has been sanctioned by so many high examples, I do not feel that the following passage of private history need be withheld.

"15*th*. — Spent the evening with Hammond — a delightful one. He opens his cabinet of past times to me with great confidence.

"He said when it was quite uncertain whether Napoleon would or would not make peace at Châtillon, he dined with the Prince of Condé, (who was getting quite childish), and the Duchess D'Angoulême. Their anxiety was lest peace should be made. Every horn that blew, the Prince of Condé sent out for the Gazette. Frightened out of his life, he kept saying, '*Ah, Monsieur le général, la paix est faite — la paix est faite!*' Hammond said he tried to keep their spirits up, but the Duchess kept declaring, '*Non, non, nous sommes des pauvre misérables — c'en est fait de nous.*'

"The next morning he was with the King privately, and they were talking about Napoleon, when Sir Thomas Hammond said, 'If the fellow does not sign the treaty, it would be no bad time to shove in the Bourbons.' 'Ah,' said the Prince, 'You like them better than I do. Little, I fear, can be done.' The next day he saw the Prince again, and the Prince said, ''Gad, Hammond, I have been thinking of what you said, and I'll see if something can't be done for them. Say not a word.' Hammond then went down to M'Mahon, who was writing in his (Hammond's) room. M'Mahon went up to the

Prince, and shortly after came down, and (as he told Hammond all the state secrets) said, 'What do you think? There is the devil to pay up stairs — Lord Liverpool will resign. The Prince says he will restore the Bourbons — Lord Liverpool won't hear of it.' At this instant Lord Liverpool crossed the yard in the dumps, and went away. Hammond's window looked into the yard, and up St. Alban's Street, opposite (before Regent Street was built). Sir Thomas declared solemnly to me this was the beginning of the return of the Bourbons, and the Prince always said 'Hammond was their best friend.'"

Despite of desperate difficulties, Haydon had now once more got to work on a historical picture.

"*March 20th.* — I shall now date my Xenophon, for to-day, God be praised! I begin, having got a breathing day. I dashed in the effect. My mind teemed with expressions: the enthusiasm of Xenophon cheering on his men, with his helmet towering against a sea-sky — a beautiful woman in her husband's arms exhausted, hearing the shout of 'The sea, the sea,' languidly smiling and opening her lovely eyes, — (good God! What I could do if I were encouraged!) — a wounded and sick soldier raising his pale head, and waving his thin arm and hand in answer to the cheer of his commander — horses snorting and galloping — soldiers cheering and huzzaing, all struggling to see the welcome sight. I'll read all the retreats; Napoleon's, Charles XII.'s, Moore's, Antony's, &c. &c. God spare my life and eyes; I fear the intrigues of S—— have destroyed all prospects with my King. I'd inspire him if I was near him. They all know this, and from him they will keep me. In my Protector I trust.

"*26th.* — Took down a large canvas, and looked with longing eyes. At last I thought it no harm to draw in Xenophon with chalk. Then a little Vandyke brown would be such a pretty tone, and while I was deliciously abstracted, in walked my love and said, 'Why do you not do it that size?' 'Shall I.' 'Yes,' said she, 'I know

you are longing.' I only wanted this hint; so I will risk it at any rate. God bless it, beginning, progression, conclusion.

"*27th.* — Worked hard these three days: but for what purpose? To die and leave my children starving, for that will be the end.

"*Sunday 28th.* — Went into my painting-room, and felt my heart swell at the look of Xenophon. An overwhelming whisper of the muse urged me again and again to go on. I set my palette, put on my jacket, and after reading prayers to my children, completed the rubbing in. Oh! I was happy, deliciously happy. I am just come down from poring over the picture (nine o'clock), with all my old feelings of glory. I have been impelled to do this. God knows how. In Him I trust, as Job trusted, for ever.

"*29th.* — I am this moment (half-past eight) come into my painting-room, and the effect of Xenophon is absolutely irresistible. Go on I will.

"O God, on my knees I humbly, humbly, humbly pray Thee to enable me to go through it. Let no difficulties obstruct me, no ill health impede me, and let no sin displease Thee from its commencement to its conclusion. Oh save me from prison, on the confines of which I am hovering. I have no employment, no resources, a large family and no hope. In Thee alone I always trust. Oh let me not now trust in vain. Grant, O God, that the education of my children, my duties to my love and to society, may not be sacrificed in proceeding with this great work (it will be my greatest). Bless its commencement, its progression, its conclusion, and its effect, for the sake of the intellectual elevation of my great and glorious country.

"*31st.* — I looked over my picture with longing eyes. Had a half hour, which I devoted before going to a lawyer for 10*l.*, and 6*l.* expenses. I had 3*l.* and wanted time. I left my dear picture and saw him. He gave me time, and away I ran with all the freshness of youth to my

painting-room. I am now returned, and after two letters to defer, still I hope to complete the rubbing in before dinner.

"Rubbed in the whole picture.

"*April 4th.* — Made drawings for Xenophon, but I actually tremble at the thought of concluding it, with my family, and no encouragement. God guide me; for I hesitate; let me recollect Xenophon after the death of Cyrus, and Cortez in South America.

"*April 6th.*—Eucles was raffled for this day. The three highest numbers were 28—Duke of Bedford, Mr. Strutt of Derby, and Mr. Smith of Dulwich. They all three threw again, when Smith threw 28, the Duke 25, and Mr. Strutt 17.

"Before the meeting, Lord F. L. Gower promised to take the chair, but as the time approached he apologised.

"All the people of fashion seemed ashamed to sanction this raffle, as if the necessity reflected on their patronage. A great deal of pretty coquetting passed between us."

Xenophon was now progressing, under the usual difficulties, which I sometimes fear will prove as fatiguing to read of as saddening to record.

*April 13th.**—The advertisement in the note † published

* At this date opens the Seventeenth Volume of the Journals, with the motto *μέγα φρονέων*.

† "Mr. Haydon's Eucles. As the pledge given at the public meeting, 1827, with respect to Eucles, has been kept satisfactorily to all parties, Mr. Haydon takes the liberty of laying before his creditors the correct amount of his receipts and expenses from July 1, 1827, to April 1, 1830, as a great many notions, erroneous and unjust, exist, to his injury, of what he has received and what he must now possess.

Received from July 1, 1827, to July 1, 1828.				Expenditure in the same time.			
Subscription for Eucles	£338	17	0	Restoring Mr. Haydon to his family - -	£137	7	0
Exhib. of Mock Election	321	11	6	Expenses of Mock Election exhibition -	270	1	6
A commission - -	100	0	0	Divds. and debts paid	400	0	0
Three portraits - -	78	0	0	Living, profession, &c.	510	19	10
Sale of Mock Election	525	0	0	Advertising Eucles' sub.	21	4	0
Sketch - - - -	8	14	0				
	£1,372	2	6		£1,339	12	4

about this time, refers to these difficulties, and shows how anxious Haydon was that the public should know his exact position. This fashion of trumpeting his distresses did him infinite mischief, but he could not be persuaded to relinquish it.

Received from July 1, 1828, to July 1, 1829.				Expenditure in the same time.			
Balance from last year	£32	10	2	Expenses of exhibition of Chairing - -	£168	6	0
Subscription of Eucles	191	3	0	Ditto, of Pharaoh -	83	13	6
Exhib. of Chairing Mem.	167	8	0	Paid creditors - -	133	10	0
Exhibition of Pharaoh	61	7	0	Living, &c. - -	500	0	0
Studies of Mock Election	60	0	0				
Sale of Chairing -	300	0	0				
Sale of Sketches -	62	0	0				
	£874	8	2		£885	9	6

"Receipts from July 1, 1829, to April 1, 1830.—Sale of Sketch, 25*l.*; Napoleon and Uriel, 50*l.*; receipts of Eucles' exhibition, 77*l.* 7*s.*:—total 152*l.* 7*s.*

"Expenditure.—Eucles' exhibition, 79*l.* 2*s.*; law expenses alone, on paltry debts, 67*l.* 1*s.*, independently of maintenance.

"Mr. Haydon now hopes that those who, placing their own debts against 500 guineas for Eucles, 500 guineas for Mock Election, 300*l.* for Chairing, believe money still to be in his hands will see how the expenditure is accounted for, and instead of suspecting him of having saved money, will perceive that, from mere want of employment, he is verging fast again to unavoidable embarrassment. In short, if his friends, and those who think he is entitled to protection, do not instantly support the scheme for the disposal of Punch before the first day of Term (the 28th), he will be overwhelmed by law, without the possibility of helping it. He appeals to the Nobility and to the public whether, if he deserved to be taken from a prison, he has or has not proved since he deserves to be kept from one. He has had his picture of Xenophon nearly a month in his painting-room, and has not been able to apply more than four days from sheer harass, day after day racing the town, assuaging irritability, begging mercy, and praying for time.

Subscription to the Punch.

At Messrs. Coutts and Co.'s.					
J. Godings, Esq. -	10	10	0	Lord F. L. Gower -	21 0 0
Hon. G. A. Ellis -	10	10	0	Earl Darnley - -	10 10 0
				J. P. Bell, Esq. -	21 0 0

"His creditors may depend on it that law proceedings will only ruin him, and obstruct all hope of his paying them."

"Out in the morning on the old story; called on a lawyer, who had orders to proceed; he promised not to do so till he wrote: this was for 19*l.*—my coal merchant. Came home very tired; lunched; set to work. Dearest Mary sat, and before dinner I finished the female head in the Xenophon, and was fairly afloat. I first thought of making her languid and exhausted, looking up with feeble joy; afterwards it came into my head to make her a spirited, fine creature, with eyes sparkling at the sound of the trumpet; in short, such a creature as would follow her lover through peril of land and water. I think I have succeeded. Now I have got both my lay figures to take out of pawn before I can go on."

To relieve urgent necessity, for what in studio slang is called "pot-boiling," portraits must occasionally be painted, with whatever loathing.

"*April 22nd.*—Finished a rascally portrait, the last I have got—a poor, pale-faced, skinny creature, who was biting his lips to make them look red, rubbing up his hair, and asking me if I did not think he had a good eye. My picture of Xenophon was put out of the way for the time. I could not help looking at the nape of the heroic neck. I finished on Sunday with the background and trumpets and scenery. My breast swelled, my heart beat, and I nauseated this bit of miserable, feeble humanity!"

But Haydon was compelled to acknowledge, in an entry of this year, that this disgust proceeded as much from dissatisfaction with his own want of success in portraiture as from the nature of the work itself. "In spite of my affecting to despise portraits, I am uneasy at my want of success. I went this morning to look at Pickersgill's, who has more tenderness of execution than any. I was much gratified. He is an old fellow-student, and has a great deal of independence and noble feeling. I respect him excessively. My own portraits looked hard and stiff. There is something in the art I know little of, but I am resolved to know it, and I think the knowledge will give double interest to my historical pictures. The fault I

find with his heads is the fault I find with all the English school. They have not the exquisite purity of taste of Vandyke, Reynolds, or Titian, but still there is a great deal of knowledge to be gained by studying good English portrait.

"*May* 10*th.* — Harassed out of my life. I want to go through this picture, if possible, without calling my creditors together, but it will be a desperate struggle. The background on Sunday was a vast addition.

"*May* 15*th.*—An execution put in for 10*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* I had paid 6*l.* 15*s.* on this 10*l.* before, and now at least 5*l.* will be added. Since September I have paid (with my family expenses too) 93*l.* law costs."

At length comes the catastrophe—he is again arrested!

"17*th*, 18*th*, 19*th.* — Harassed, and at last torn from my family for 15*l.* 16*s.* in execution. Ah! what a sight. Mary tried for a long time to encourage me, but at last tears burst forth. 'Will you be taken from me?' 'Yes, my love?' 'Can't I influence the man?' she went on, tears trickling down her cheeks; the man was touched, but could not yield.

"I went to a house which looked into a churchyard. What a power for one human being to have over another!"

On the next page (on the fly-leaf torn from a volume of Blair's Sermons) is a sketch of a fellow-prisoner, a young Russian merchant, ruined, and sleeping, worn out with wretchedness.

Amongst other demands on the unhappy painter were considerable ones for arrears of taxes, for recovery of which proceedings had already been begun. In his extremity he wrote to Sir Robert Peel, praying his good offices to stay these proceedings. The reply was prompt as kind: —

"Whitehall, 29th May.

"Sir,

"Immediately on the receipt of your letter of yesterday, I wrote to Mr. Dawson, transmitting that letter to him to be laid

before the Lords of the Treasury, and expressing a hope that every indulgence consistent with the public interest might be shown to you under the unfortunate circumstances in which you are placed.

"I send you the letter I have just received, and I shall be glad if you are enabled to pursue your professional labours, and if your wife and children can be allowed to remain unmolested. I write in great haste, and

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"ROBERT PEEL.

"I beg you will send the enclosed note for ten pounds to your wife, as she may be in immediate difficulty."

On the letter itself are Haydon's comments. "Considering that he went to Windsor and had a long conference with the King, considering the enormous quantity of public business, this hasty snatch of time to alleviate my family's sorrows is good and feeling. Is this letter a proof of Peel's frozen heart, as the Radicals call it?"

This relief brought a ray of hope.

"*May 29th.*—Sir Robert Peel's kindness has relieved my mind greatly. My miseries have been great indeed, but I feel a lightness of heart I cannot get rid of,—a sort of breaking in of light on my brain, like the influence of a superior spirit. I trust in God, who has supported me so wonderfully, with all my heart.

"O Lord, keep us all in health, and let me be restored to my dear children before their dear mother is confined. Oh, grant me power to accumulate the means of educating my dear children as I have educated my sons-in-law, and grant all these afflictions may tend to the purifying of our natures, and make us worthy Thy protection and reward. Grant that I may live to see the great object of my life—public support to art—accomplished. I care not for living to taste its fruits. I want no reward, no worldly honours. I want to live to establish a principle; grant all my sufferings may tend to its success."

Haydon by this time had acquired a sort of home-feeling in the King's Bench. He had old friends, as it were,

among the inmates, and took such interest in studying their ways, that after changing his quarters from a ground floor room to one higher up, he came down again, that he might be better situated for observation. Here are some of his prison scenes and characters.

"*June 3rd.*— Col. L —— and Major B—— (afterwards distinguished in Portugal), both Waterloo heroes, and men of fortune and family, are here. While I was sitting with Col. L., a thorough-bred old soldier came in, every inch of whose head seemed drilled. His nose could belong to no other than an adjutant. We talked of his major, with whom he had served in the 10th. 'He is in great distress, and to be sure how he used to throw money away. The whole regiment lived on him, and he has spent 150*l.* in a day. When I called the other day, Colonel, he was washing his own handkerchiefs because he could not afford to pay for them.' Here the old weather-beaten veteran stopped, and seemed choking: tears filled his eyes. Col. L—— was affected, and so was I. I thought instantly of going and giving a sovereign, though, God knows, I was poor enough. I told Col. L—— I dreaded his getting into Bench habits. He seemed fast sinking into despair. On the racket-ground at night he, Col. L—— and I walked and talked. I excited them about Waterloo, and I never passed pleasanter evenings. 'D—— me,' said Major B——, the other night, 'I should like to have another shy at them.' Waterloo heroes absolutely abound here, but L—— and his friend are high-bred and accomplished men; his friend became security for his brother, who went to India, and, as a curious bit of retributive justice, Davis, the officer, to whose house I was carried, came to Hounslow to arrest a private. The soldiers enticed him into a room, tossed him in a blanket, and afterwards threw him into a pool of filth from the mess kitchen. Who should arrest Major B——, but this very man, who hurried him at once to the county gaol, and told the keeper he had attempted to run away, and must be handcuffed.

"Here is still G——, the man with a kettle on his head in the Chairing. In all his attitudes of ease and jollity he is a perfect study for Falstaff. I have watched him through the blinds for days.

"Alas, how are the jovial of the once famous Mock Election fallen! The Lord Mayor is dead, the High Sheriff turned attorney's clerk, the smuggler, who carried the union jack, has got the gout, and C—— is dying.

"I called on C——, and knocked at his door. Nobody answering, I walked in. There he lay on his bed, sound asleep — his grand Satanic head grander than ever. His black matted hair tumbled about his white pillow; his cheeks hollow; his mouth firm, as if half dreaming; while his teeth grated a little. How altered! I stood for a moment too much affected to speak. I folded my arms, and gazed at this grand heroic fellow fast sinking to the grave — this victim of passion and pride.

"Would any one believe that in consequence of the Mock Election, the King sent to him by Sir Edward Barnes, and begged him to state his services, and his wishes, and they should be gratified. Too conscious of his fallen state he never replied. This is just like him. His wounds have opened afresh, and he is bent, crippled, and reduced.

"To-day he dressed himself neatly, put on white gloves, and came over to my side, but did not come in. As I was walking he joined me, with an evident fear in his eye that it was a liberty. I did not like it, I acknowledge, but, poor fellow, who knows his own strength?

"This man was first imprisoned for contempt of court, then ran into debt, then got exasperated; and having no principle of a regulated mind gave way to every passion, as a species of revenge. Alas! Like Satan he has brought on his own head double damnation.

"I have not half done justice to this tremendous scene; the pencil alone can do it.

"My friends wish me to go into the Rules, but *here* is

a perpetual fund of character that will break into my mind at after periods of life.

"This man G—— is quite enough to prepare me for Falstaff. All the positions, all the actions of this fat man are one perpetual balancing of one part of his ponderous body against the other, that the whole may stand upright.

"A fine subject would be the inside of the Bench, entitled '*Profitable Labourers. Adam Smith.*'"

As usual, Haydon found no want of friends in his incarceration. He complains that they were only ready to relieve him when in prison, but that they would not give him employment when out. To one who asked him (*June 18th*) why he did not leave the country, he answers, "Why because I love it. I glory in its beef, its bottom and its boxing. It is the duty of every Englishman of talent to stay and reform, to combat or destroy the prejudices of his obstinate countrymen. Their very virtues become their vices. The same invincible bottom which beat the French at Waterloo induces them to prepare to receive cavalry at every approaching innovation. They look at reform as at a cuirassier. There they stand and bayonet a genius who ventures to tell them they may stand with more grace; and when they have killed him and he shouts to the last, they begin to admire his bottom, bet upon his life, and then adopt his plans and reformation.

"Thus it is, and thus it ever will be. Mr. Fox said it was a long time before truth could sink into the thick skull of John Bull. It may be, but this is no reason we should not keep it there soaking, till it does find its way at last.

"The English have the finest arms and the broadest chests of any nation in the world, and though by far the least-looking men in Paris of all the Allies took up more ground than even the gigantic Russian guards. This was entirely owing to the breadth of their shoulders.

Meanwhile he prepared another petition to the House of Commons. It was presented by Mr. Agar Ellis, who in-

mediately afterwards presented one from St. Martin's-in-the-Fields against the Bill for removing Vagrants, which struck Haydon as "a beautiful combination." This petition runs: —

"That it is now fourteen years since your Honourable House, in the Report on the Elgin Marbles, recommended to the attention of the Government the great distinction to which so small a state as Attica had risen, principally by the public encouragement bestowed by the authorities on painting, sculpture, and architecture. That, in every country, where the arts have risen to eminence, the private patronage of the opulent, and the public patronage of the Government, have gone hand in hand. That in England the arts have risen to their present excellence by private patronage alone. That in every branch of art which depends solely on private support, the greatest excellence has been the result; and the British artist at present, in those branches, stands unrivalled in the world: but that, in that important department, historical painting (to advance which effectually a monarch or a government alone are able), there is still the same want of support or established system of reward, though the Royal Academy has been founded sixty-two years, and the British Gallery twenty-five. That though your Honourable House has most generously afforded the student the most distinguished examples for the improvement of his taste, in the purchase of the Elgin Marbles and Angerstein pictures, yet the attempt of any British artist to approach, however humbly, the great works amongst those splendid productions, is as much an effort of uncertain speculation and probable ruin as before they were purchased — for no other reason, but from a want of a system of public encouragement, by an annual vote of money, as in France, Germany, Netherlands, Prussia, Russia, Sweden, Denmark, and Spain. That, in the late foundation of two Universities in this metropolis, no provision was made for cultivating the taste in art of the student; while in France, on the very first plan for establishing a Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, in imitation of one founded in London, the fine arts were at once placed with literature and philosophy; thus affording a most remarkable evidence of the relative estimation of art in the two greatest nations of the world. That your petitioner presumes to think this proceeded not

from superiority of taste, but from the superior importance given to the arts in consequence of an annual sum bestowed by the government for their cultivation, thereby raising their dignity in the opinion of all classes. That, from his own personal experience, your petitioner is entitled to say, that no moderate vote of money would be more popular, with the educated middle classes, than such a vote for such purposes. That your petitioner is even ready with a plan or plans for such a system of reward; and respectfully and humbly begs to assure your Honourable House, that, till the English historical painter is placed on a level with the portrait painter,—till he is saved from the struggles of poverty, and degradation and imprisonment are not permitted to be the conclusion of a life of arduous labour and indefatigable anxiety—till, in fact, the Honourable the House of Commons, or the Government, cease to think his wants not worthy of national consideration—the arts of Britain, however high and however perfect may be the productions of a domestic nature, will never rank with those of Italy or Greece, and this glorious country never by foreign nations be estimated as capable of producing painters who will take their station by the side of the poets, the philosophers, the statesmen or the heroes which she has so prolifically produced. And your petitioner humbly trusts your Honourable House will, at no very distant period, take this beautiful department of art under your protection; and, in your wisdom, devise such means for its reward as to your Honourable House may seem fit. And your petitioner will ever pray.

"B. R. HAYDON."

"King's Bench Prison, June 2. 1830."

In presenting the petition Mr. Ellis remarked, that he believed the petitioner to be a person of great merit in his profession; but anxious as he felt to encourage the fine arts, he could not recommend a grant of money for the purpose.

"Anxious as he felt!" says Haydon. "Divine! This is something like Pitt's anxiety when Lord Elgin applied to him for public aid to make busts and drawings in Athens. Pitt said, *anxious as he felt to advance the arts*, he could not authorise such a use of the public money; and directly after that spent 300,000*l.* in catamarans to

blow up the flotilla at Boulogne. Oh, our public men! our public men! A couple of tutors of painting and sculpture at Oxford and Cambridge would send them into Parliament with juster notions of what was due to the arts and the country."

June 19th.—Now came the result of his application to Peel.

"Sir,

"From a communication I have had from the Treasury I am induced to hope that your wife and family will not be troubled on account of the arrears of taxes due, and that time would be given you to liquidate those arrears by your own exertions.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"ROBERT PEEL."

"Kind and good — God bless him. Nothing could be kinder but a good commission, which would put it in my power to pay my arrears."

Here is a Sunday in prison. "*20th.*—Passed the day in all the buzz, blasphemy, hum, noise and confusion of a prison. Thoughtless creatures! My room was close to theirs. Such language! Such jokes! Good heavens. I had read prayers to myself in the morning, and prayed with the utmost sincerity for my dearest Mary and children, and to hear those poor fellows, utterly indifferent as it were, was really distressing to one's feelings. One of them had mixed up an enormous tumbler of mulled wine, crusted with nutmeg, and as it passed round, some one hallooed out, 'Sacrament Sunday, gentlemen!' Some roared with laughter, some affected to laugh, and he who was drinking pretended to sneer; but he was awfully annoyed. And then there was a dead silence, as if the blasphemy had recalled them to their senses. After an occasional joke or so, one, with real feeling, began to hum the 100th psalm, not in joke, but to expiate his previous conduct, for neither he nor any one laughed then, but seemed to think it too serious a subject.

"*June 26th.*—The King died this morning at fifteen minutes past three.

"Thus died as thoroughbred an Englishman as ever existed in the country. He admired her sports, gloried in her prejudices, had confidence in her bottom and spirit, and to him, and him alone, is the destruction of Napoleon owing. I have lost in him my sincere admirer; and had not his wishes been perpetually thwarted, he would have given me ample and adequate employment.

"The people the King liked had all a spice of vice in their nature. This is true. There was a relishing sort of abandonment about them which marked them as a peculiar class; and one could judge of the King's nature by the companions he seemed to like. Hammond is an exception.

"Certainly there is an interest about vice, when joined to beauty and grace. The devil makes his instrument interesting.

"The account of his death is peculiarly touching. There must be something terrifically awful in the moment, physically considered. His lips grew livid, and he dropped his head on the page's shoulder, and saying '*This is death!*' died.

"*July 2nd.*—M—— the gunmaker is in prison too. I met him. He has all the slang of fashion, without the excuse. He said to me, 'My schedule was the most beautiful schedule you ever saw, d—me.' Good God, what a state of mind! A gentleman said to me, 'When you are in this place, you must get rid of all the finer feelings.' 'Pardon me,' said I, 'you must struggle hard to keep them. This is your only salvation.'

"*5th.*—Dear Frank came. His little face seemed toned by misfortune, as if he had been prematurely thinking about something he could not make out. Sweet fellow! God protect him, and grant him virtue and genius.

"Orlando, for whose schooling I have been imprisoned twice and arrested once, has won a scholarship at Wadham

College, Oxford, at sixteen. There is some pleasure in suffering for a boy like this. He was born April 14th, 1814.

"*7th.*—There was a report last night that Prince Leopold had shot Wellington. It was extraordinary how all were affected. It was as if our shield was taken from us. I awoke in the morning, and felt inclined to curse Leopold. I never saw anything like the general feeling. Notwithstanding all the abuse of Wellington, we could soon see how people would take his sudden death.

"*10th.*—B—— dined with me. A fine fellow—a Waterloo hero in the 10th—the picture of a fine, open, generous soldier.

"*12th.*—In a state of torpor, but hoping and trusting in my protector; Lord de Dunstanville sent me assistance.

"These young soldiers are fine animals—nothing more. They talk, act, and think like colts suddenly gifted with the power of expressing their thoughts.

"*16th.*—B—— married a daughter of Lord O——'s, the Ianthe of Byron. Last night I spent an hour with her. Here's justice! There sat a Waterloo hero covered with wounds, who had been arrested by a rascally tradesman, and had every debt he owed nearly doubled by law expenses, after having paid 1000*l.* to that tradesman. There sat his accomplished and interesting wife. Poor B—— has the noblest and most amiable heart. Many prisoners he has paid out. They all come to him when they are in want—some to pay their gate-fees—some for this, and some for that; and here he is, neglected by friends to whom he has lent, and by whom he is now owed, thousands, harassed by lawyers, and each creditor and his solicitor (because B—— has friends) pushing their expenses to the utmost, for the sake of profiting by his troubles.

"*19th.*—Again put on my trial, and again honourably acquitted. At the conclusion, the Chief Commissioner said, 'There has nothing passed this day which can reflect in the slightest degree on your character.'

"Throughout the whole of this affliction God has indeed been merciful.

"*20th.*—Returned to my family, and found all the children with their dear mother quite well, and happy to see me. I fell on my knees and thanked God with all my heart, and all my soul. Now to work like a lion after a fast, as soon as I am settled.

"*21st.*—Passed the day in a dull stupor, as if recovering from a blow. Studied the Xenophon, but quite abroad. The same number of the Times contains a powerful attack on the Academy—Kean's farewell—my insolvency, and the King's funeral.

"A true picture of life. If the Times takes up the art the thing will be done.

"*22nd.* — Saw the King review the Lancers in the Green Park. He looked well. Called on Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stafford. After coming from prison, the splendour of their residences amazingly impressed my imagination. The regiment of Lancers was the same of which —— was major. He saw Napoleon at St. Helena, and had previously known Gourgaud. Gourgaud wrote his name in ——'s pocket-book. When at St. Helena, he showed it to Bertrand, who understood the hint. Letters were directly got ready. Lowe suspected it—invited him to dine, and searched his trunks. —— said his shirts had all been tumbled about. —— gave the letters to a lady, who sewed them in her stays. They succeeded in bringing them over, and —— went to Paris, and delivered them. They were of the greatest consequence. When Lord B ——, from parliamentary influence, was promoted to the colonelcy of the Lancers, —— called on the Duke, told him he was covered with wounds, and had served in the Peninsular War. The Duke said, 'Well, sir, you did no more than your duty, I suppose.' 'Perhaps not,' said ——, 'and I'll take d—d good care not to do that again,' and the next morning sent in his resignation, which was refused.

"It affected me to see this gallant regiment to-day,

which he had disciplined, while he himself was in prison, disgraced, — at the mercy of tailors and lawyers, villains without heart, who make use of the law of arrest as a means of profit.

"*27th.* — My worthy landlord, Newton, gave me a commission to finish Mercury and Argus for twenty guineas. So I am set off. Darling gave me a commission to paint a head for ten guineas. Oh, if I can keep out of debt and carry my great object!

"*31st.* — Occupied in various ways, but recovered my spirits and health. My grocer gave me a commission to paint his portrait. I could be very moralising at the end of this month, but I am overstrained."

This was the time of the glorious Three Days in Paris. Haydon was certainly not open to the reproach often urged against artists of indifference to public events. Many pages of his journal are filled with reflections on what was passing across the channel, of which the following may serve as an example.

"*August 3rd.* — The great thing will be to take care that fellow Metternich does not render nugatory this glorious popular burst, by tampering, by negotiation, or by artifice; and let the French depend on it, he will attempt it.

"With respect to any apprehensions the people of Europe may entertain that the monarchs will assemble to put the French people down, it is futile. They can't do it if they would. The very same reason which enabled the monarchs to put down Napoleon, because the people were roused to back the monarchs, will enable the French now to resist the monarchs of Europe; and if the monarchs of Europe are led astray by the supposition that the French people were conquered in 1815, and that they can be conquered again, they will find their mistake.

"The French people were not conquered. It was Napoleon and the army who were conquered. The people never moved. Had they done so, the Allies would have had a very different result of their efforts. The people

were utterly indifferent to the fate of the army or of Napoleon. They had suffered so much from both; and they submitted with a wary patience to the dictation of the Allies.

"The only thing to apprehend is, that their inherent national vanity will lead them astray, and induce them to attempt to disturb Europe again, for the mere purpose of recovering their tarnished military glory.

"If they are too much puffed with the result of this attempt they should *recollect* that both the guards and the line did not exert themselves to the full extent of their power. There was something indecisive—something of feeling for the people they were killing — something of that doubt which always attends a bad cause.

"Politics are not my profession; but still, in such days, when there is evidently a struggle bursting forth for human rights, no man can be indifferent; and I conclude as I began, by affirming, without fear of refutation, that no nation will ever secure their liberty who do not begin, as we began, by first shaking off the overwhelming pressure of superstition. Till they do, the enlightened may lay down schemes of right and law and justice, but they will never be permanent — never — and the battle will ever be to fight, when it will appear to have been long won.

"*8th.* — Walked to Hampstead with dear Frank, and enjoyed the air and sweet-scented meadows. Thought of the poor prisoners in the Bench, B—— and others, who would have relished this sweet smell — what I have seen, and what I have suffered, always give a touch of melancholy to my enjoyments.

"The recollection of these three days haunts me like Waterloo. The same enthusiasts who would have made us succumb to Napoleon are beginning again with their admonitions.

"*10th.* — Thank God, the French have settled their government and the Duke of Orleans is king. What a great point for liberty over the whole earth!

"How discreet, how active, how judicious are the

French become! How useful is adversity. At their first revolution they acted like a set of monsters just escaped from a long slavery, who had got hold of razors, and were exasperated at seeing the marks of chains on their limbs. Now they have acted like just men, enraged at the prospect of losing their rights, and magnanimously merciful as soon as they have obtained them.

"Still I fear their character. *Nous verrons.*

"11*th.*—I hope the fools here won't overdo their joy. They should remember we can obtain our wished-for reforms by law; and though we may be longer, it is better to be so. The firmness of the English character is such that if soldiers and people get to loggerheads, no matter for what cause, they will fight till both are exterminated.

"I hope Mr. Hobhouse will allow that if his darling Napoleon had been victorious at Waterloo, the present happy prospects of France would never have been realised. Wellington, therefore, contributed, by the destruction of Napoleon, to this desired event. I pity the Duchess d'Angoulême. Wilkie and I saw her in 1814 at chapel—the picture of crying sorrow, humbleness, absence of mind, and meekness of appearance. The Duke was the meanest of the mean. I wondered then how such a people as the French could bear such wretches as the Bourbons looked, with the exception of Louis, who had a keen black eye, and appeared intellectual.

"All the old officers with crosses of St. Louis were a diminutive, mean race, in comparison with the produce of the revolution. While Louis was praying I stood observing them, when an old bigot of an officer, on his knees, struck mine twice, and said, '*à bas, à bas, Monsieur.*'

"12*th.*—Everything goes on in France as it ought to do, and I hope will end so. But as to attributing it to the pure love of the French for liberty—nonsense.

"The principal feeling was mortification, increasing for fifteen years, at having the family forced on them.

"I only hope the French will not exasperate the English by attributing the English subscriptions to the widows to

our apprehension of their power. God knows: such is their vanity. However, they have been well bled and blistered, and are certainly improved."

This month, too, brought another mouth to feed.

"19*th.*—At half past five in the morning was born a fine boy, whom I think I shall call Benjamin Robert Haydon. God protect him and his dear mother.

"As a proof of Shakespeare's intense truth, while dearest Mary was lying in agony, Darling sitting quietly waiting, and I with my head in my hands listening to her moans, little Frank, who was soundly sleeping just by, laughed in a dream.

"'There was one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried murder,' says Macbeth.

"This has been ridiculed as too violent a contrast—as if it was unnatural to bring in a dreamer laughing at the instant a murder was being committed, while here was a dreamer laughing at the very instant agonies of the bitterest description were going forward."

He had now on hand an engraving from his small picture, painted the year before, of Napoleon musing at St. Helena.

"28*th.*—Out the whole day on business connected with the print of Napoleon. I saw Beauvinet, the publisher, who had a tricoloured ribbon in his button-hole. There is a look about the French which is insufferable. While I was talking I felt my blood boil up, I could not tell why. Wait a little—till they get settled—till they are acknowledged by Europe—and if the great nations be not forced to divide them before 100 years are over, I am no politician. *They* be at peace! Absurd. They can't be quiet. They never will; and soon we shall hear of the Rhine and Belgium being the natural boundaries of France.

"30*th.*—Out all day about my print. What a bore business is. I wonder, too, men of business ever come to a conclusion. The chicanery, the selfishness, the petty,

paltry meanness of their mutual attempts to overreach each other, is enough to drive a man out of his senses.

"Think of coming from the sublime conception of my head of Lazarus to bargain about a print with a French dealer — 100 ounces of civet!

"*September 3rd.* — I sent the Duke the first proof of Napoleon, and though occupied, as he must be, with the affairs of Europe at this moment, he returned an answer directly.

"London, September 2. 1830.

"The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Haydon.

"The Duke begs leave to return his thanks to Mr. Haydon for his letter, and for sending to the Duke a print."

His friend Dr. Darling was now sitting to him for his portrait.

"*4th.* — Hard at work, and made a complete study of Darling's head, which is a very fine one. I am interested, and will struggle hard to succeed.

"*6th.* — At work — painting one coat, one waistcoat, one cravat, &c.

"*7th.* — A portrait-painter should make out his bill.

	£		
To two eyes at 10 guineas each	21	0	0
a nose	5	5	0
two lips (red, &c.)	6	6	0
two cheeks (fine complexion, &c.)	5	5	0
lobe of the ear	1	1	0
	38	17	0
To one cravat	1	1	0
half a coat	1	1	0
one finger	1	1	0
To a white cloud, table and back of chair and curtain	5	5	0
	48	5	0
To altering mouth to a smile, and browning grey hair	1	15	0
	£ 50	0	0

"*10th.* — Began again Xenophon on the saleable size of Eucles. I could not bear to look at the two. If they

had not put me in prison, I should nearly have done it the size of life. April, May, June, July, August, all fine months for working and light. I have now September, October, November, December, January, February, March.

"16*th*. — At work on my portrait, but alas, I really lose all inspiration — I can't tell why. A leaden demon seems to weigh on my pencil; and it is a pang to think my Xenophon was behind, and would any man believe, I often scrawled about my brush, and did nothing, while I was studying Xenophon through the openings of my easel.

"I shall certainly be very eminent as a portrait-painter, not a doubt of it!

"I yesterday, after a long absence, came in contact with the Last Judgment of Michel Angelo; perhaps I was better qualified to judge than if I had had it constantly under my eye.

"The swinging fierceness of action was astonishing, but I prefer the Theseus, and Ilissus, and fighting Metope. The style is Florentine — grand, flowing, ponderous, imposing, sledge-hammering, blackguard.

"*October 2nd*. — Out the whole day on business. Heard from Lady Stafford, who kindly interested herself in getting Lord Stafford to assist me with 50*l*. to get my eldest step-son matriculated at Oxford, for which I am to paint a picture. It is very good and kind of Lord Stafford.

"12*th*. — I wrote the Duke, calling his attention to the report of Guizot, who had recommended the King to employ the historical painters to commemorate the late events. I contrasted the condition of the art here. I said that my Jerusalem, which his Grace had admired, was in a cellar; that Etty's picture was in a shop; and that Hilton had had no employment two years. I asked his Grace if he would suffer England to be inferior to France. I sent my letter at nine in the morning to-day: at two came the following answer.

"London, October 12th, 1830.

"Sir,

"I have received your letter.

"It is certainly true that the British public give but little encouragement to the art of historical painting. The reason is obvious. There are no funds at the disposal of the Crown or its ministers, that are not voted by parliament upon estimates, and applied strictly to the purposes for which such funds are voted.

"No minister could go to parliament with a proposition for a vote for a picture to be painted, and there can be therefore no such encouragement here as there is in other countries for this art.

"I am much concerned that I cannot point out the mode in which this want of encouragement can be remedied.

"I have the honour to be,

"Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

"WELLINGTON."

"I cannot say his Grace's reasoning is conclusive. I shall answer it. Canning shirked the question. Wellington has grappled with it, but I think it will give him a squeeze."

Here is a sad letter.

"14*th*. — This perpetual pauperism will in the end destroy my mind. I look round for help with a feeling of despair that is quite dreadful. At this moment I have a sick house without a shilling for the common necessaries of life. This is no exaggeration. Indulged by my landlord, indulged by the Lords of the Treasury for my taxes, my want of employment and want of means exhaust the patience of my dearest friends, and give me a feeling as if I were branded with a curse. For God's sake, for the sake of my family, for the sake of the art I have struggled to save, permit me, my Lord Duke, to say, employ me. I will honour your patronage with all my heart and all my soul!"

(No answer.)

And a sad sequel. "15*th*. — The harassings of a family are really dreadful. Two of my children are ill. Mary is nursing. All night she was attending the sick, and

hushing the suckling, with a consciousness that our last shilling was then going. I got up in the morning bewildered—Xenophon hardly touched—no money—butcher impudent — tradesmen all insulting. I took up my book of private sketches, and two prints of Napoleon, and walked into the city. Moon and Boys had sold all. This was good news to begin with. Hughes, Kearsey's partner, advanced me five guineas on the sketch-book. I sold my other prints, and returned home happy with 8*l.* 4*s.* in my pocket.

"How different a man feels with money in his pocket! I bought for sixpence a cast for the children.

"I met a man of 40,000*l.* at Kearsey's. He talked of Virgil and art. I was in no spirits to answer him. I thought of my dear Mary at home, harassed, surrounded by little children, some ill, all worretting."

In the meantime he had again written to the Duke in the old strain, on the old subject, urging the proposal of a grant of public money for the encouragement of art. His answer came, prompt and decisive as ever.

"The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Haydon, and has received his letter of the 14th.

"The Duke is convinced that Mr. Haydon's own good sense will point out to him the impossibility of doing what he suggests."

"Conclusion for the season!

"Impossibility, from Wellington's mouth, must be impossibility indeed. He can't answer my letter. It is evident, he is worried about finance. At any rate it is a high honour to hear from him in this way. And his letters this time show more thinking on the subject than the last. At it again at a future time.

"*25th.*—Out, selling my prints. Sold enough for maintenance for the week. Several people looked hard at me with my roll of prints, but I feel more ashamed in borrowing money than in honestly thus selling my labours. It is a pity the nobility drive me to this by their neglect.

"*26th.*—Hard at work; rubbed in Lord Stafford's picture—Venus and Anchises quarrelling.

"*27th.*—Hard at work. Gave instructions to a young writing-master in painting at 10*s.* 6*d.* a lesson. I painted in a head in black and white for him. Showed him how to mass his lights and shadows, and then put in his extreme darks and lights, at which he was enraptured; said 'Scales had fallen from his eyes.' He lamented his incapacity to pay more than 10*s.* 6*d.*

"*29th.*—Provided shoes for my dear Mary, and a dinner for my family. What an extraordinary, invisible sort of stirring is the impulse of genius. You first feel uneasy, you cannot tell why. You look at your picture, and think it will not do. You walk for air—your picture haunts you. You cannot sleep; up you get in a fever, when all of a sudden a great flash comes inside your head, as if a powder-magazine had exploded without any noise. Then come ideas by millions—the difficulty is to choose. Xenophon cheering on the point of a rock came flashing into my head. It is a hit. Everybody says it will do. I am sure of it. The world will echo it. It is the finest conception I ever saw. I speak as my own critic. I know it is wrong to say so. I care not. O God! grant me life and health to complete this grand work!

"How mysteriously I was impelled to begin it—by an urging when on the brink of ruin. Am I then reserved for something? I know it—I feel it. O God, my Creator, Thou knowest it. Thou knowest I shall not die till I have accomplished that for which I was born!

"*November 1st.*—Out selling prints. Brought home 4*l.* 13*s.* 0*d.*

"*2nd.*—Out selling prints. Brought home 3*l.* The whole of the first impression is gone.

"We still have justice here. Everything for which I used to despise mankind, I have been obliged to *do*. I used to despise Wilkie for taking about his prints, as if it was not honester and infinitely more respectable than borrowing money without a certainty of paying it again.

" Alas! I was imperfectly brought up."

All readers will remember the anxiety that prevailed this year about the Sovereign's visit to the city, and the speculations that were rife as to the wisdom or unwisdom of its being put off. The following extract may throw some light upon the sort of fears that influence ministers. The information referred to was given on the 8th.

" *10th.*—The following is a curious letter. My servant said her father knew the ringleader of a gang who were determined to attack the Duke. I wrote the Duke immediately and received an instant answer. I was not going to turn informer until I had more positive evidence, or involve a poor man in trouble on mere *ipse dixit.* I examined the girl, and she denied it, but this would not do. I sent for her father, and he promised to come, but he never came, and it turned out her mother had scolded her for saying anything about it. I have no doubt of it myself. My object was to set his Grace on his guard, and if anything more palpable had come out, I would have remitted the name and address. I am perfectly convinced that had the King gone to the city, most dreadful scenes would have happened, and then what an outcry against ministers for not preventing His Majesty.

" A Whig said to me, ' Grey is coming in.' ' Is he?' said I. ' When I see Wellington out, I'll believe it.' Ah, little do they think what is hid beneath that simple face."

" The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Haydon and has received his note of this morning, for which he is very much obliged to him.

" The Duke requests that Mr. Haydon will be so kind as to call upon Mr. Phillips, the under-Secretary of State at the Home Office, and state to him in detail the circumstances to which he adverts in his note to the Duke, the names of the persons who are determined to attack him," &c. &c.

" London, November 8th, 1830."

On the 3d Haydon had written to the Directors of the

British Gallery. It must have been pressing necessity indeed which wrung this letter from a high-spirited man.

"Mr. Haydon presents his respects to the noblemen and gentlemen who compose the committee at the British Gallery, and begs to appeal to them in his present struggling condition, with eight children and nothing on earth left him in property but what he is clothed with, after twenty-six years of intense and ardent devotion to painting, after leaving a capital property and handsome income from pure devotion to historical art.

"Mr. Haydon is well aware that more discretion in his early life would probably have placed him in a very different condition, and had he borne what he conceived injustice on the part of the Royal Academy with more temper, such bitter ruin as he has been afflicted with would certainly never have happened, but still he was never actuated by any mean motive: his love of art more than a just regard for his own personal interest he can conscientiously affirm was his great inducement.

"Perhaps the Directors of the British Gallery will not think too severely of his endeavouring by an appeal to their feelings to avert further calamities from his family.

"The kindness of Lord Stafford in lately giving him a small commission has saved them from wanting the commonest necessaries, and if the committee would aid him by a moderate, though not unimportant, sum to finish his Xenophon, it would perhaps enable him to keep out of debt for the rest of his life. Should the committee feel sufficient interest to receive any pleasure from seeing the picture, Mr. Haydon need not say how honoured he should be to show it them before they decide whether, for the purpose of considering it, they should think him entitled to assistance. Out of the 14,000*l.* given by the Gallery Mr. Haydon has never had but 200*l.*, and out of the 75,000*l.* spent in sales only 60*l.* Mr. Haydon is quite aware this is no one's fault but his own, yet he cannot help asking in conclusion, whether the committee think, should they even honour him by a commission, he is likely now to fail, when through life he has ever exerted himself to the utmost when such a distinction has been conferred.

"Mr. Haydon anxiously apologises for this intrusion, and hopes he may be so happy as to receive an answer which may re-animate his labours."

On the 11th came the answer — such an answer as such a letter was likeliest to produce.

"British Institution, November 11. 1830.

"Sir,

"I am desired by the Directors of the British Institution to inform you that your letter of the 3d instant has been this day laid before them, and further to add that the only way in which they can entertain the subject of it is by requesting your acceptance of 50*l.*, a draft for which I have now the honour to enclose.

"I beg you to believe me, Sir,
"Most faithfully your obedient servant,
"CHARLES BELOE,
"Secretary."

The days were gone by in which he would have spurned this alms, and the 50*l.* was accepted with thanks for the kindness of the Directors.

"*13th.* — I called on Lord Farnborough. He was grown old. The interview was interesting. He seemed ashamed of the 50*l.* He talked of Lawrence. He said his family would have nothing but the 3000*l.*, the result of his exhibition. He wondered how it was. I told him the moment I got into trouble, I met Lawrence in all quarters, at which he drew his hand across his face, as if shocked at my frankness in talking so of a President. But I was determined to let him know I was aware of Sir Thomas's condition, and would not be considered the only embarrassed gentleman in the art.

Now came what but ten days before seemed so improbable — the downfall of the Wellington administration, and the advent of Lord Grey to power. Haydon remarks on these great changes: — "*18th.* — Wellington is out! Thus ends that immortal Tory ministry, whose energy and true English feeling carried them through the most tremendous contest that ever nation was engaged in. The military vigour, the despotic feeling engendered by twenty-five years of furious war, rendered them unfit, perhaps, to guide the domestic policy of the country, and

though the Whigs would have sacrificed the honour and grandeur of Old England, for the sake of advancing the abstract principles of the French Revolution, and consequently were very unfit for the war with Napoleon, now that the danger is over, they are perhaps more adapted to carry the country through its present crisis. God grant they may.

"*22nd.* — The Whigs have come in at a tremendous crisis. God grant they may be equal to the opportunity. If they rise in proportion to the tide, they will prove a blessing to the world. I dread their inexperience in office.

"*24th.* — But after all inexperience is soon got rid of. The mighty principle is the thing. The Holy Alliance is dashed to atoms for ever — that incubus on independent impulse.

"*25th.* — Called to congratulate *Lord* Brougham.

"I sent in my card and begged one minute. The servant came out and said, 'My Lord's compliments; he can't.' As the door opened, I heard the buzz of a secretary. The servant, who knew me, looked arch as he said 'My Lord.'

"And now Brougham has the power we shall see if the Whigs do anything for art!"

In December of this year happened an event which caused Haydon both pride and satisfaction. Sir Robert Peel gave him a commission for a picture of Napoleon at St. Helena — (the subject he had already painted in cabinet size the year before) — nay more, called on Haydon and received a lecture on art.

"*8th.* — Sir Robert Peel called, and gave me a commission to paint Napoleon musing, the size of life.

"He liked the Xenophon much. He seemed greatly interested. I asked him to walk into my plaster-room. He mistook the Ilissus for the Theseus, and asked if the fragment of the Neptune's breast was the Torso.

"Now had I been lecturer on art at Oxford when he was a student, he, Sir Robert, as a minister of England,

should not have mistaken a fragment of the Elgin Marbles for the Torso of Apollonius.

"He seemed very desirous of information, and asked it candidly, but the state of his information was evidence how Lawrence must have laughed in his sleeve, and flattered his ignorance, to get at his money. I will not do this.

"It is a great point his giving me such a commission, and his calling. He said, 'There is a great opening for a portrait painter.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'but I fear Lawrence's power of seizing and transferring the most beautiful expressions of people's faces is likely to be unrivalled.' He replied, 'What do you mean?' I explained, and added, that Lady Peel and Miss Croker were the finest instances of female expression in different ways in art.

"I hope this visit will lead to good. So great a friend as he is of the Academy would hardly take such a step without some ultimate desire to do me good, or to ascertain whether I merit the obloquy I have met with. My keeping my word to him to pay up my taxes has had no bad effect.

"This commission will be an interruption. Sir Robert Peel asked me what I had for whole lengths: I said what was true, 100 guineas. I ought to have said 200, but 100 was the truth. (It was wrong * of him to take advantage of this, and pay me 100 guineas only, as if Napoleon was a common whole length. Thirty he sent afterwards.)

"*9th.*—The interview yesterday only convinces me of the necessity of lectures at Oxford, and that such a system is the only chance for the art and manufactures of the country. At the same time Peel showed fine natural taste. He said, 'Do the Elgin Marbles deserve all that has been

* Haydon was ill-judging enough to make subsequent allusions to this in letters to Sir Robert Peel, and even to make a demand of a higher price. Sir Robert Peel was naturally annoyed at this after the inquiry and answer given here. And Haydon himself, when the sting of necessity was not goading him, admitted the folly of his conduct in this particular.—Ed.

said of them?' 'More if possible.' 'Why?' 'I will tell you. These two legs and thighs illustrate all. The foot of No. 1. is turned out, that of No. 2. is turned in. These two actions of the foot make all the difference of marking in the respective legs and thighs.'

"I showed him another foot. 'You can see at once,' said he, 'the decided superiority. What beauty!'

"This was genuine, because on showing him the Venus he thought the instep fat. I showed him the roll of skin under Neptune's arm-pit, and proved to him that the union of the accidents of nature with ideal beauty was the great principle of Phidias, which all subsequent ages lost sight of in search of a higher ideal beauty, and made life no longer visible.

"He saw this at once, and I will venture to say I did him more good in ten minutes than ever Lawrence did in ten years.

"11*th.* — Out the whole day making studies for Napoleon's hat, with as much care as I would for the anatomical construction of a limb. I know it now as well. The hat fitted me exactly, and my skull is, like Napoleon's, twenty-two inches in circumference. There was something terrific about its look, and it excited associations as powerful as the helmet of Alexander!

"16*th.* — Began Napoleon for Sir Robert Peel. God bless its commencement, progression, and conclusion.

"17*th.* — Called on Sir Robert Peel, who introduced me to Lady Peel, and treated me with the greatest kindness. I do not wonder at Sir George saying to me once, 'What a day we passed yesterday at Peel's! Such a wife, such children, such a dinner, and such pictures!' Egad, I agree with him. His collection is quite exquisite — the rarest specimens of Dutch and Flemish power. He is a fine creature. His conduct on the Catholic question was a Roman sacrifice of feeling.

"18*th.* — Moderately at work. Wrote Sir Robert Peel, stating my wish to devote myself to Napoleon, and saying it was impossible unless he aided me by some portion in

advance. God knows if this may offend him or not. I hope not, but the sure way to get on with people of fashion is never to ask them for money. However, as Sir Robert sent to me in prison, he will not be angry at my request.

"Whitehall, Dec. 18th.

"Sir,

"I enclose, in pursuance with your request, a draft for thirty guineas on account of the picture which you are painting for me. I meant to have offered it to you, and, therefore, need not assure you that I cannot be in the least degree displeased by the application.

"I am, sir, your faithful servant,

"ROBERT PEEL."

"I wrote the Duke for leave to sketch some part of Napoleon's dress from one of his pictures. Here is his answer.

"The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Haydon, and has received his note.

"The Duke has four pictures of Napoleon in different costumes. On his return to town he will desire that they may be brought together, and prepared for Mr. Haydon's inspection."

"Winchester, Dec. 23rd, 1830."

"Read Moore's second volume * with such intensity I forgot the last day of the year, a thing I never did before in my life.

"The year is ended, but it is too late now to philosophise.

"I am convinced Byron's Italian excesses were not from love of vice, but experiments for a new sensation, on which to speculate. After debauchery, he hurried away in his gondola, and spent the night on the waters.

"On board a Greek ship, when touching a yataghan, he was overheard to say, 'I should like to know the feelings of a murderer.'

* Of Byron's Life and Journals.

"This contains the essence of his moral character; and his assertion that he relished nothing in poetry not founded on fact, that of his poetical.

"For the great mercies of the year past, O Lord, accept my deep gratitude; for the corrections, deep submission to Thy sacred will. Amen."

And so ends the Journal for 1830.

1831.

Haydon opened this year in diligent application to the large picture of Napoleon for Sir Robert Peel, though with some despondency at first.

"*January 29th.* — All passed since the 11th in a fit of *ennui* and self-reproach, which my misfortunes and the remembrance of them sometimes generate. I struggle and vanquish my despondency, but in spite of all, these fits hold dominion now and then for the time. By God's help I will get out. The cloud will pass, and a successful day's hit will soon restore my faculties.

"*February 5th.* — I am like Wellington's soldiers, who, after a hard campaign, got ill the moment they moved into winter-quarters. The moment that from any cause I leave off hard work my fibres seem to relax, and I get ill *malgré moi.*

"Thomas Hope is dead, my early patron, and the purchaser of my first picture; a good but capricious man. He objected to my painting Solomon the size of life, though he had given a French painter 800 guineas just before for Damocles, full size. He got offended, yet when I was ill he sent me 200*l.* in the noblest manner, and insisted I should not consider it as a debt.

"*6th.* — I dreamt Napoleon appeared to me and presented me with a golden key. This was about a month since. It is curious. I have lately had singular dreams: as Achilles says, the shades of our friends must be permitted to visit us.

"Miss Edgeworth called with Mrs. Lockhart. There

was great simplicity and sense in Miss Edgeworth. Mrs. Lockhart is a Miranda in nature.

"*8th.*—Succeeded at last in getting Napoleon firm on his legs. Strange I did it at once in the small sketch, and missed it when meaning to be very grand in the large picture. Dreamt Michel Angelo came to me last night in my painting-room. I talked to him, and he shook hands with me. I took him to the small medallion over my chimney-piece, and said, 'It's very like, but I do not think your nose so much broken as I had imagined.' I thought it strange in my dream. I could not make it out how *he* came there. He had a brown coat and complexion. I certainly think something grand in my destiny is coming on, for all the spirits of the illustrious dead are hovering about me.

"I dreamt the other night I crept through a window into the Capella Sistina, and thought the power in the Prophets terrific. I saw a hand of Jeremiah modelled with touches which I shall never forget. No man, I thought, has been worse engraved.

"My eyes and health are recovered. I burn in my feelings with some undefined anxiousness of expectation, 'some unborn greatness in the womb of time,' which I can't describe, but I seem as if I was seized with supernatural communication, and start up in solitude. I expect a '*Dira facies*' or a smiling angel beckoning and pointing.

"*9th.*—In my painting-room from a quarter past eight till four incessantly glazing; it is the most nervous operation in the art. The sky is not what I imagine it ought to be. Titian would have gone solidly through it as I did first; no modern scrambling and tricks, but a manly, fair, masterly, solid painting, and then skilful, flat, concealed glazing.

"*10th.*—Strained exceedingly in my feelings. Wound up the sky and sea. The sea I am proud of, not the sky yet.

"Sir Robert was to have called, but did not. One

hundred guineas is all I asked, but it is too little. I meant that was my price for a whole length.

"West told me he never knew what it was to have a head or stomach. I should think so from his colour and expression. They were all by a man who had neither head, stomach, or heart.

"14*th.*—Out all day about money and rooms. I called on Sir Robert Peel. I found him sitting in his magnificent library reading, and very pale. He seemed harassed. He promised to call to see his picture. In the afternoon he called, and was much pleased. I showed him all my studies from the Elgin Marbles. I explained their principles, and what gave them their superiority. He listened with great attention. I hope I have done his mind good. But he had a cowed air. Why I know not. Politically he is, I dare say, harassed about this Reform Bill, and his party perhaps wanting him to take the lead, and he is really unwilling to leave the sweets of private life for the turbulence and harass of a public situation.

"What would I not give for such a library! Sir Robert Peel is a most amiable man, very sincere, diffident and nervous."

Haydon, as usual, furnished a description of the picture when exhibited, from which I extract the passage which follows.

"Napoleon was peculiarly alive to poetical association as produced by scenery or sound; village bells with their echoing ding, dong, dang, all bursting full on the ear, now dying in the wind, affected him as they affect every body alive to natural impressions, and in the eve of all his great battles, you find him stealing away in the dead of the night, between the two hosts, and indulging in every species of poetical reverie.

"It was impossible to think of such a genius in captivity, without mysterious associations of the sky, the sea, the rock, and the solitude with which he was enveloped: I never imagined him but as if musing at dawn, or melancholy at sunset, listening at midnight to the beating and roaring of the Atlantic, or meditating as the stars gazed and the moon shone on him: in

short Napoleon never appeared to me but at those seasons of silence and twilight, when nature seems to sympathise with the fallen, and when if there be moments in this turbulent earth fit for celestial intercourse, one must imagine these would be the times immortal spirits might select to descend within the sphere of mortality, to soothe and comfort, to inspire and support the afflicted.

" Under such impressions the present picture was produced, —I imagined him standing on the brow of an impending cliff and musing on his past fortunes,—sea-birds screaming at his feet,—the sun just down,—the sails of his guard ship glittering on the horizon, and the Atlantic calm, silent, awfully deep, and endlessly extensive.

" I tried it in a small sketch, and it was instantly purchased, —I published a print and the demand is now and has been incessant; a commission for a picture the full size of life, from one well-known as the friend of artists and patron of art followed, and thus I have ventured to think a conception so unexpectedly popular might, on this enlarged scale, not be uninteresting to the public.

" No trouble has been spared to render the picture a resemblance: its height is Napoleon's exact stature, according to Constant, his valet, viz. five feet two inches and three quarters, French, or five feet five inches and a half, English; the uniform is that of one of the regiments of Chasseurs; every detail has been dictated by an old officer of the regiment; and his celebrated hat has been faithfully copied from one of Napoleon's own hats now in England.

" The best description I ever saw of Napoleon's appearance was in the letter of an Irish gentleman, named North, published in the Dublin Evening Post, and as it is so very characteristic, it may amuse the visitor. He saw him at Elba in 1814, and thus paints him:—

" 'He but little resembles the notion I had of him, or any other man I ever saw. He is the squarest figure I think I ever remember to have seen, and exceedingly corpulent. His face is a perfect square, from the effects of fat, and, as he has no whiskers, his jaw is thrown more into relief; this description, joined to his odd little three-cornered cocked hat, and very plain clothes, would certainly give him the appearance of a vulgar person, if the impression was not counteracted by his

soldierly carriage, and the peculiar manner of his walking, which is confident theatrical and a little ruffian-like, for he stamps the ground at every step, and at the same time twists his body a little. He was dressed that day in a green coat, turned up with a dirty white, &c., &c., &c. His neck is short, his shoulders very broad, and his chest open * * *

* His features are remarkably masculine, regular and well formed. His skin is coarse, unwrinkled and weather-beaten, his eyes possess a natural and unaffected fierceness, the most extraordinary I ever beheld: they are full, bright, and of a brassy colour. He looked directly at me, and his stare is by far the most intense I ever beheld. This time, however, curiosity made me a match, for I vanquished him. It is when he regards you, that you mark the singular expression of his eyes—no frown—no ill-humour—no affectation of appearing terrible; but the genuine expression of an iron, inexorable temper.'"

The exhibition of the picture was opened in April, but the dissolution of Parliament, and the agitation of the Reform question, were fatal to its success. The failure left the painter once more in embarrassment which had now, indeed, become normal with him. His own powers of application to his art were diminished by the political excitement of the times, in which he shared to the full, writing letters on Reform to The Times, of which he declares himself very proud, and filling his journals with political reflections and speculations instead of sketches and criticism of books or pictures.

Haydon's mind was certainly not limited to the range of his art. I have already pointed out that each successive picture served him as an introduction to some distinct branch of knowledge or information which was keenly and searchingly followed up. This picture of Napoleon suggests to him long and elaborate reflections on the conduct and character of the Emperor, with which it does not appear necessary to trouble the reader.

In April Wordsworth was in town.

"*April 12th.*—Wordsworth called after an absence of several years. I was glad to see him. He spoke of my

Napoleon with his usual straightforward intensity of diction. We shook hands heartily. He spoke of Napoleon so highly that I wrote, and asked him to give me a sonnet. If he would or could, he'd make the fortune of the picture.

"*20th* to *26th*.—All lost in politics, heat, fury, discussion, and battling. Never was such a scene seen as in the House of Lords last Friday. The Marquis of Londonderry bent his fist at the Duke of Richmond, and if it had not been for the table would certainly have struck him.

"*27th, 28th*.—There was an illumination last night. The mob broke all windows which had no lights. They began breaking the Duke's, but when the butler came out and told them the Duchess was lying dead in the house, they stopped. There is something affecting in the conqueror of Napoleon appealing for pity to a people he had saved.

"*May 1st*.—Since the 10th of March I have done little. The exhibition in consequence of the dissolution fell to nothing. I closed it last night, though there never was a picture so admired, or that made so complete a hit with the connoisseurs.

"Worked to-day at the Xenophon. I have two commissions for Napoleon, and only wait for a remittance. God bless my efforts again.

"*21st*.—To-day, after an absence of some years, I visited Lord Stafford's gallery, now belonging to Lord Francis.* There I met Wilkie and Collins, with whom I associated for twenty years in this very place. Since we last met here, since we last studied here the beautiful pictures from which I originally gained all I know in colour, we had lost Sir George, who gave a double relish to everything.

"Wilkie seemed duller. The pictures did not appear to be so fine as I used to think them. I strolled about, devoid of all enthusiasm, and when Wilkie began to think

* The Earl of Ellesmere.

about the composition of a bit of Raffaele's drapery, I thought how unworthy a subject to occupy any man while the Poles were fighting for existence. The times are too full of impulse for art.

"*22nd.* — Took dear Frank to school. The pang of separation from a dear child born in trouble, and nurtured in convulsion, who had shared our sorrows, and reflected our joys in his beautiful face, was painful. Mary cried bitterly. The children were grave, and all night I kept dreaming he was ill-used by the servants. I pray God most sincerely he may be able to stand it. This dear boy's birth is recorded in my journal for 1823. He was our first child, and I overwhelmed him with an eager interest which broke him down.

"*June 1st.* — Oh dear — this is sad work! Nothing but one day's painting, and the rest sketching — sucking in fresh air, — basking in sunsets, — rolling with my children on the grass, and observing nature. But the last summer was spent in prison; and there is something to be said when I find myself with a guinea in my pocket and no duns before me. However, to work I must go; and to-morrow, as an earnest, I am to select my horse at the Guards for Xenophon. It must be a mottled Sienna horse, which will set off the light on the fair one.

"Since I last wrote, poor Jackson is gone. A more amiable, inoffensive man never lived. He had a fine eye for colour, but not vast power, and could not paint women. He is the first of the three to go. God protect him. It is curious what a set came in together under Fuseli: — Wilkie, Mulready, Collins, Pickersgill, Jackson, Etty, Hilton, and myself. I have produced Landseer, Eastlake, Lance, and Harvey; Wilkie the whole domestic school.

"*June 9th.* — Mrs. Siddons died this morning — the greatest, grandest genius that ever was born! Peace to her immortal shade! She was good, and pious, and an affectionate mother. Posterity can never properly estimate her power, any more than we can estimate Garrick's. Hail and farewell! What a splendid Pythoness she

seemed when reading Macbeth! And when acting Lady Macbeth — what a sight!"

The 12th of June brought Wordsworth's promised sonnet.

"My dear Haydon,

"I send you the sonnet, and let me have your 'Kingdom' for it. What I send you is not warm, but piping-hot from the brain, whence it came in the wood adjoining my garden not ten minutes ago, and was scarcely more than twice as long in coming. You know how much I admired your picture both for the execution and the conception. The latter is first-rate, and I could dwell upon it for a long time in prose, without disparagement to the former, which I admired also, having to it no objection but the regimentals. They are too spruce, and remind one of the parade, which the wearer seems to have just left.

"One of the best caricatures I have lately seen is that of Brougham, a single figure upon one knee, stretching out his arms by the sea-shore towards the rising sun (William the Fourth), which, as in duty bound, he is worshipping. Do not think your excellent picture degraded if I remark that the force of the same principle, simplicity, is seen in the burlesque composition, as in your work, with infinitely less effect, no doubt, from the inferiority of style and subject, yet still it is pleasing to note the under-currents of affinity in opposite styles of art. I think of Napoleon pretty much as you do, but with more dislike, probably because my thoughts have turned less upon the flesh and blood man than your's, and therefore have been more at liberty to dwell with unqualified scorn upon his various liberticide projects, and the miserable selfishness of his spirit. Few men of any time have been at the head of greater events, yet they seem to have had no power to create in him the least tendency towards magnanimity. How, then, with this impression, can I help despising him? So much for the idol of thousands. As to the Reformers, the folly of the ministerial leaders is only to be surpassed by the wickedness of those who will speedily supplant them. God of Mercy have mercy upon poor England! To think of this glorious country lacqueying the heels of France in religion (that is *no* religion), in morals, government, and social order! It cannot come to good, at

least for the present generation. They have begun it in shame, and it will lead them to misery. God bless you.

"Yours,

"WM. WORDSWORTH.

"You are at liberty to print the sonnet with my name, when and where you think proper. If it does you the least service the end for which it is written will be answered. Call at Moxon's, Bond Street, and let him give you from me, for your children, a copy of the selections he has just published from my poems.

"Would it not be taken as a compliment to Sir Robert Peel, who you told me has purchased your picture, if you were to send him a copy of the sonnet before you publish it?

Sonnet to B. R. Haydon, Esq., composed on seeing his Picture of Buonaparte on the Island of St. Helena.

"Haydon! let worthier judges praise the skill
Here by thy pencil shown in truth of lines,
And charm of colours; *I* applaud those signs
Of thought, that give the true poetic thrill,—
That unincumber'd whole of blank and still—
Sky without cloud—ocean without a wave—
And the one Man, that labour'd to enslave
The world, sole standing high on the bare hill,
Back turn'd—arms folded, the unapparent face
Ting'd (we may fancy) in this dreary place
With light reflected from the invisible sun,
Set—like his fortunes! but not set for aye
Like them—the unguilty Power pursues his way,
And before *Him* doth dawn perpetual sun."

"*June 12th.* — I received to-day the news of my son's being rated, and another great pleasure, Wordsworth's sonnet, and fancied myself the greatest of men when I was returning from my walk after indulging in anticipation of a certain posthumous fame. As I entered my hall I found a man sitting and writing. He told me what he wanted, and because I refused to consent he abused me excessively, and called me 'a shabby fellow, a d——d shabby fellow.'

"This is life:—a sonnet in the morning, and damned as a shabby fellow in the evening.

"One does not like to be called shabby, and it made me uneasy all the evening.

"'A mingled yarn—a mingled yarn!'

"*June* 18*th*. — Went to Oxford about my son, who had suffered great privations, and lived on bread and water for breakfast, when not invited out. This astonished the opulent warden and proctors. Perhaps there never before was a scholar who did this. All my boys are brought up to think knowledge, virtue, and fame, can only be got by privations. I called on the warden, who gave him the highest character. The very porter at the gate looked mild when he spoke of him, and while I was talking, in he walked, looking good, pure, and intellectual.

"Hyman will be distinguished, I am convinced. College life, properly taken advantage of, is a delightful life. Wadham is the most scholastic-looking place of all the colleges.

"The warden looked horror-struck when he said, 'I fear he does not always eat meat,' as if not eating meat was the *ne plus ultra* of college privations. I never saw a place that has so much the air of opulence and ease as Oxford.

"Orlando has behaved like a hero. I told him he must go as the son of a poor man to make knowledge and virtue his great objects, and to consider all privations as the price. He has done so. He will be an example to all the rest of the children. No boy of mine can go to college but such as earn the means, as Orlando has done, by getting a scholarship at sixteen.

"His brother is rated on board the Prince Regent for his good behaviour, and Frank, my own dear son, has begun his career at school. I have now his sister, seven years old, to think about starting. Frederic is a fine boy, and swears he will be a soldier. Alfred, in bad health, handsome, peevish, and fretful, says he will be a painter.

(He is qualified now for an R. A.) Harry is a baby; and Fanny ill. God spare my life to see all educated, refined, and honourable. For happiness in life they must not follow my example. I am of the Napoleon species. Wilkie is the man I shall ever hold up in point of caution and integrity — though not of heart: but heart is not incompatible with prudence. God spare my life and health! I have plenty to occupy it — a large family and a large picture.

"I told the warden I was for a fortnight without eating meat in concluding Solomon.

"But for these scholarships, no poor man would have a chance for Oxford.

"*21st.* — Thus ends half the year. Finished one Napoleon — half finished another — four sketches — and advanced Xenophon. I have kept no regular account of how I have passed my time. I must begin again, or my mind will be injured. Saturday, Sunday, Monday and to-day, worked hard and advanced. Horse nearly done. Instead of that detestable cart-horse breed of Raffaele and others, I have tried the blood Arab. It seems to give great satisfaction.

"*27th.* — I have, God be thanked! advanced Xenophon this week by a mighty stride. Worked hard and late, and had what I used to call the glorious *faint* feel. I remember once in 1812 making a jorum of tea, putting it all into a wash-hand basin, and dipping it out in tea-cups full — drinking in ecstasy. Nothing like your tea to studious men. Nectar is nothing to it. This was after painting the wicked mother in Solomon.

"*July 20th.* — A quarter to nine. This moment I have conceived my background stronger than ever. I strode about the room imitating the blast of a trumpet — my cheeks full of blood, and my heart beating with a glorious heat. Oh, who would exchange these moments for a throne?

"'Here is my throne — let kings bow down to it!'

"Now for my palette — and then canvas look sharp.

"*August 28th.*—Out of town to Margate and Ramsgate the whole week. Never did human creatures suck in sea air with such rapture as I and my dear Mary and children. The beach at Ramsgate is superb. The steady blue sea, the glittering sail, the expansive and canopied sky, were treats that literally overpowered one's eyes and faculties, after being pent up in brick walls.

"It is five years since we were at the sea—some of the children never saw it. Twice I have been imprisoned; and I thought it was a little at the expense of principle to go without settling all my bills; yet as my income is current, and all depends on my talents, and the developing of them in health, it may be excused.

"What a scene a steam-boat is! My next comic picture shall be 'A Margate steamer after a gale—Land—Land!' I engaged all the musicians to sit, and go next week to sketch the locale of the vessel.

"*31st.*—Thus ends August, and thus end the eight months—as unsatisfactorily passed as any eight since I began the art. Peel's picture, from anxiety to do better than well, was a dead loss; and though he gave me 130 guineas, 200 would hardly have paid me. I am melancholy—can I be otherwise? After twenty-eight years' work, and sincere devotion, not to have saved one guinea, or to know where to go for one in case of sudden illness, broken limbs, or fever. Not only not to have any property left, but to have lost all that I had ever saved—all the school books of my youth; all the accumulations of boyhood, youth and manhood—to lose impressions of language, for want of means of reference—to forget poets—to have Tasso slide from my mind, and almost dear Shakespeare fade on my memory. When I contrast my present unhappy condition, and remember myself in my father's shop devouring all the new books, surrounded with all great works—my father's shop was a distinguished library—when I recollect it was at my service, and the happy, happy hours I have spent poring over astronomy, geography, and acquiring knowledge in

every way, and then bring to my mind the penury of my present condition, it forces tears to my eyes. I have nothing left on earth I can call my own, but my brains.

"Yet my landlord is benevolent and good—my wife loving—my children beautiful. My two eldest boys are doing well—my own health, though not unshaken, yet good—my fame increasing; but alas! debt and ruin have touched the honour of my name. Yet I am not unhappy. I never lose the mysterious whisper, 'Go on,' and I feel that in spite of calamity and present appearances, if I am virtuous and good, I shall, before I die, carry my great object.

"Washington Irving says, 'Columbus imagined the voice of the Deity spoke to him, to comfort him in his troubles at Hispaniola.' No—he did not imagine it—he *did* hear it, and it *did* speak. Irving calls him a visionary. Oh, no. Irving has no such object—he has no such communications.

"Well, adieu August. I never concluded any month more calmly melancholy, or more prepared when it pleases God.

"*Sept. 15th.*—Owing to the plague of exhibition, to the worrit of a subscription, the harass of a large family, my interruptions have been terrific. It is impossible to go on.

"Two hundred and fifty-eight days have passed, and I have only worked legitimately sixty-one, leaving 197 days, valuable days, unprofitable and useless. This is so dreadful my brain almost maddens. A picture might have been done, but necessity is half the cause. And the treatment of Peel, which, to tell the truth, has sunk deep into me; but it was my own fault, though he might have behaved more nobly. Only 130 guineas for such a picture as Napoleon! I expected from his fortune an ample reward. It is no use to despair. Oh, that I should ever speak the word— but my feelings are very acute. He did not behave as became him; and I conducted myself with folly. These 197 days will rise up to my mind at my last

hour. It is a serious crime. Never since I began the art have I been so guilty. It would be better policy to say nothing; but this is a journal of my mind and habits, and in conscience I can't conceal it. The state I have lately been in is shocking. My mind fatuous — impotently, drawling over Petrarch — dawdling over Pausanias — dipping into Plutarch. Voyages and travels no longer exciting — all dull, dreary, flat and disgusting. I seem as if I never should paint again. I look at my own Xenophon, and wonder how I did it — read the Bible — gloat over Job — doubt religion to rouse my faculties, and wonder if the wind be East or S. S. W. — look out of window and gape at the streets — shut up the shutters, and lean my cheek on my hand — get irritable for dinner, two hours before it can be ready — eat too much — drink too much, and go to bed at nine to forget existence. I dream horrors — start up — lie down again, and toss and tumble and listen to the caterwauling of cats, and just doze away as light is dawning in.

"Delightful life — fit attendants on idleness. With my ambition! my talents! my energy! Shameful.

"18*th*. — Worked hard. Called on Leslie in the morning. Talked of Byron. Rogers said Moore had scarcely read his (Byron's) manuscripts, that he was occupied, and lent it about; that the women read the worst parts, and told them with exaggeration; that Moore got frightened at hearing it abused, and burnt it without ever having read it through. Irving told Leslie he had read a part, and there was exquisite humour, though it could not all have been published.

"Belgrave Hopner told me that he had read it, and it ought to have been burnt.

"But it would have been but justice to have heard what Byron could say about his marriage, and now my Lady has it all her own way.

"Leslie said, Coleridge and Madame de Staël met — each furious talkers; Coleridge would talk. The next day she was asked how she liked Coleridge. 'For a

monologue,' said she, 'excellent; but as to a dialogue—good heavens!'

"She would have been better pleased if Coleridge could have said this of her. For that evening never were two people so likely to hate each other."

The feelings of depression which at this time beset Haydon translate themselves in the pages of uneasy questioning about "fate, free will, fore-knowledge absolute," which fill the journals of these months. Besides pecuniary difficulties, the political agitation of the time had probably much to do with this mood, as it distracted the painter from his work, and as with him interruption in his painting was always a source of discomfort and dissatisfaction with himself and things about him. In this month the picture of Christ's Entry into Jerusalem was sold by its possessor, for Messrs. Childs and Inman, of Philadelphia. Its departure from England was a heavy blow to the painter.

"*September 23rd.*— My Jerusalem is purchased, and is going to America. Went to see it before it was embarked. In the room was a very fine head of a Pope, by Velasquez. As this opportunity for a lesson was not to be lost, I placed it immediately in the centre of my picture, and compared them closely. The head by Velasquez was fresher, and there was evidently no yellow in it. In many of my heads the yellow predominates a little; but the penitent girl, and the centurion and the Samaritan woman, kept their ground triumphantly. After this I will fear no competition with any other work.

"It was melancholy thus to look at a work for the last time which had excited so great a sensation in England and Scotland; the progress of which had been watched by all the nobility, foreign ministers, and people of fashion, and on the success of which all prospect for the historical art of the country at that time appeared to hang. It was now leaving my native country for ever, where I had hoped to have seen it placed triumphantly in some public building.

"However I trust in God it will be preserved from fire and ruin, and as it was a work painted with the most fervent prayers to Him, the author of all things, for health and strength to go through it, that He will be pleased to grant that it may cross the seas in safety, and do that good in America it has failed to do here.

"Out the whole day about this picture. Its condition is admirable. It was painted in pure linseed oil, and not a single atom of gum in it, or on it since. God bless it, and the result of its mission. What a disgrace to the aristocracy!

"*24th.* — Out the whole day on money matters. I should have returned without a guinea, but for the kindness of my dear friend, Talfourd, who lent me five sovereigns. I wrote the Dukes of Bedford and Devonshire to take another share — to no purpose *yet.* I am nearly through Xenophon, but with not a shilling for the winter, and my children literally in want of stockings for the cold. Triumph I shall. It is the dowry of Englishmen to contest and vanquish impossibilities. If this Reform Bill passes, whose breast will not broaden, and heart swell, who will not go down on his knees and thank God he was born in England?

"*28th.* — Out trying to arrange and defer the payment of my taxes and rates till Xenophon was done, and to endeavour to get the next month entirely clear for work. Succeeded; but what time is lost.

"*October 3rd.* — Hard at work on the First Child for my friend, Kearsey, one of the most infernal self-willed devils (except myself) that ever lived. This engagement is of long standing. It was my duty, but I could not get over a certain disgust. This morning, Xenophon being comparatively off my mind, the whole of this last subject darted into my mind. I flew at it like a Turk, and to-night (the 4th) have got through it, except a trifle or two.

"*4th.* — Worked from eight till four, with only ten

minutes interval, and got through the First Child. I never painted a picture so quick in all my life.

"*5th.* — Out to get money to pay the governess of my children. Succeeded by the kindness of my friend, Clarke, one of my trustees. I did not get home till past twelve. One called and the other called, and I then worked till half-past four, three hours and a half, and wound up my small picture of the First Child, though I painted it all yesterday. I shall paint some more small pictures.

"*6th.* — After working with intense anxiety to keep my engagement with Kearsey, and having succeeded, to my conviction, in producing a rapid and finished sketch with character, colour, handling, and chiaroscuro, I took it down, expecting praise. When he saw it, with that air of insolence money gives city people, he said, 'I suppose this was done in three quarters of an hour?' What was that to the purpose? Were there not all the requisites of art, and all the experience of my life? There were.

"I took my leave, and went to see Jerusalem packed up, which was carefully and excellently done. I sighed at the thoughts of its leaving old England, but it is better in America than in a cellar in London. God grant it may have a safe passage.

"As I was near the Bench I walked over, and called on poor D——, the victim of the commissioners for ten years. He was altered, and spoke in a voice sinking from exhaustion. He said he was starving. He said he had nothing all day yesterday. All his clothes were gone. I gave him a trifle, all I could afford, for really I had not 10*s*. I felt it a duty, and small as the sum was it gave me a glow of confidence in God. (The widow's mite.) Well, I thought, my prospects of getting on are uncertain, but I'll trust where I have never trusted in vain. In coming home I took shelter from rain, where I found a poor Irish match-woman, and a sick boy under her cloak, crouching. I gave her a penny. It was contemptible, but it caused me pleasure. I came home in very low spirits. Kearsey had behaved like an ignorant brute about the sketch of

the First Child. D—— had made me low, and I did not know where to get a guinea myself, when on the chimney-piece I found a letter from the Duke of Bedford enclosing ten guineas, and begging another share. It may be said, whether you had been charitable or not the ten guineas would have been there. Perhaps not. I like to consider it more than a happy coincidence!"

Here is an example of the painter's political utterances in the shape of a letter to the Times, on the rejection of the Reform Bill by the Lords in this month.

To the Editor of The Times.

"'Let not England forget her precedence of teaching nations how to live.'—MILTON.

"Sir,

"The Bill is rejected; but let the nation remember it has been legally rejected. The Lords are a component part of the legislature, and have as great a right to decide as they please, as any other body of Britons.

"Patience, sound sense, and, above all, perseverance, have ever been considered by the world as the great leading points in the character of Englishmen. Earnestly do I hope it may now be proved. The Bill is lost, but only for the time. From the habits of the Lords, from their separated society, their ignorance of the power of the press, and their affectation of despising it, no man who knew them expected at *first* another conclusion. But yet, sir, let us hope that all classes will remember, that riot, confusion, fire, murder, robbery, and exasperation will not advance reform, but impede it—embarrass the Government, and confirm the assertion of the Lords that people are not fit for greater influence. Let them not give their enemies such a handle.

"As an Englishman who glories in his country, who would rather die on a dunghill in it, than be possessed of affluence in any other, I earnestly appeal to the people to do nothing illegal,—not to hamper the King or the ministers by distracting their attention, but to be quite certain that Lords Grey and Brougham, and His Majesty, will do all that can be done to obtain the nation's great determination by another regular, legal attempt.

"Let every man, therefore, attend to his duties, family or professional. Let every man in his sphere exert himself to influence it, by advising peace, patience, and firmness, for nothing would afford such pleasure to the enemies of reform at home, or the enemies of England abroad, as to see the country sinking in political and domestic influence, a prey to civil broils and fierce and senseless bloody struggles.

"In a country so regulated by the habit of a long establishment of law and government, there is no sense in proving our love of liberty by cutting the throats of our neighbours; or because a noble Lord may have differed with the advanced notions of the people on moral right, there is no evidence of superior knowledge in destroying his house, burning his library and pictures,—in short, giving way to all the feelings more fit for a savage than a rational being.

"Reform must pass, but what a triumph it will be for England if it pass, as it will, by law, and reason, and constitutional means.

"Thus will England prove the assertion of Milton; thus will she give a lesson to the world, and not forget, sir, the precedence of teaching nations how to live.

"If reform be passed by any other means we may rejoice, but our joy would have been purer, and England would have stood higher, if it had passed, as I trust in God it will yet pass, and as it must, if the people conduct themselves with temperance and firmness.

"A Reformer."

"*October 8th.* — Very moderately at work. Never so excited since Waterloo as now about politics. I hope the people will be sensible.

"*9th.* — At work and improved the Xenophon still, but much excited about reform."

It was while under the influence of this political fever that Haydon painted his picture of Waiting for the Times, which, with its bearing on the feeling of the times, had a great success, as might have been expected. The original picture was painted for Lord Stafford, to whose timely aid Haydon owed the means of matriculating his step-son Orlando at Oxford, but he painted more than

one duplicate of the subject, which is well known from the engraving.

"11*th*. — Rubbed in Reading the Times, a capital subject.

"12*th*. — Completed the rubbing in of Reading the Times. About the middle of the day became very uneasy from the state of the town, and went to Pall-Mall. In a bookseller's shop I met Watson Taylor. He undervalued the exasperation of the people, and said it would be over in a week. I beg his pardon. It is a much deeper feeling than he or any other of the borough-mongers imagine. How the borough-mongering has corrupted the country. There is a chuckling sneer, a supercilious air, a knowing blinking of eye in a real borough-monger quite extraordinary; — at the same time a manner of fashion, and as if he knew more than meets the eye, as if he was a criminal by right, and did wrong by superior education.

"If we had not got the means of renovating ourselves, we should sink into slavery and corruption; but what I fear is, that the people have been so trifled with that mere reform will not satisfy them — that they look beyond. The success of American independence has been the torch which has lighted the world for the last fifty years. It will now never cease blazing till cheap governments are established. The Coronation of George IV. may be considered the setting-sun of that splendid imposition — monarchy.

"I wrote Lord Londonderry, and begged him to take care of his Corregios. God knows what the mob might do.

"Now Xenophon is done, I feel the want of a great work to keep my mind excited. A number of small things does not do so; it is not enough.

"14*th*. — I think I shall begin the Crucifixion. I called on Lord Londonderry, who was cut in the face by three pickpockets. He was more shaken than hurt, the porter said.

"Sir Hussey Vivian last night reproached Lord John

Russell with corresponding with the Birmingham Association, and said it ought to be put down, as in 1793. It requires a very different capacity to discover resemblances and to detect differences. The minister who guided himself by the example of Mr. Pitt in 1793 has passed forty years in his own country to very little purpose.

"The state of public knowledge now and then is quite different. The knowledge of the result of violent revolutionary proceedings was not then acquired. And it was right and proper to take stern measures that a constitution of 100 years should not be overturned by the adoption of thoughtless maxims of theoretic perfection. But now the people cry out, not for revolution, but for restoration. They wish for their rights, and their rights they will have."

Sir Walter Scott was in London this month, previous to his sailing for Italy. Haydon paid him a last visit.

"*16th.*— Called on dear Sir Walter yesterday, and was affected at the alteration in him. Though he was much heartier than I expected to find him, his mind seemed shaken. He said he feared he had occasionally done too much at a time, as we all do. We talked of politics, of course. Though grateful to the King, he was 'too old a dog,' he said, 'to forget George IV.' His son was on duty at Sheffield. I lamented that a poor fellow perfectly innocent had been shot on duty. 'Ah,' said Sir Walter, 'soldiers should be careful how they fire, because bullets are gentlemen not much given to reflection.' Here was a touch of the old humour. We chatted about Shee having the presidency. 'An accomplished gentleman,' said Sir Walter, 'whom naebody ever haird on,' affecting more Scotch accent than he has. This was d—d fine.

"We then talked of the late King. Sir Walter said he never saw anybody so pleased with a picture as he was with the Mock Election. After a quarter of an hour I took my leave, and as I arose, he got up, took his stick, with that sideling look of his, and then burst forth that beautiful smile of heart and feeling, geniality of soul,

manly courage and tenderness of mien, which neither painter nor sculptor has ever touched. It was the smile of a superior creature who would have gathered humanity under the shelter of his wings, and while he was amused at its follies, would have saved it from sorrow, and sheltered it from pain. Perhaps it may be the last time I am ever to see him, as he sails in a day or two; and if it be, I shall rejoice that this was the last impression.

"*Oct. 22nd.*—I must this day conclude this journal, and a curious record it is of my mind and sufferings. Strange and extraordinary events are recorded of the fate of nations, and many singular sufferings of myself as an individual. But I have got through the Xenophon, as I prayed at the commencement; and for this great mercy I offer my deepest gratitude to the Almighty Disposer of events. Something extraordinary will happen with relation to Xenophon. I began it in the midst of anxieties and afflictions, under the most extraordinary impulses of such a nature that I felt as if some influence was in the room.

"God bless my family, and grant that I may live to see the reform of art I have ever prayed for.

"*Oct. 22d.**—This day I begin a new journal. My Xenophon is done, except a trifle. The prospects of art at this time are precarious; but if the Bill passes, I think corporate bodies (the great nuisance) will be shaken, and native art will then have a better chance. I saw Wilkie to-day. He was almost as much horrified at reform as when Ottley, and poor Scott and I made him drink success to it in my large painting-room in Lisson Grove.

"He was looking old, and complained of his head. He will never again be what he was.

"*26th.*—I called at the palace to-day; but what a difference in the attendants. All George IV.'s servants were gentlemen, to the very porters,—well-fed, gorgeous,

* The Eighteenth Volume of the Journals commences at this date, with the motto, "Continuo culpam ferro compesce."

gold-laced rascals. Monarchy is setting. In 100 years more, I don't think there will be a king in Europe. It is a pity. I like the splendid delusion; but why make it so expensive? Voting now 100,000*l.* a-year for the Queen —as if 5000*l.* was not enough for any woman's splendour! These things won't be borne much longer.

"*28th.*—"A glorious day. King William IV. has consented to place his name at the head of my list for Xenophon. Huzza! God bless him.

"Upon reflection I shall certainly vote for her Majesty having 100,000*l.* a year after this. What can a queen do with less? It is impossible. How short-sighted we are. I thought I felt peculiarly dull all day yesterday. This comes of grinding colours.

"Drank His Majesty's health in a bumper, and success to reform: I think kings ought not to set. They will keep in the meridian yet.

"*29th.*—Kearsey bought my Waiting for the Times —a blessing. Exchanged several of H. B.'s admirable caricatures for my Napoleons. Whoever H. B. is, he is a man of great genius. He has an instinct for expression, and power of drawing, without academical cant, I never saw before; but evidently an amateur from the delicacy of his touch, or timidity rather.

"*31st.*—I wrote Lord Grey I thought it would be honourable to genius if those who had their freedoms voted to them either for their talent or bravery should be still allowed to retain their rights, notwithstanding they were non-resident. He is of opinion it cannot be done. I still retain my opinion. It would be a tribute to genius a Greek or Roman would not have hesitated to pay.

"*November 1st.* — Worked hard, and half did Writing for the Times. Horrid news from Bristol. In the midst of a mass of people roaring vengeance, Sir Charles Wetherell threatened to commit. Think of a man threatening to commit the sea at the deluge! These people, accustomed to authority, are like poor George III., who

continued to make peers and baronets long after his senses had gone from him.

"*12th.* — As time approaches for the meeting of Parliament, people apprehend the decision of the Whigs. The bill will be thrown out, I have no doubt. God knows what will be the consequence. I will bet five to one the Duke comes in after all, and carries the measure. If he do I shall laugh. I have never taken his bust away, but keep it on my chimney-piece, in spite of the devil, and will do so. Though a reformer, I am yet a John Bull to the marrow. I am not going to forget him who raised the nation from disgrace.

"What I complain of is the inflammation of mind this Reform Bill has generated. I can fix on no reading but reform meetings. I am sick of it, and wish for any conclusion that will be a conclusion — but the fact is, it will never conclude.

"*14th.* — I dreamt last night of dear Keats. I thought he appeared to me, and said, 'Haydon, you promised to make a drawing of my head before I died, and you did not do it. Paint me now.' I awoke and saw him as distinctly as if it was his spirit. I am convinced such an impression on common minds would have been mistaken for a ghost. I lay awake for hours dwelling on the remembrance of him. Dear Keats, I will paint thee, worthily, poetically.

"*18th.* — This day my dear little child Fanny died, at half past one in the forenoon, aged two years, nine months and twelve days. The life of this child has been one continued torture: she was weaned at three months from her mother's weakness, and attempted to be brought up by hand. This failed, and she was reduced to a perfect skeleton; one day when I was kissing her, she sucked my cheek violently. I said, this child wants the bosom even now. Our medical friend said it was an experiment, but we might try it. I got a wet nurse instantly, and she seized the bosom like a tigress; in a few months she re-

covered, but the woman who came to suckle her weaned her own child.

"I called on the nurse before she came, and found a fine baby, her husband and herself in great poverty. I said, 'What do you do with this child?' She replied, 'Wean it, sir. We must do so, we are poor.' I went away. 'Is this just,' thought I, 'to risk the life of another child to save my own?' I went home tortured about what I should do, but a desire to save my own predominated.

"The nurse came, Fanny was saved, but the fine baby of the poor nurse paid the penalty. I was never easy. Fanny never can, and never will prosper, thought I. What right had I to take advantage of the poverty of this poor woman to save my own child, when I found out she had an infant of her own? When the nurse's time was up, Fanny withered, the bosom was again offered, and refused. From that moment she daily sank in spite of all medical advice, and to-day, after two convulsive fits, expired without a gasp.

"*23rd.* — Dearest Fanny was buried to-day, close to Mrs. Siddons, in a most retired and sweet spot, where I hope to have a vault for all of us. Two trees weep over the grave. No place could have been more romantic and secluded.*

"Peace to her — little soul — born weakly, but her weakness aggravated by improper treatment; always ill, in a large family, wanting repose and rest and never getting it. What a weakly child suffers from the healthy children! Good God! the teazing, the quizzing, the tyranny, the injustice.

"*24th.* — Began my family picture with dear Alfred's head, who is dying too. I went on painting and crying. There he sat, drooping like a surcharged flower; as I looked at him, I thought what an exquisite subject a dying child would make. There he dozed, beautiful and sickly, his feet, his dear hands, his head, all drooping, and dying.

* In Paddington new churchyard.

"*25th.* — Rubbed in the dying boy to-day. It will make a most piercing subject.

"*26th.* — Hard at work on my family picture. They shall see if I can paint portraits, now my heart is in it.

"*30th.* — A month of occupation, but not such occupation as equals my intentions. When shall I ever do that?

"My sweet Fanny died this month. There is now such an intimate connection with me and the grave that I shall never break the chain. I pierce through the earth, the coffin and the lid, and see her lying still and awful. At breakfast, at dinner, at tea, I see her. I look forward to my own death with placid resignation, and only hope God, in His mercy, will not let me suffer much.

"I should like to finish my life, clear up my own character, and leave my name free from the spots misfortune has implanted there. Bless my intentions, O Lord.

"*December 2nd.* — To-day I have done nothing on earth but muse, ponder, wonder, blunder, and mope. I want 50*l.*: how to get it, where to get it, and when to get it, God knows. In Him I trust, and shall not trust in vain.

"*3rd.* — After a harassing day, calling on the commissioners of taxes, and trying to defer the payment of a cognovit, I came home fagged to death. I found a letter from Francis of Exeter, a proof of his good heart, offering me 50*l.* If I get this blessing next week it will save me. *Dies sine lineâ.* Not a touch yet.

"*29th.* — There is in the English people a fierce resolution to make every man live according to the means he possesses. The principle is fine, but they do not sufficiently draw the line between the actual possession and the justifiable hope of possessing.

"31*st.* — The following letter of Goethe's is an immortal honour. Think of this great man saying his soul is elevated by the contemplation of the drawings of my pupils from the Elgin Marbles — drawings which were the ridicule and quiz of the whole body of Academicians.

"My dear sir,

"The letter which you have had the kindness to address to me has afforded me the greatest pleasure, for as my soul has been elevated for many years by the contemplation of the important pictures formerly sent to me, which occupy an honourable station in my house, it cannot but be highly gratifying to me to learn that you still remember me, and embrace this opportunity of convincing me that you do so.

"Most gladly will I add my name to the list of subscribers to your very valuable painting *, and I shall give directions to my banker here to forward to you the amount of my ticket, through the hands of his correspondents in London, Messrs. Coutts & Co.

"Reserving to myself the liberty at a future period for further information as well about the matter in question, and the picture that is to be raffled for, as concerning other objects of art, I beg to conclude the present letter by recommending myself to your friendly remembrance.

"H. GOETHE."

"Weimar, December 1. 1831.

"12*th*.—Hard at work; indeed, racing the town; succeeded in selling the copyright of Napoleon to pay off my temporary embarrassments, and send my son money. I hope to go to work to-morrow.

"I wrote Peel, offering to send him my picture, Waiting for the Times, to look at, as if he liked and purchased it, it would have saved me from all the embarrassment Napoleon brought me into. His answer is cold.

"More than a third of this month has gone in dark days and anxiety. I see my way now better, and trust in God for my guide. I am come to that point now at which I feel the inspiration of the Bible, and its superiority over all the authors in the world. Go from Homer, Shakespeare, Tasso, Ariosto, Plutarch, Cæsar, Tacitus, or any genius, however great, to the Bible, and you see at once the scope of the Bible's object, viz., the eternal salvation of the soul of man.

* Xenophon.

" *22nd.*—Laid up in my eyes from studying Suetonius' life of Cæsar the greater part of the night—very interesting, but his Latin is not so delightful to me as Sallust's. My classical knowledge is so shallow I really ought not to give an opinion, but it appears far-fetched and harsh *in* comparison.

" The lives of ambitious men are the lives that really delight me. The biographies of Cæsar, Alexander, Napoleon, give me more real pleasure than those of all the philosophers and moralists in Christendom.

" *23rd.*—Rubbed in two subjects, David and Goliath, and Falstaff and Doll Tearsheet.

" Now for it. The vein is opened again. It is curious that nobody has remarked (at least, not that I know of) that Petrarch's Trionfo della Fama, III. certainly assisted or suggested Raffaele's School of Athens.*

" *December 31st.*—Another last day of another last year.

" What have I to say? Nothing, but that after forty-five years I have been more irresolute, more idle, more doting, more unworthy of my name, than any preceding year of my life.

" Lord Stafford enabled me to matriculate my eldest step-son. I was to paint him a picture for the amount, 50*l.*, I have done it, and sent him Waiting for the Times. He is pleased, and I am highly gratified. I have thus kept my word, and I am gratified for the power.

" January—February.—Worked hard.

" March—April.—Occupied with exhibition.

" May.—Worked hard.

" June.—Mad about Paganini.

" July, August, September.—Worked hard.

" October, November, December.—Faddled.

" Thus endeth 1831.

* I own I cannot see better reasons for the opinion than Fluellen's for the comparison between Macedon and Monmouth.—Ed.

1832.

This year was memorable in Haydon's life. It brought him into relation with the leaders of the Trades Unions at Birmingham, and with the Minister who carried the Reform Bill. In it he made an unsuccessful attempt to raise a subscription for a picture of the Trades Union Meeting at Newhall Hill, and was actually commissioned by Earl Grey to paint a picture of the Reform banquet in Guildhall. For this commission the leading men of the Liberal party sat to him, and the occasion awakened in his mind, (still sanguine in spite of the many proofs of self-deception which the struggles of the last years must have carried with them,) hopes which were not destined to be realised. This work was further grateful to the painter, as it gave him opportunities of impressing on his distinguished sitters those views upon the public encouragement of art which, to do him justice, he maintained energetically and consistently from the beginning to the end of his career. His vanity too was flattered by access to ministers and noblemen, and in the journals of this period there is abundant and undisguised expression of satisfaction at these relations, which will be offensive to many, but which in any honest exhibition of the man can in no way be suppressed or softened. Besides what concerns the Reform picture the journals contain the usual record of difficulties, borrowings, battlings, indignant protests against the "horrid necessities" of his position, alternated with passionate demands for help, which, as they weary the reader of them, may well have irritated the persons to whom they were addressed. But the mischief was done now, and the habit of resorting to this easy source of relief had deadened, though it never destroyed, the sense of humiliation which must accompany begging. Interspersed with these unlovely portions of the life are passages of good feeling and noble aspiration

which plead for a more lenient judgment of the man than I ought, perhaps, to hope for him.

"*January 1st.*—How much have I to thank God for. I passed the first day in peace and happiness. We had a good dinner, a good fire: we crowded round it, and chatted innocently and happily. The children all well. The last the image of me, large, restless, flying from one thing to the other, and delighted with pictures.

"The only pain I felt was at the thought of the many poor souls in cold and hunger. In the morning I read prayers, and impressed on my children all that we owed to God. I find it a good method of correction to pray pointedly in the prayers against any particular vice of the week. Thus, if a child screams, the next Sunday I pray against it, looking sternly at the child; so of lying, quarrelling, &c. It has cured them. They dread a falsehood, and correct each other.

"*13th.*—Hard at work: attacked the sketch of Xenophon; heightened the ornaments of the horse. It enriched the horse, but took off its naked majesty. Now here is a fair struggle between the ornamental and essential. The ornaments hide the form, but add to the splendour; Michel Angelo and the Greeks would have kept the form, and rejected the ornament; Titian would have kept the ornament to hide the form. What shall I do? (Reject the ornaments of course. B. R. H. 1835.)

"*19th.*—Completed the brother. To give an idea of my situation, on the morning of the 17th, I was setting my palette, wondering how I should meet a bill of 12*l.*, my butcher's, in came two friends, one, my dear Edward Smith. He looked over my small pictures, and seemed affected at the dying boy. 'I should like that,' said he. 'Take it at twenty-five guineas, half down.' He agreed, and paid the money into Coutts' to meet the bill. I went to work and finished the boy's head before three, happy and grateful.

"*25th.*—My birth-day, aged forty-six. Twenty-eight years ago exactly I reviewed my life, and resolved on

various corrections, and am now as much in need of them as ever. Got another small commission to-day from Smith.

"*February 26th.*—The worse a man is used in this world, the more likely he is to lean on, and love, and hope in his Creator.

"Prosperity, except in the most virtuous characters, would be apt to render man forgetful of God.

"I do not think prosperity would have so affected me. But God knows best. I bow, I adore, I hope. I only know adversity has thrown me more on God's mercy than in my days of comparative fortune and ease. I see Him more distinctly in trouble. I am almost afraid to say how distinctly.

"Oh, I look forward to death as a blessed, blessed, blessed opening to scenes of splendid peace and majestic intellectuality. When will it come, Thou All-good, Thou All-wise, Thou All-merciful God? (February 26th, 1832. In my painting-room, happy, and solitary, and glorying.)

"*March 27th.*—Well. Here I begin again. My private day was the 24th. I opened yesterday, but the novelty is over. I felt less interest. So it seemed with others, though all was praises.

"It was affecting to see my oldest patron, Sir George Phillips, come tottering in, decrepid, and many of those who were babies when I began exhibiting grown fine dashing girls of fashion. My private days are really epochs in fashionable life, and I have had the honour of receiving at my 'at homes' two generations of the beauties of England.

"I was painting when a note came from Sir H. Wheatley, saying the King would lend me the Mock Election for my exhibition. Down went brushes, and away I marched. I got the order, went straight to 104. Pall Mall, saw Mr. Jutsum, and had the picture taken down.

"I spent an hour last week with my old friend Sir Thomas Hammond, who amused me as usual. He said

he knew the late King sent a messenger to Charles X., and told him if he insisted on forcing religion down the throats of the people, his government would be overturned. Charles replied that no government could subsist without religion.

"He told me an anecdote of the late King which illustrates the 'asides' of a coronation. When the bishops were kissing the King, and doing homage, and the music was roaring, the Bishop of Oxford (whom they used to call mother somebody) approached and kissed the King. The King said, 'Thankee, my dear.' This is exactly like him.

"There sat Hammond breakfasting, the complete picture of an old man of fashion,—with a muslin night-cap, wrapped in a dressing-gown, tea-things on a silver waiter, toilet full of unguents, &c. &c. &c., making himself up.

"Said I, 'Sir Thomas, I was affected at my private day to see all my old friends become decrepid.' 'And so was I at the levee,' said he, 'I never saw such a set of old rips in my life—their breeches all about their bellies. The Court is not the same; no politeness in the servants: all the people looked old. I am an old horse officer, and know how to make myself up, so I cut them all out, but such a set God defend me from.'

"*April 5th.*—Dined with C——* at Children's Hotel, from desire to get into his history. He told me the whole story of his committal. He ran away with a ward in Chancery. Lord Eldon said, 'It was a shame men of low family should thus entrap ladies of birth.'

"'My Lord,' said C——, 'my family are ancient and opulent, and were neither coalheavers nor coalheavers' nephews,' in allusion to Lord Eldon's origin, for which Eldon committed him. Every apology was offered, but Eldon never forgave it. On Lord Brougham's accession he petitioned, and by a special order was discharged.

"As he got warm, (I declined taking much wine in

* The original of the broken man of fashion in the Mock Election.

order to observe him,) I got him on religion in this world and the next, women, &c. He then began to confess, and it affected me deeply. He said he never loved any woman but his first wife. He married her at fifteen. He had one child by her. When Eldon committed him, she went to his mother's in Scotland. They allowed him on his mere word to see her to Gravesend. She cried incessantly, and died in Scotland from sheer broken heart.

" He was at the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo, Burgos, Badajoz, and St. Sebastian: there he was crippled.

" At the coffee-house were two or three young apes of fortune who hovered about him like moths about a candle, and came occasionally over to listen. I fear long habits of a prison have rendered him what he ought not to be.

" I thought I saw something like a tear fill his tremendous, globular, demoniacal eye, when he said his wife was a splendid creature, but he clenched his mouth, and it passed.

" How can Lord Eldon die in peace with the consciousness of having imprisoned a human creature thirteen years, merely because he had the spirit to reply to an insult?

" His form was like Belzoni's, small hand, small head, large limbs, short body. As he leaned he rolled like the Theseus, bending from the navel, the sure characteristic of a fine form in the highest style.

" What a destiny! He sat by Meredith, and saw him die. He told me this, as if he felt pleasure and triumph at seeing a human creature prostrated. 'By G—, Haydon,' he said, 'I have seen all the real pleasures, all the humiliations, all the miseries. Death will come. I know it. I never curl myself up in bed, but I pray never to wake again.'

" As early remembrances of his campaigns, his loves, his vices, his disgraces, and his triumphs crowded his imagination, his face heated by wine shone out, his eye seemed black with fire, his mouth got long with revengeful feelings. He looked like a spirit who had escaped

from hell, and was wandering till his destiny was over. Mephistophiles and Faust in Auerbach's cellar came into my mind.

"The wicked mother in Solomon, and C—— in the Mock Election, are both from nature. Two of the most tremendous characters in life — such people as appear once in a century.

"Some years ago an attorney called R—— was enticed into the Bench, and nearly murdered by pumping. C—— to-night told me he was in bed at the time, but hearing the noise he slipped on his dressing-gown, and went down. In the crowd and confusion he lost a red slipper, and this slipper being found the next morning, he was taken to the Marshal as one of the rioters, and imprisoned in the condemned cell at Horsemonger Lane. Two men in it when he came were hung the next morning. As he told me this he said with a terrific sneer, 'There was I, sir, in bed when it begun, innocent of the crime alleged, hurried off like a culprit to the condemned cell of felons and murderers, on suspicion. I was imprisoned at first for telling an old tyrant who insulted my origin the truth, and now herded with reptiles for a crime I never committed. By G— I never show my teeth till I can bite, but I'll bite yet.' I shrank at this recital. He seemed changing his skin as he told it. He sits to me on Tuesday, and dines with me at a coffee-house afterwards. I fear to let my family see him.

"I'll make three studies of his head for Satan. Such a head. It haunts me.

"How much the most vicious human creature can set forth in extenuation, and will not a Great God listen? Yes, yes, yes!"

In April of this year 30,000*l.* was voted for a building to receive the national collection of pictures, augmented now by the munificent bequests of Sir George Beaumont and Mr. Holwell Carr. In the debate (April 13th), reference was made by Sir R. Peel to the necessity of giving

encouragement to design, which was admitted by Mr. Hume. Haydon, applying this to artistic design generally, and not, as it was meant, to design for manufactures only, thought this "an immense point." He seized the opportunity to renew his efforts on the subject of public encouragement for art — writing to Sir Robert Peel, and obtaining an interview with Mr. Hume — on which he enters with the remark, "Well, Joseph, — Vansittart, Canning, Goderich, Wellington, have all taken up this subject at my suggestion, feebly. Let us see on Thursday what thou wilt do with thy sagacity and shrewdness."

He found, however, at this interview that, as usual, he had inferred too much.

"Just returned, and had a long and interesting conversation. It seems I overrated the meaning of Peel and Hume. There is a committee on the silk trade, and their talk of *design* had no reference to *high art*. I said 'That was the mistake. There could be no design if there was no connection with the foundation of all design.'"

Here is a confession which throws light on many things in Haydon's life.

"*23d.* — I am perfectly convinced that if I could bring my mind for one whole year to a proper study of portrait, it would be of essential use to my work in history as long as I live. Then why do I not do it? It is a weakness and a disgrace to me. Shall I put up with this imputation on my own character, or shall I make a resolute struggle to vanquish the difficulties which have hitherto vanquished me?

"I'll make no vows, but set quietly to work, and daily report progress. My attacks on the Academy do not do the good to me they do to the art, because they give an idea of my being sore, as I certainly am — most dreadfully so, for that is the truth — sore at their perversion of art — sore at my humiliations, my loss of property, my ruin — sore at being supposed to be unable to paint portraits.

"I have now an opportunity. A very pretty Spanish girl is going to sit. Lady Gower says she ought to be

painted as a nun. I will make a regular trial, and this head shall be my test.

"If I fail here, I'll at it again. I am new in portrait after all, and I will have a regular touch at it with all my energy. God in heaven grant me success, because it will benefit my high art—it will benefit my family, and secure me from those harassings which disturb all the claims of nature.

"*28th.*—Since my last misfortunes, I have lost more time than ever I did in all my life before. Occasional disgust gets such hold of my feelings as to bewilder my faculties. I fear it will permanently affect my habits. I have been again writing in newspapers, which is wrong—it distracts and disturbs the invention. Yet I hardly see how I could avoid it—God knows what will become of me. Xenophon is not failing, but it is not succeeding. The times are so exciting they call off attention. A due reward for my labour would save me from want; but I am not diligent enough to remedy the deficiency of encouragement. If I were more diligent, attended more to painting, and did not suffer my mind to take such discursive flights, I could surely keep from this continual necessity and pecuniary obligation.

"*29th.*—Called on my dear old friend Wilkie, and spent two hours with him. He had had a monk's dress made, and made me put it on. I took off my cravat, and Wilkie exclaimed at my grand bald head and bare neck.

"As usual we had a brilliant interchange of thought, and talked of old times. He looked remarkably well. We talked of Lady Mulgrave, who is younger than ever. He said he met Constable the other day, who alluded to our dining together at the back of Slaughter's coffee-house twenty-six years ago, where we used to meet regularly.

"*May 4th.*—When I was just beginning the Spanish nun, I was arrested for 14*l.* balance of my insolvent attorney. I gave him 6*l.* more to wait till Xenophon was out. He did so, and drew on me. As I relied on the half-price of a commission which I have lost, the bill went

back. I called on the holder, who promised to wait till the next day. At the very time a writ had been issued, and though last night he begged me to keep my mind easy, I was arrested this morning.

"It serves me entirely right. Would any man living have trusted attornies after my experience?—and to make it 20*l.* myself—an arrestable sum! The fact is, when I have done a great picture, I care for nothing. I agree to anything—do anything—promise anything—only to clear the way for its opening—noise, uproar, attack and fame.

"Then come the bitter results. Wiser I shall never get. All I hope is, that my whole life being like a wheel in constant succession of up and down, I may die in a moment of glory and success. O God! on my knee, grant it.

"*8th.*—Moderately at work on the nun. Went to the Royal Academy. The portraits are worse than ever.

"Wilkie's portrait of the King is fine. The flesh wants breadth and clearness. John Knox is fine. The group with Murray, &c. exceedingly fine.

"All the portraits are on their toes except Wilkie's. The style of some of them is absolutely disgusting."

Earl Grey resigned on the 9th of this month, to return again to office on the 18th, after a fruitless negotiation of the King with Sir Robert Peel.

The agony of public excitement about the Reform Bill was fiercer than ever, and Haydon, as I have said before, shared in it to the full.

"*12th.*—I lay awake from one till four in the morning, my heart beating violently about this Reform Bill.

"While these rotten boroughs exist, no Englishman can call himself theoretically, as well as practically, free. We have nothing personally pressing on our liberty but the consciousness of this excrescence.

"Saw Wilkie yesterday, who of course was in ecstacies. Wait a little—they will pass the bill yet.

"The great misfortune will be, that if the people do not

succeed, they will for ever have proved their impotence —a tremendous exposure.

"*25th.*—I passed Lawrence's house. Nothing could be more melancholy or desolate. I knocked and was shown in. The passages were dusty—the paper torn—the parlours dark—the painting-room, where so much beauty had once glittered, forlorn, and the whole appearance desolate and wretched—the very plate on the door green with mildew.

"I went into the parlour which used to be instinct with life! 'Poor Sir Thomas,—always in trouble,' said the woman who had the care of the house. 'Always something to worrit him.' I saw his bed-room, small, only a little bed; the mark of it was against the wall. Close to his bed-room was an immense room (where was carried on all his manufactory of draperies, &c.), divided, yet open over the partitions. It must have been five or six small rooms turned into one large workshop. Here his assistants worked. His painting-room was a large back drawing-room: his show-room a large front one. He occupied a parlour and a bed-room; all the rest of the house was turned to business. Any one would think that people of fashion would visit from remembrance the house where they had spent so many happy hours. Not they, they shun a disagreeable sensation. They have no feeling, no poetry. It is shocking. It is dirty."

As an example of the rebuffs Haydon's pertinacity often drew upon him, I insert this letter from one who always showed a disposition to aid him. He had been pressing Sir Robert Peel for a commission.

"Sir,

"I beg leave to decline acceding to the proposition which you have made to me.

"I think it rather hard that because I manifested a desire to assist you in your former difficulties, I should be exposed to the incessant applications I have since received from you. As I see no difference in your case from that of other artists, as, in truth, I am obliged constantly to decline the applications of

others, who are suffering from the present state of political excitement, I cannot give you commissions for pictures I do not require.

"I have the honour to be,
"Sir, your obedient servant,
"24th May, 1832." "ROBERT PEEL."

When the great Reform meeting of the Trade Unions took place at Newhall Hill, near Birmingham, it occurred to Haydon that the moment the vast concourse joined in the sudden prayer offered up by Hugh Hutton would make a fine subject for a picture.

"*28th.*—Occupied all day in harassing about the copyright of Waiting for the Times. Sold it.

"I wrote Mr. Attwood, saying the meeting at Newhall Hill was imposing beyond expression. I wished to make sketches. I wrote Hugh Hutton and proposed a picture. If I can get Birmingham to vote a grand historical picture commemorating the scene at Newhall Hill, it will give an immense impulse to the art. I shall be off."

The Birmingham leaders were pleased with the idea. Haydon with characteristic audacity wrote to Lord Grey to ask his patronage for the picture. This was of course at once refused, but the refusal (which approved itself, on reflection, to the painter's better judgment) was softened by a profession of Earl Grey's readiness to give any assistance in his power to a painting of any subject connected with the Reform Bill to which the same objections would not apply. On receiving promises of support from the leaders at Birmingham, Haydon at once set about finding trustees to take charge of subscriptions. His visit to Birmingham brought him in contact with the leaders of the movement there, and the account of it contains some rather curious disclosures, showing how near, in the opinion of those leaders, matters then were to revolution.

The Reform Bill was read a third time in the Lords on the 4th, and carried by 106 to 22.

"*June 2nd.*—Out all day on business. Saw Mr. Parkes in the morning, who consented to be trustee. He was

not up, and sent for me, and begged me to come in. I went in, and there was this Birmingham man, half dozing, and telling me all about the energy of the Union, and what they meant to do.

"He said warrants were made out against the whole of them, and that if Wellington had succeeded they would all have been taken up, and then the people would have fought it out. I went on talking to him of the sublimity of the scene at Newhall Hill. He said, 'You are the same man in prison as out. I'll be your trustee.' So having a pivot to go on, I advertised directly.

"My dear sir,

"Accept my gratitude. I will exert every nerve, and do my best. I shall come down this week, and begin sketches directly. You must all tell me, as nearly as possible, how you stood, what you wore, even to gloves and hats.

"For God's sake at the next meeting of the Union let this proposal issue from that heroic body, that on the day of jubilee all reformers in all parts of the United Kingdom should assemble on one day, and at one hour, and return thanks to God. It will be done if you propose it, and do not hesitate. It will be the grandest thing ever done on earth.

"T. Attwood, Esq."

"*10th.*—Birmingham. Here I am after a day's journey, in which I was alternately baked, drenched, squeezed, cramped, and broiled. Attwood sat to-day for his head, which is fine. As I sketched him we had a very interesting conversation. He told me the whole history of the Union. In one of his first speeches he said to the people, 'Suppose, my friends, we had two millions of threads; suppose we wound these two millions of threads into a good strong cord; suppose we twisted that cord into a good strong rope; suppose we twisted that rope into a mighty cable, with a hook at the end of it, and put it into the nose of the borough-mongers, d'ye think we should not drag the Leviathan to shore?' (Immense shouts.)

"Attwood said some very strong things. 'After poverty,

sir, there is nothing so much hated as independence. We are become a nation of petty, paltry corporations, and love of wealth. The five pounder adores the ten, and the ten the twenty.' He told Lord Melbourne, 'If the people do not get their belly full after this, I shall be torn to pieces.' 'And so much the better. You deserve it,' said Lord Melbourne. 'Yes, my Lord,' said Attwood, 'but they will begin with you. I do not despond of seeing you all tried for your conduct, Commons and all.'

"Attwood is a wonderful man, with a strong natural understanding. His features are well cut, and vigorous. His forehead high, white and shining. His hair grows out up, and elastically like Alexander's. His features play as he talks. His mouth expresses great decision, and when he spoke on his favourite subject, the blood rushed into his face, as if he were possessed by a spirit.

"'At one time,' said he, 'I used to question whether it was best for us or the United States to sink. I thought it would be better for us. But now I do not think so. We have redeemed ourselves.'

"He said Lord Grey asked him what he thought would be the end of these unions. He replied, as people got prosperous and satisfied, they would die away. 'I am much inclined to be of your opinion,' said Lord Grey.

"He said one of the Ministers * told him they owed their places to the Birmingham Union.

"Attwood is an extraordinary man, and really a leader. The other members seem to have an awe of him. In conversation I found the influence of the leaders of this Union was not from temporary causes, but connected with their predictions on finance — that they had predicted all the ruin which had taken place to Ministers, and thus gained the confidence of the people, and led the way to the establishment of a body which should take the lead.

"*Sunday.* — Went to Mr. Hutton's meeting. He made a very powerful sermon; and afterwards I dined with him at his beautiful cottage, and found him a highly

* Lord Durham. — B. R. H.

powerful and intellectual young man. The more I see of these Birmingham gentlemen the less am I astonished at their late energy. Hutton had in his study portraits of the great reformers. Hutton is a high-principled person, ripe to do all that he has done. He told me he paced his garden, and made up his mind to fight. His dinner was simple, and showed narrow circumstances.

"They had been so excited lately they are absolutely languid in conversation. But they are high in feeling — Roman quite — and will be immortal in their great struggle. I shall be proud to commemorate it.

"Spent the evening with Jones, a leader. When the tax-gatherer called during the three days he said to him, 'If you dare, sir, to call again, I will have you nailed by the ear at my door, with a placard on your breast saying who you are.'

"*12th.* — Dined with Mr. Scholefield, — the other leader of the Union, — and a very pleasant day I had after hard work.

"The cause of the strong republican feeling at Birmingham is their connection with America.

"Hadley, the secretary of the Union, sat to-day. He told many interesting anecdotes of the interview with Lord Grey."

Here is his account of his first visit to Lord Grey, and his commission for the Reform Banquet Picture.

"*26th, 27th, 28th.* — Hard at work, and finally did the sketch. I called at Lord Grey's to-day to see Mr. Wood. After waiting in the waiting-room some time in came two Lords, one after the other — one with all the obsequious humbleness of a place-hunter. As I had nothing to do, I sketched the whole scene,* changing the position of Hutton to the end, which increased the value and effect wonderfully. After waiting some time Mr. Wood came in and said, 'Mr. Haydon, if you can wait a quarter of an hour, Lord Grey will see you himself.' I arose and said, 'Of course.'

* Of the Newhall Hill Meeting.—Ed.

"One Lord was called out first. Then, after an interval, the other Lord went, and a message followed for me. In I walked. Lord Grey was sitting with the window to the left. He received me in his usual amicable manner. I congratulated him on his good looks, which, after all the fag and labour, were extraordinary. He then said, 'I wish to explain to you that it would not be delicate for me, as a Cabinet Minister, to head any subscription connected with the unions,' to which I replied, 'Perhaps it was indelicate in me to expect it.' 'But I should be happy to subscribe to any other subject connected with reform.' 'My Lord,' said I, 'I should be proud to paint the great leaders — the Ministry.' 'Suppose,' said Lord Grey, 'you paint the grand dinner in the city, where we shall all be on the 11th.' I replied, 'I should be delighted.' He seemed much pleased. I said, 'Of course you'll sit to me.' 'Certainly,' he said.

"I then went up stairs with him to see a portrait by a young man I taught to draw.

"Lord Grey did not speak of the unions as he ought. He seemed to think of them as subjects beneath my pencil; and when I put into his hands the sketch I had made, while I waited, he merely replaced it in my own without a word.

"Is this not a subject of the finest moral nature? Does it not show the value of the religious feeling operating in men accustomed to give vent to their feelings? Does it not show the vast utility of the industrious classes obeying the men of property in the neighbourhood as leaders, instead of wildly wreaking their vengeance on property from ignorance and passion? Surely this is a subject kings and lords ought to protect."

The Birmingham picture was begun on the 30th, and several subscriptions to it obtained, both in London and Birmingham. But the hardy hammermen had no real heart in the matter, and, without minutely recording the ups and downs of the work, I may dismiss the subject by saying that it came to nothing.

The banquet was fixed for the 11th, and the painter, on Lord Grey's recommendation, had every facility given to him by the committee. Here is his entry on the evening of the 11th: —

"I spent the day at Guildhall, and the evening was, as Paddy would say, the most splendid day of my life.

"I breakfasted and dined with the committee, who treated me with the greatest distinction, and assigned me the place I had chosen to paint from (under Lord Chatham's monument). The confusion of the day is not to be described; but what was that to the roar of the night?

"I painted all the morning, and got in the room and window, amidst gasmen and waiters, and by night, the instant the room filled, I dashed away. It was a lesson in colour I shall never forget. The nobility treated me with great distinction. The Duke of Argyll sent to take wine, and so did others. I was obliged to sip, or I should have been more inspired than was requisite. It was a splendid sight — a glorious triumph; and a curious fact in my curious life that I should have been employed to paint it in the hall.

"I saw Lord Grey the next morning, who was shaken; and on Tuesday I took him down my sketches, which I trust in God will end in two grand commissions.

"What a day! As I passed to go there, I saw a man just hanging at Newgate.

"In the evening the servants down stairs were drunk, while Lord Grey was considering it a high honour up-stairs!

"I was an object of great attention without 5*s*. in my pocket — and this is life.

"The Ministers all seem afraid of the people. Ah! had concessions been made before, no danger would have come.

"*July 17th.* — Called on Lord Grey to-day with all my sketches. He was highly gratified. Lord Althorp was with him. Lord Grey gave me a commission for the

Banquet at 500 guineas.' He was taking up the sketch to show Lady Grey, when she met him. He introduced me. He said, 'I mean this for Howick.' I said, 'I am delighted to paint it for your Lordship, where it will be kept for ever in your family. I glory in it,' said I. Lord Grey was pleased, and added, 'You like your subject, I am sure.' 'Indeed, I do.'

"*21st.* — I went by appointment this morning. Lord Grey received me kindly. He wanted to set off, but I stuck to him. 'How long will you be?' 'Half an hour, my Lord.' 'May I read?' 'If your Lordship will hold your head high.' 'Where must I sit?' 'Opposite the window.' 'Ah!' said he, as if he thought it a great bore, took up his ministerial box and came over. I sketched away like fire. Some one called, and he went out, leaving me alone with the ministerial boxes. I thought to myself, now if I chose to be a villain, I *might* learn something, but I kept my post and went on chalking in the background. He darted in, but finding all right, sat down quietly. It was a very interesting hour.

"It was a high honour. He treated me with perfect confidence, and I was highly pleased. I made an energetic sketch."

Here is a contrast.

"*24th.* — Faddled — specimens of the 'mingled yarn' Nos. 1. and 2. I owed —— *25l.* I left him out in my schedule on a principle of honour and affection. Six months ago I wrote him to say my prospects were better, and offered to arrange to pay him. I got no answer: but to-day, without notice, got a lawyer's letter.

"He is beginning to feel wealthy, and to love accumulation. There is nothing wrong, but it is little.

"*26th.* — Painted only an hour, obliged to go out, and try to arrange about ——'s debt and my water-rate. When I consider what I have lent artists and never got again, and never thought of proceeding, I am shocked at ——'s conduct. Never mind. For him who has known necessity to embarrass me at this critical moment is shock-

ing. However, peace to him. The fact is, I never would proceed against any human creature.

"*27th.* — Painted hard six hours, and advanced rapidly. Dear Lord Grey sent half. God be thanked. It has saved me — quite.

"*28th.* — Painted a head in the morning, and out after business, received my money, and paid right and left. Arranged ——'s debt of *25l.* by paying his lawyer *3l. 3s.* Amicable robbery!

"*31st.* — June and July, I have worked satisfactorily. My Birmingham picture is advanced, Lord Grey's also prepared, and to-morrow I begin his. God grant me success also. Amen.

"To-morrow the anniversary of the Victory of the Nile. I'll begin seriously my Reform Picture — success!

"*September 3rd.* — Out all day in the city about business of various descriptions. Delightful difference, that instead of being tortured by the want of money, it was to be delightfully deceived by the receipt of it.

More contrasts. "*8th.* — In the evening I was sitting and luxuriating by anticipation in all the delights of colour in my picture, when a note came from an officer's widow, starving. I went out, and called immediately. It was a room on the ground, two little children were sleeping in dirt and blankets, without any cleanly comfort on earth, beside them was a press-bed, and a respectable mother, pale, hollow-cheeked, and Irish. 'What regiment,' said I, 'did your husband belong to?' 'The 8th or King's Own,' said she, with a brogue one could have known at the Straits of Magellan. 'Poor creature! why did he leave the regiment?' 'He quarrelled with his superior officer.' 'Why did you send to me?' 'I heard you were humane.' Of course I gave her all I had in my pocket, *5s.* I went away bitterly affected. The night was clear, poetical, and heavenly. What a contrast to the wretchedness I had left. 'Oh Sir,' said she, 'it's a fortune, it's a fortune.' In the morning I see a Prime Minister who thinks the levee a bore: in the evening the widow of an officer in the

King's Own, (who perhaps would not put up with an insult from a superior officer and lost his commission,) sends to me for 5*s*. Such is life! She had the appearance of having seen better days.

"*9th.* — Lord Grey called to-day, and it did one's heart good to see him look so well. He was full dressed at half-past twelve. He was much pleased with the picture, and agreed with me that the most able supporters of the bill ought to be introduced, without regard to their real places.

"In coming in he tripped on the step, and as he was going out Frank came in with all his books, and ran against him. But he was quite amiable, and said to Frederick, 'How d'ye do, sir,' at which he turned from his play, and stared at him like a Newfoundland puppy. He seemed used to children.

"*10th.* — Oh, oh, I've found out the reason Lord Grey looked so young and gay. Lord Howick was to be married. He went from me to the ceremony. Old as he was, he really looked more like a bridegroom than a minister of state. Lord Grey was enough yesterday to make any man begin with champagne the moment he was gone. He looked like the first glass, after the bursting pop. Seeing him thus will influence my treatment of his head.

"*11th.* — Sick of pictures, town, nobility, King, Lords and Commons, I set off by a steamer to Broadstairs. Came in stewed by steam and broiled by sun. I fagged about till sick, and got lodgings for my dears for a short breathe of sea air.

"Slept at an inn in a small room, fried till morning, got up at half-past five, took a delicious dip and swam exulting like a bull in June, ate a breakfast worthy of an elephant; put off and joined the Ramsgate steamer, and was in town again by half-past four. To-day I am fatigued, and to-morrow I take all my dears down. It is six years since they have changed air but for a day or two. I hope it will do them all good.

"13*th.* — Ought I to spend 20*l.* owing it as I do? If I do not my children suffer. They want sea-air. I struggle between the feelings of the father and the citizen.

"*23rd.* — We have all been down to Broadstairs. The children vastly benefited. Dear little Alfred, after the warm bath, said he had not had pains in his knees for two days. What ought to be my feelings to dear Lord Grey for advancing me half, and enabling me to do this good to my dear children?

"*29th.* — Closed my exhibition, and moved all my pictures: —

Receipts £167 6 3
Expences 170 10 3 Loss *only* £3 3 3

"Such are the times. A blessing not to lose more.

"30*th.* — Out all day. Rolled up Xenophon, which, as I removed it into a stronger light, really shone with colour. If it comes out again it will astonish.

"Would any man believe that the whole body of the Academicians have declared Xenophon a failure?

"Wilkie came in to-day while Dr. Elmore was there, and after looking at it some time, he said, 'It's a great work, let 'em say what they will.'

"He knows it as well as I.

"B. R. Haydon,

"I have been put off so often by thee, that if thy acceptance is not taken up on the 17th inst. when I call (say about nine o'clock in the morning), I intend putting the law in force without delay.

Bill - - -	£28	3	5
Noting - - -		2	6
Postage - - -			10
	£28	6	9

"He called, and I persuaded this worthy man to take 10*l.*, and the balance in a fortnight. The following conversation ensued.

"H. 'Why thee ought with thy splendid talents to make 1000*l.* a-year, Haydon.' 'So I do, sir, but irre-

gularly.' H. 'Then thee should live on 500*l.*' Hay. 'So I do not. I can't.' H. 'Then thou art imprudent.' Hay. 'No, Sir, I am not. I have eight children.' H. 'Eight children! That is a proof of thy imprudence.' Hay. 'Come, come, that's hard; I consider 20*l.* of this bill I need not have paid but on a principle of honour!' H. 'I have nothing to do with that, though I commend thee. Well, well, thou hast great talents, and I'll try thee once more.' There was something about this so sincere I was affected. He walked about the room with his hat on, his coat buttoned up to his chin, healthy-looking, keen, firm, honourable, and good, though severe in his expression. When I saw him out, his horse and gig had the appearance of wealth without being fashionable. It was peculiar, and all in character.

"This debt was for my baker's bill, whom I had always promised to pay in my troubles out of the first sum of any amount I received. Does he thank me? Not he. He is just as likely, now he is safe, to behave ill as a stranger.

"*26th.*—Breakfasted with Lord Nugent.* Sketched him. Passed a very delightful morning. He took down, with the grace of high birth, a print of Hampden which hung in an old English frame, and presented it to me, writing his name on the back. He said some capital things.

"Talking of the Greeks, he said, 'I acknowledge they are liars. But why? It is the arm of slavery against tyranny.' He said, 'I have as delightful associations about the enclosed county of the civil wars as about Greece or the Troad. I have as much pleasure in standing and thinking I see the whole hedge lined with cuirassiers, as if they were ancient Greeks in the Acropolis.' 'Yes,' said I, 'my Lord, and I never think of the civil wars but I associate the terrific face of Cromwell gleam-

* Who was on the point of starting as Governor for the Ionian Islands.

ing — *dira facies* — above the field. He was a grand fellow, my Lord. He died in power.' 'Yes, he did; but recollect Napoleon,' said Lord Nugent, immediately grasping my meaning, 'what he suffered, with a thief-catcher ferreting his dirty linen, harassed by a hideous complaint, and tortured by insults.' He went on. 'Do you know who H. B. is?' 'No.' 'I think I do.' 'Who, my Lord?' 'I think it is Harry Burrard, of the Guards. We went to school together, and he drew capitally.' We then went into a long discussion about arms, tried rapiers, looked at black jacks. He ordered up a bloodhound, and a Scotch greyhound that would honour Abbotsford, and after forty visits, twenty letters, after Joe, and Bill, and Dick, and Harry had had their orders, in came the groom. 'Where's the little mare?' 'At Stowe, my Lord.' 'How came she there?' 'My Lord, your own orders.' 'Get her directly, in time to embark. Who covered her?' 'I don't know, my Lord.' In came Joe. 'My Lord, the captain of the steamer.' 'Show him in. Mr. Haydon, we had better begin.' I began, wanting his head to the left; but the captain sat on the right, and every instant Lord Nugent jerked his head to the right, to discuss the various probabilities of embarkation, and there I sat catching his features as I could, and getting them in rapidly.

"After seeing the drawing, he said, 'I shall be happy to see you at Corfu. You can be out in three weeks in a steamer. We'll take a trip to the Troad and Constantinople. Don't forget it. Joe?' 'My Lord.' 'Tell Mr. What's-his-name, Hookham will settle it.' 'Yes, my Lord. My Lord, here's the silversmith.' 'Who?' 'The silversmith.' 'Send him to Hookham's too. Then, captain, we must be on board by three? Can the horses, eh, what do you call it—can the horses—the horses get on board easily?' 'As easy as a glove, my Lord.' 'Well, captain, you had better see Lady Nugent, and talk to her about the baggage.' 'Yes, my Lord.' 'Joe.' 'Yes,

my Lord.' 'Ask Lady Nugent for that old painting.' 'Yes, my Lord.' 'Michel?' '*Oui, milord.*'

"In the midst of all this I finished my sketch, and was off. I like Lord Nugent very much. He is of race, and looks like a noble. His manners are graceful and commanding. He is cultivated and entertaining, and I dare say will honour his station.

"*27th.*—Finished the head of the chairman. Lord Nugent and Sir Matthew Wood called, and liked the picture. Lord Nugent made some capital remarks, which I adopted. He embarked at three.

"*October 12th.*—Lord Melbourne came, and a very pleasant morning we had. He relished my stories, and was extremely affable and amiable. He has a fine head, and looked refined and handsome. As he was leaving he saw the Birmingham sketch. I question if he exactly relished it—it might be my fancy. I hit his expression, and he will come in well and elegantly.

"*13th.*—Lord Melbourne sat again to-day, with great amiability. I asked him point blank several things. I was very much delighted with his exceeding good-humour, and I hope I have hit his expression. He asked about Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Keats, and Shelley, and seemed much amused at my anecdotes. I never had a pleasanter sitter—a delightful, frank, easy, unaffected man of fashion.

"There is nothing like 'em when they add intelligence to breeding.

"I spoke of Lord Durham's return. Dead silence. I talked of Birmingham. A sort of hint as to Scholefield and Attwood—a passing opinion, yet confidential.

"The whole sitting was entertaining; and now, if he is only pleased with his own head, it will do.

"*14th.*—Saw Sir Hudson Lowe to-day in the streets. Micheli and an Italian had stopped me. Micheli's friend had sailed with, and knew him. We all walked by, and then turned, and had a d——d good stare. He turned and looked fiercely at us, and gave us a good opportunity

by crossing. A meaner face no assassin ever had. H answered Napoleon's description to a T.

"16*th.*—Lord Melbourne sat again to-day—a delightful two hours. He liked the head in the picture the best of the three. This will be a complete course of study in portrait-painting. I made a chalk drawing, an oil sketch, and then put it into the picture by myself, imagining his expression. It is extraordinary that the head I painted by myself is the best; I can do an expression I imagine better than one I see.

"Lord Melbourne, in the course of talk, said he knew that Lord North often endeavoured to persuade the King not to continue the American war, but that the virulence of the old King's feelings obliged him. Lord Melbourne added, that he (the King) patronised West against Reynolds because the latter was too intimate with Fox and Burke.

"We had a long confab about art. He seemed to be afraid history would never have that patronage portrait had. I replied the Government could alone do it. He asked, how. I said, first by a committee of the House, and then by a vote. He said he was afraid selections might be invidious. Of course, I replied, he that was selected was more likely to be envied than otherwise, but the same might be said of all commissions. He said, 'had not the sculptors had every opportunity, and had they done as they ought?' 'Certainly not. But it was no argument,' I replied, 'because one class of artists had acted as manufacturers, we should.' Lord Melbourne said, 'we shall see what a popular parliament will do. Hume is not against it. It seems feasible.'

"18*th.*—Lord Althorp sat to me in Downing Street. He is not so conversational as Lord Melbourne, but the essence of good nature. I said, 'My Lord, for the first time in my life I scarcely slept, when Lord Grey was out during the Bill—were you not deeply anxious?' 'I don't know,' said Lord Althorp, 'I am never very anxious.' Lord Althorp seems heavy. I tried to excite

him into conversation. He said Sir Joshua painted him when a boy. He said nothing remarkable. He has an air of rank, like all of them. I hit his expression—so said his secretary; but I saw he evidently thought it not young enough. He brought me down Hayter's miniature, painted nineteen years ago. As a work of art detestable; but he thought highly of it.

"I afterwards called on Lord Palmerston, and was amazingly impressed by his good-humoured elegance. Col. Walpole had made a mistake. He did not mean to *sit*—he only thought I wanted to *see* him. He said he could no more sit than he could fly; but the first leisure hour he would not forget me.

"19*th*.—Visited Lord Althorp again. He told me the day before that I might come again any morning I liked. So anxious was I to get on, that I went down again the next day, was admitted, made the servant fit up the windows, and block up the light. Rubbed in the head by way of preparation, and was expecting his Lordship. Lord Althorp had made an appointment with an engraver at the same hour, and had not had time to tell me; so in walked his Lordship, half laughing, saying he had done so, and begging to know if it would interrupt me. I said 'No.' By his side stood his secretary with papers. The door opened, and in toddled ———, with his clump foot, and a large portfolio. Lord Althorp roared with laughter, and so did I. The whole thing was dramatic. All this so disturbed me—so perplexed my thoughts—was so unlike the solitude of my own study, where I can indulge in visions, that I only thought how to get out of it in peace.

"Lord Althorp, who is a heavy man, stood up for the head, that the engraver might touch it. The graceless way in which he stood was irresistible. I could paint a picture of such humour as would ruin me.

"The fact is, one should never forget what is due to one's self. The moment I found Lord Althorp made no gentlemanly appeal to me, as the whole rencontre was his fault, I should very quietly have daubed out the whole

head, and merely made generalities. The truth was, he seemed to think it a devilish good joke—not knowing I have no intercourse with artists; and that though I could not help laughing, it was little better than an insult. What had I in common with an engraver, let him be ever so eminent? I was there by Lord Grey's desire, and as his representative; and I ought to have been treated with marked distinction. However, I have a scale:—

Those noblemen who come to me,
Those who oblige me to come to them,
And those who do not sit at all,

shall all be represented according to their respective amiabilities.

"*22nd.*—Lord Lansdowne sat, and I was much interested. His face is amiable in the extreme. We had a long confabulation about the Academy, &c. &c., in which he asked several meaning questions of me.

"*24th.*—Lord John Russell sat to-day. He did not say much. There is a marked inflexibility of purpose about his head. He was pleased with the picture, and thought I ought to place the more prominent characters conspicuously. Lord Lansdowne differed. He thought, however improperly placed the company were, I ought to be strictly correct as to the first line, since the picture was to be an historical record. I was much gratified by the honour of his visit.

"*25th.*—Went to the Duke of Richmond's, and made a successful sketch of him. He has a fine head. We had a talk of art. I put in 'public vote of money.' His Grace admitted it—that was all.

"*26th.*—Went again to the Duke of Richmond's. The Duchess came in to have a peep. I think she did not consider it handsome enough. They expect in an historical picture I am to perfume them like Lawrence. My object is nature and truth for reference hereafter, and not domestic portrait to gratify papa and mamma, by smothering nature and giving them something else, which no one can reduce to principle.

"I know well my sketches will not please them.

"They want a peculiar expression in the eye—an arched brow, a red lip, a smirk, and so on. I can't do this. I won't do this. The eye is a component part of a face, and is liable to the same variations of light and shadow as the nose or mouth. Sometimes it is lost in half tint or shadow — sometimes glitters in light; but under all circumstances to make it light is absurd. Lawrence always did; and I am convinced from what I see again of people of fashion, Sir Joshua never could have been a favourite at heart. Heard from Lord Goderich. Called on Wilkie, and found he had been painting the Duke of Sussex. Here's a pretty radical! He is ratting. It was something like Lawrence and Raeburn, and not like himself; and yet fine, but not original.

"*27th.*—In thus coming to portrait in a spirit of investigation, I have arrived at the following conclusion—that Vandyke even is affected, Reynolds and Titian unaffected in the most delightful degree.

"In Reynolds and Titian there is nothing forced: in Vandyke the character is often forced. Vandyke placed the eyes often for the purpose of showing them to the best advantage; the eye seems conscious of how to look, so as to get the bit of light to come exactly in the same pretty place. But in Titian, eyes look like eyes without these ridiculous absurd trickeries. So in all the great masters. Reynolds often made a striking likeness with the eye hardly seen.

"This picture will be of great use. It will compel me to study portrait, which I detested, as this picture has a national object as well.

"Had Lawrence never existed, it would have been better for the art. In spite of all, I must think so. Yes, he had a mischievous fascination. There is nothing in him sound—nothing to which you can devote your whole soul, without fear of contamination, as in Reynolds, Titian, Raffaele, Corregio.

"*28th.*—Called on L——. He gave me a poor account

of Galt, and censured him for his follies. He said Galt had thrown away three opportunities of fortune, by quarrelling with his superiors. L——'s account rather interested me. ——, when Secretary for the Treasury, told him they wanted an editor for the Courier, who would come every morning to the Treasury, and take his tone from them. L—— mentioned Galt. He was sent, and accepted. When the King was ill, —— said, 'Mr. Galt, the King reads the Courier, and nothing whatever must be said of His Majesty's danger. Sir H. Halford will inform you daily what to say.'

"All the papers went on swearing the King must die. Galt maintained the contrary; but it was so ridiculous, that his honesty of mind could not brook it, and he boldly spoke out. —— sent for him, remonstrated on his folly. Galt stood up for his independence. —— said he must retire. Galt threw up his employment, and is now prostrated with paralysis, without a guinea, and with ten children.

"*29th.*—Got in Lord John's head; but my conscience would not allow me to keep him by the side; I therefore put him on the line of honour.

"*31st.*—In the city, and arranged my necessities.

"The last day of the month, and a very triumphant month it has been to me. God be thanked, with all my heart.

"*November 3rd.**—Lord Goderich sat, and afterwards I went to Sir James Graham's. Lord Goderich began the instant he sat down, 'Well, we are to have a new Academy.' 'Yes, my Lord.' 'How do you like the plan?' 'It is an honour to the art certainly, but I fear its ultimate influence.' 'Fear! why?' 'Because, by bringing the annual efforts of British artists in comparison with the choicest works of the choicest ages, the

* The Nineteenth Volume of the Journals begins at this date, with the mottoes, "Who best can suffer, best can do" (Milton), and "Behold, I have refined thee, but not with silver. I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction."—*Psalm* xlviii.

inference will be too obvious, and the opinion of British art must sink. There is no hope for British art but by a moderate and regular vote to support history.' 'But how?' said he; 'we have no houses.' 'My Lord, there is the mistake. We do not want houses. We want public support, for public objects, in public buildings; and your Lordship may depend on it the art of the country will sink. No young men will devote themselves to acquire the power, if ruin and a prison are to be the result of studying the art as a science, instead of making it what it is,—a trade, and a means of getting money and sitters.'

"We went over the old ground. I found him a staunch friend of the powers that be in art. He said the annual exhibition gratified a number of people. They saw views of places they knew, likenesses of people they heard of, &c.; and he did not think that ancient art, however eminent, would be likely to interfere in such a case. He said, 'The dinner gratified him always.' I said, 'I dare say. It must be a gratifying thing; but, my Lord, an English exhibition puts me in mind of a giant with great genius, and great powers of mind, struggling to speak a language he does not understand.' He laughed, and said, 'What would you have?' 'A better and more systematic education. The French are more regularly prepared.' 'I would not give sixpence for French art,' said he. 'You value it too highly,' said I. 'But a little French regularity would correct, without destroying, the exuberance of English excess. The French are what Sir George Beaumont used to call them, the upholsterers of the art.' 'Suppose a grant of money given, how would you begin?' said he. 'At once, at the great room at the Admiralty. Take two great pictures of two of the most important epochs of English marine glory. Adorn the other parts of the room with smaller designs. Take two portraits of two of the greatest heroes, and two busts.' He shrugged his shoulders, and said, 'Well, Lords Grey and Althorp hold the purse-strings, propose it to them.' Here was an acknowledgment he had nothing to say.

"What will he do? Go away—and perhaps abuse me for proving my plan feasible.

"He retired, and I drove down to an attorney to prevent an execution for 9*l.* 14*s.* 0*d.*; paid 5*l.*, 4*l.* to his client, and 1*l.* to him for waiting a fortnight for the balance, and then to Sir James Graham, at the Admiralty. I sketched him.

"7*th.*—Sir John Hobhouse sat, and a very interesting hour I had.

"14*th.*—Lord Goderich sat again to-day, and we went into the whole question of the Academy. He asked innumerable questions. I gave him the whole history of Reynolds' resignation, my ill-treatment, Shee's conduct, &c. &c. 'Upon my honour,' said he, 'if they do not take care, the public will be against them.' 'They are already,' said I; 'and my apprehensions are, that this money voted for them will only serve to give additional weight to their unjust pretensions.' He alluded to my former applications to him about art, and added, 'I fear I have neglected you.' 'Yes, my Lord,' said I; 'once when I was waiting to see you a deputation of silk-mercers from Coventry came in, and I gave up hope.' He laughed, but half-displeased.

"On the whole, public men shrink from discussion. They are so occupied with the fate of nations, and their political relations, that truth even on other points seems unworthy investigation. Metaphysical inquiry they detest. Matters of taste they skim. Religion they consider only as an engine of state; and I do not think much extension of knowledge on general principles is to be acquired by intercourse with them. They are interesting from their rank and occupation; but a habit of having such mighty interests hanging on their decisions generates a contempt for abstract deduction, and an indisposition to enter into matters of literature, art, and morals. Men like Lord Grey — old politicians — are too wary to give you a clue by any hint or look as to what is going on.

"17*th.*—Made another sketch of Sir James Graham to-day—a better view of his fine head. Dr. Lushington came in, and I staid with Lady Graham for nearly two hours, and spent a delightful time.

"19*th.*—Saw Lord Grey, who was sitting quietly by the fire reading papers. When I came to the door Col. Grey was talking to Lord Essex. Lord Essex saw me, and said, 'I have nearly persuaded Lord Holland to sit.'

"It would be a pity if such a strenuous advocate of reform should be out.

"I sent in my name and was admitted. Lord Grey was looking the essence of mildness. He seemed disposed for a chat. In my eagerness to tell him all he wanted to know, I sprung up off my chair, and began to explain, bending my fist to enforce my argument. Lord Grey looked at me with a mild peacefulness of expression, as if regarding a bit of gunpowder he had admitted to disturb his thoughts. Now I should have sat still, and chatted quietly, for that is what he wanted—to be relieved by gentle talk. But he began to talk to me about the picture, and touched a sensitive spring. I blazed away, made arrangements for his sitting next week, and took my leave.

"I came in like a shot, talked like a Congreve-rocket, and was off like an arrow, leaving Lord Grey for five minutes not quite sure if it was all a dream. How delightfully he looked by the fire. What a fine subject he would make in his official occupation.

"20*th.*—Hard at work on Sir James Graham. I never, I think, passed a more interesting month; to be admitted, as I have been, on the most friendly terms to the secret recesses of Cabinet Ministers, left alone, as I have been, with letters, dispatches, boxes, and trusted with perfect confidence, chatting with them on art, and having the full command of them for an hour at a time, with no disturbance or interruption, is a very high distinction.

"25*th.*—At Lord Althorp's again, and spent a very interesting hour. By degrees I got him on art and the

National Gallery, and the necessity of encouraging history by an annual vote.

"He said an annual vote would be injurious, because it implied a necessity of always buying, when there might be nothing to buy. He said Government did nothing, because it was not the habit. I instanced sculpture, and he acknowledged. We discussed the junction of the National Gallery and Academy. He agreed it would either ruin them, or make them. If properly taken it would be the making of the art. He said, 'You are at war with the Academy.' 'I am, my Lord? I disapprove of them on principle. They are the borough-mongers of the art.' I said, 'Chantrey had agreed with me in my opinion on the Academy, yet had joined them.' I said, 'They are a set of interested men who are fearful of their supremacy being shaken by the foundation of legitimate art. They obliged Reynolds to resign. They persecuted Opie, West, Wilkie, and myself, and being portrait-painters, and engrossing the power, they can do so with effect.' I begged to assure his Lordship I had no paltry view in recommending commissions to the most eminent, but asked either for that, or some other plan, that the consequence of pursuing art from feeling, and not for gain, might not be ruin to all who attempted it.* I pressed on his attention the popularity of the measure. He said, 'D'ye think so?' 'My Lord, I am sure of it. And the junction of the Royal Academy with the National Gallery is not popular, because it is feared additional power will be put into the hands of those who already have wielded what they have to the oppression of the art.' I said, 'Sooner or later, Lord Althorp, it must be done, and I should be happy to see the glory secured by the present administration. It is difficult for me to speak of the Royal Academy without passion, but be assured the art is the last thing thought of there.' He said, 'Would premiums be a good plan?' 'No, my Lord. Commissions are best.' 'Sometimes,' said he, 'pictures make a great dash and are forgotten. Government might commit itself. Fifty years, I think,'

ought to pass before a picture is bought.' 'And the painter starves in the meantime,' said I. 'My Jerusalem is in America. Lazarus is going, and Solomon is in a dust-loft. After thousands are spent in the Gallery, the art will be in the same condition. Why not give painters a chance as in other countries?'

"He seemed impressed with a notion that something was wanting. This is the first step. I see Lord Grey this week, and I will be at him. God knows if anything will come of it. They shall not be ignorant; and then all excuse is taken away. At my calling the Academy 'The borough-mongers of the art,' he laughed. He said of all professions lawyers were the most jealous. This to me was new.

"I think I shook his convictions in the infallibility of the Academy. I said, I feared if the art was injured by the National Gallery, the dealers would get a-head again. He said he did not fear that.

"He seemed quite ignorant and quite astonished that anything could be said against the plan, or in favour of anything else.

"He said, 'Who is to judge? Patrons in matters of taste and persons of technical knowledge?' I said, 'No, my Lord, all the world can judge if an expression be true, or a story told. All the world would be impressed with a national series of pictures to illustrate a principle: but all the world are not judges of technicalities. This is exclusively professional.'

"Lord Althorp said, if he had not affected to be against the National Gallery, fifty people would have sprung up in the House, and have opposed, but by appearing to disapprove, he secured success.

"When I took my leave, I begged he would not forget the art.

"*29th.* — Lord Althorp called and was much pleased. Began Lord Grey musing by the fire.

"*30th.* — Rubbed in the great picture of the above subject, and very interesting it will be. I had Brown's

men down instantly, and, as I had a canvas ready, it was mounted, and begun in half-an-hour. Success to it. If done as it ought, it will give posterity a complete idea of this illustrious man in his habitual attitude.

"*December 1st.* — Out all day, and exceedingly harassed for want of money. This picture causes such continual loss of time it is dreadful. In grievous difficulty I ran in to my dear old friend Cockerell, and though he has great reason to complain of my irregularity, he lent me *5l.* I wanted him to buy my sketch of Sir Walter. He could not, but advised me to ask Lord Francis. To him I wrote, and if he does, it will rescue me from M——'s fangs, and enable me to get on. I cannot appeal to Lord Grey till next month.

"*2nd.* — Called on the Duke of Sussex, and saw him. It was quite a picture. There he sat in a little room, richly furnished, smoking, with a red Turkish cap, like Ali Pasha — his hands covered with rings — his voice loud, royal and asthmatic. 'Sit down, Mr. Haydon.' Down I sat. He began about the Academy instantly as if to flatter me.

"*5th.* — Lord Melbourne sat again to-day. His last sitting, and a very pleasant morning I had.

"Lord Melbourne is the most delightful sitter of any, and I am always brilliant with him. He seems equally pleased with me. I feel at my ease. He is a shrewd man, and is not satisfied with random reasons. I was talking about art, and he brought me to an anchor for a minute, by asking me a question that required reflexion to refute, and set me thinking when he was gone.

"*11th.* — Lord Auckland sat, and I congratulated him on the success of the elections. He said, 'Truly it justifies all that has been done for the middle classes.' It did most gloriously. I wrote Hobhouse I would carry him round myself, if a chair was wanting.

"*21st.* — Lord Headfort concluded to-day, and in the morning I passed an hour with Lord Melbourne, in which art and all its interests, great pictures in churches, public

encouragement, &c. were discussed, but with little effect. There is no hope from any minister the other side of forty. A man at forty has proved the hollowness of life, and smiles at zeal with a consciousness of its uselessness. Lord Melbourne seemed to have a notion that I was a disappointed enthusiast, whom he found it amusing to listen to, however absurd it might be to adopt my plans.

"*31st.*—The last day of a year, perhaps the most celebrated of my life.

"The immortality conferred on me by Lord Grey in giving me a picture connected with reform—the glory of that night at Guildhall—the return of fortune, and the peace, happiness, and study I have enjoyed in consequence, are all causes of my feeling deep gratitude to my merciful Creator.

"My health never was so good, but I regret to say the materials I have to work with for art—King, nobility, and people—are materials from which little good can be expected. I am at this moment in abeyance, and feel more happiness in pursuing my studies without battling or struggling for an abstract principle. I regret it, for it is not high-minded. I shall try the rest of my life to do my best, and let that take its chance.

"I have worked very hard to-day from nine to four, and seven to half-past ten—ten and a half hours—my eyes like iron.

"There are two things I once hated—portrait and perspective. This picture has forced me to study them, and I will conclude by being capable of both.

"It is now half-past eleven. The conclusion is approaching of the most wonderful year in the history of England. Oh! how I glory that I contributed to the great result, however humbly, by my three letters * to The Times. When my colours have faded, my canvas decayed, and my body mingled with the earth, these

* Three anonymous letters under the signature of "A Reformer;" very creditable contributions to a newspaper, but in no way, as far as I can see, justifying this jubilation.—Ed.

glorious letters, the best things I ever wrote, will awaken the enthusiasm of my countrymen. I thank God I lived in such a time, and that He gifted me with talent to serve the great cause. I did serve it. Gratitude to Him!

"Twelve has struck!"

"Adieu for ever 1832."

1833.

This burst of exultation at the share Haydon attributed to himself in bringing about the triumph of Reform by his three letters in The Times is not the least curious illustration of the gigantic proportions which trifles assumed in the strangely distorting mirror of his mind, the moment they related to himself or his doings. Brought into familiar, and in one sense confidential, relations with ministers and leaders of parties, at this stirring time, it is not to be wondered at that the painter imagined himself for the moment lifted up again to his early days of Admiralty dinners and Coleorton hospitalities. These relations continued through the whole of 1833, and the records of the sittings given him successively by all the conspicuous guests at the Guildhall Banquet fill the rest of this volume of his journals. Ministers and Peers, Whig notabilities, and Radical leaders, figure in it at full length, with their conversations and remarks entered in great detail. There is much in these transcripts of opinions, judgments, impressions, scandals, and *on-dits*, which might figure very effectively either in a *chronique galante*, or a secret history of the time. But the period is too recent to admit free use of such confidences, even if it were fair to make public what was certainly never meant to meet the public eye. I hope that in the few extracts taken from the journal for these years I have confined myself to passages which, while they illustrate character, and occasionally contain matter of political interest, are free from anything that can wound personal susceptibilities.

"*January 1st.*—Hume sat, and a very interesting conversation we had. It seems it was he who proposed the junction of the National Gallery and Royal Academy.

"Hume seems excessively disposed to act liberally about art, and I am convinced he is more likely, at last, to do what is wanted than any man.

"*25th.*—My birthday—forty-seven years old; passed the day in hard work and peace; with my dear children in the evening.

"*26th.*—Out all day. Had worked till I had not a guinea left. Called on Lord Grey. Found him happy, healthy-looking, and in good spirits, thank God. We are pretty much on a level. Antwerp plagued him as pecuniary matters plague me, and reform plagued the King. We all have our plagues.

"He agreed to let me dedicate the work to him, and I went away without his alluding to my affairs. I then went to Colonel Grey, and left with him a short note I had written at a bookseller's shop. I was in great agitation for fear of offending him. I drove into the city, and went to Fletcher, the chairman (a fine, manly fellow), to tell him my wants, and to ask him for 5*l.* to get through the night. As I had not paid him the 12*l.*, he said he ought not. I returned home in a state not to be described. When I came home the children had been all fighting, and no water had come to the cistern. Mary was scolding; and I went to my painting-room, and d——d all large pictures, which always bring this evil on me. The evening passed on, as it always does in a family where the father has no money. The children smoke it; the servants suspect it. There is either an over-kindness, an over-irritability, or an affected unconcern, which opens at once their lynx eyes. Tea passed off. I went to my picture; apostrophised my art; complained of Lord Grey, and sat down with a pain in my lumbar vertebræ. As I had appointed a great many people for small sums, I marched off to my landlord, Newton. Knowing he would relieve me, and anticipating success, I knocked. I heard the

light steps of a girl; down went the candlestick, and the door opened. 'Mr. Newton at home?' said I, marching in, praying to God it might be so, but half fearing it might not, when I was suddenly stopped by, 'No, sir, he is gone to the play.' 'D——n the play!' thought I— 'this is the way. What business had he to be giggling at some stuff in the pit, while I am in danger of having no money?' Away I marched again, tired, croaking, grumbling, and muddy, and came home in a state of harass. 'Sir, the man won't send the wood without the money!' was the first salutation. 'Sir, there is no water in the cistern, and has not been all day!' 'Why,' thought I, 'the very lead pipes begin to perceive their masters won't be paid for their trouble.' I sat down in a rage, and, pulling off my great-coat, sallied up to my dear. 'At least,' thought I, 'this is left me, and woe to any mortal who stops me here.'

"Mary, like an angel, consoled me in my affliction, and I came down in high glee, bidding defiance to all obstructions, and swearing I would again apply to my work on Monday at light.

"Just as I had made up my mind in came the servant with a letter from Lord Grey, marked 'Private.' My heart jumped. It contained a cheque — I read it, and vowed vengeance against all rascally tradesmen on earth. This was wrong. By degrees I recovered my good feelings, and went to bed thanking God, grateful to Lord Grey, and at peace with my family and the world.

"*27th.* — Hard at work. I made a capital drawing of Lord Stanley.

"*February 3rd.* — The Chancellor sat to-day. His eye is as fine as any eye I ever saw. It is like a lion's, watching for prey. It is a clear grey, the light vibrating at the bottom of the iris, and the cornea shining, silvery, and tense. I never before had the opportunity of examining Brougham's face with the scrutiny of a painter, and I am astonished at that extraordinary eye.

"*7th.* — Lord Ebrington came, and a very delightful sitting we had. I asked him about Napoleon.* He said he acknowledged the massacre at Jaffa without the least compunction, though he did not think him blood-thirsty. We talked about the fag of the House of Commons. He said the old school during Mr. Fox's time neglected their food during debate. He remembered when he was first in Parliament, in 1804, Mr. Fox used to take him to Brooks's, and have hot suppers at whatever time the debate ended. I remarked on the danger of the House of Commons from the heat and draughts of air. He said, by prudence in diet, and taking a light dinner only, he felt no inconvenience, but that if he lived as he did at other times, he would not be able to bear it.

11th. — Duke of Richmond sat, and Lord Ebrington. I asked the Duke if there was ever a moment when he desponded at Waterloo. He said, 'Never. For an instant some young officers might fear, when the cavalry were on the hill, that they had got possession of the artillery; but all old ones knew that cavalry getting possession of artillery was nonsense.'

"*12th.* — Lord Westminster sat to-day. After Lord W. was gone came the Lord Advocate (Jeffrey). He amused me delightfully, and talked incessantly; but there is a sharp, critical discovery of what is defective in nature which is not agreeable. He described Lord Althorp's reception of him last May, when he called to ask what he should do about his resignation, which was quite graphic. Lord Althorp's secretary could not give him any information, and Lord Althorp desired he would walk up stairs. Up Jeffrey walked. Lord Althorp had just done washing, and one arm was bare above the elbow, and rather hairy. His razor was in the other, and he was about to shave. 'Well, Mr. Advocate,' said his Lordship, 'I have the pleasure to inform you that we are no longer His Majesty's Ministers. We sent in our resignations, and they are

* With whom Lord Ebrington had several conversations at Elba.

accepted.' When they returned Jeffrey called again. He was looking over his fowling-pieces, and said to Jeffrey, 'Confound these political affairs; all my locks are got out of order,' in his usual grumbling, lazy way.

"Jeffrey said he thought him a fine specimen of what an English gentleman ought to be. There was not a single head in the picture Jeffrey recognised. He sees nothing in nature but what is a subject of criticism.

"*16th.* — This week I have finished Duke of Cleveland, Lord Ebrington, put in Lord Westminster, Duke of Richmond, and Lord Advocate — fair work — and rubbed in Falstaff for my dear friend, W. Newton. If that fellow was to die I should break my heart — though, God knows, I have often broken his by worrit. For him and Ed. Smith I would lay my head on the block, though I have tried their patience severely. Peace to 'em.

"*24th.* — This week I have finished Lord Westminster, Hume, and Lord Ebrington, and Lord Morpeth I am advancing. Next week Lord Cavendish, Burdett, and Lord Howick, sit.

"Jeffrey told me a capital story of Talleyrand at a public dinner. His health was drank. Before the noise was over he got up, made a mumbling, as if speaking — spoke nothing — made a bow, and sat down; at which the applause redoubled, though all those immediately about him knew he never said a word.

"*26th.* — Lord Cavendish sat, and was ready to let me make any use of his face — three parts of it, or half of it — and put him anywhere. Now, when I contrast this with some of the city committee, who march up to the picture and say, 'Put me there,' close to Lord Grey, it is really exquisite.

"The beauty of high breeding is delightful. No people are better trained. The Duke of Richmond said he approved of fagging. It made a boy know himself. Lord March was at Westminster. He was educated there himself. Every Saturday he came home, which the Duke thought advantageous. From our public schools have

proceeded certainly as manly a race of nobility as there is in any country in the world, and greater statesmen. There is something hard in their training.

"*March 3rd.* — Sketched Sir Francis Burdett at Brookes's, in the little parlour as you enter the door, on the right. He was reading Cobbett, and it was interesting to watch the expression of his face. He seemed satisfied that the great grievance had been got rid of, and thought after a little noise all would be quiet. I hope it may.

"I asked him if O'Connell had been cut. He said he did not know; but that he certainly would never notice him again.

"Sir Francis was the picture of health. His hands were strong and coarse, like a horseman's. I asked him how he preserved such good health, and if he lived in any particular manner. He said, never. He used the bath, not regularly, but often; drank no wine, except when he dined out, and was always better without it. He did not live by rule, and conformed to society; but frequent baths, no wine, and hunting, agreed with him.

"*9th.* — Lord Advocate came in for half-an-hour; amusing as usual. *Ex cathedrâ.* You must not take the lead, or my Lord looks at his watch. We talked of O'Connell. 'I,' said I, 'never saw such a head — cut up by deep passions.' 'Deep scars of thunder' — his cheeks entrenched,' said my Lord, taking the quotation out of my mouth, and I could not get in again. He repeated the passage with fine emphasis, as finely as I ever heard it. 'There are parts,' said I, 'in the Paradise Regained, as fine as anything.' He would not listen, but kept mumbling to himself. I said in a loud voice, for I was determined to have a touch too, —

> "And here and there was room
> For barren desert, fountainless and dry."

He stopped, and said, 'very fine.' I tried to turn the conversation, that I might leave off with Milton, but he stuck to the first passage like a little gamecock. I

thought I had better be quiet. He has a fine melodious voice.

"*20th.*—Lord Plunkett sat patiently and sensibly. He is very arch, amusing, and witty. He asked me what I thought of Barry's picture in the Adelphi. I told him Dr. Johnson had said, 'There was a grasp of mind there you found nowhere else.' And he was right. I said 'Barry was ignorant of colour, could not draw, and had no refined ideas of beauty;' he agreed with me. He said he had visited him in 1786—that he talked with great fluency and power, and called Sir Joshua 'That man in Leicester Fields.'

"I pointed out to him the fatal consequences of not having professors at the universities. He agreed with me. I told him West had had Pitt's and Fox's promise. I had corresponded with Lord Liverpool, Canning, Goderich, and Wellington, without effect.

"I said, 'It will be done at last, my Lord. It must be done,' or the manufactures will decay, and the art itself go out.'

"Lady Howick and Miss Eden called afterwards. Just as I was preparing to put in Lord Plunkett, up came an odd, burly-looking man, full of colour, with great energy. He began, 'I have been a staunch reformer twenty-eight or thirty years. I dined there that day. Ought I not to be here? I am a magistrate.' 'Sir,' said I, 'you have a head worthy of any dinner; but I fear my places are taken.' 'I hope not, Mr. Haydon. I brought in Col. Grey. I did, sir. I am true to the bone,' &c. &c. Seeing there was no getting rid of him, I said, 'Come, sir, sit down. I'll make a sketch, and see if I can't squeeze you in.' He sat down, and amused me amazingly, with all sorts of anecdotes about elections, and D'Israeli's failure, &c. He had a head like a vulgar eagle—a complete specimen of a species nowhere to be seen but in an English country town. There sat a fellow before me, as Lord Brougham said, who cared for nothing,—shot, shells, bayonets, or prisons—bottom to the bone—blood to the

vitals,—as if a gamecock, a race stallion, a bull-dog, a mastiff and a lion had been concerned in his propagation. There he sat, as if defying the devil. I thought to myself, 'is there such another specimen on earth?' 'They said to me,' said he, 'who is Col. Grey?' 'Who is he?' said I. 'When you buy a cock you ask who his father is. Well, if he is of a good breed you buy him. Never mind who Col. Grey is, we know his sire.'

"I finished him. He took his leave. 'I hope to know more of 'ee, sir.' 'I hope so, sir;' and he went off, giving his name and address,—a genuine country squire.

"*23rd.* — Duke of Sussex sat amiably. I never saw anything like it. He exceeds all my sitters for patience and quiet. There he sat smoking and talking. I felt quite easy, and sketched with more ease than I ever did before. He talked on all subjects. I hit him, and he was pleased. No interruption whatever took place.

"I found him regarding the National Gallery now with a very different feeling to what he held before, and I plainly see I have had effect in high life.

"*25th.* — Finished the Duke of Sussex till he comes. There is literally as much difference between a royal person and a mere nobleman as between a nobleman and a mere plebeian. Such is the effect of breeding and habit.

"*27th.*—Lord Plunkett sat, very amiably and quietly. He has an arch humour. 'When do you sketch O'Connell?' said one of his daughters. 'There is one thing,' said Lord Plunkett, 'If you could take his head entirely off, you would do great good to society.'

"Lord Plunkett said, 'You have put —— between the candles. I'll lay my life he would be thinking of the expense of so much wax.' I thought I should have died with laughing, because —— actually said, as he looked at the candles, 'That's bad wax.' 'Why, sir?' said I. 'Because there is too much snuff; no good wax has any.'

"*April 18th.* — Was at the House of Commons last night, under the gallery. I was much amused. As I was waiting at the door of the entrance, an old white-headed

man, of the Pitt and Fox days, said, lifting up the whites of his eyes, 'They are at the Jews to-night: my God!' as if the world was coming to an end at such an innovation. O'Connell, in the midst of great confusion, thundered out, 'I know I shall get no attention about Ireland; go on, gentlemen, make as much noise as you like. It is only a bit of fresh despotism for *Ierrland*.' The House was dead quiet. Hobhouse, Hume, and Campbell made effective replies. When the question was put about the Jews, the burst of 'Ayes' was sublime,—like a heavy volley of musketry,—while the scattering of the 'Noes' was absolutely ridiculous.

"*May 16th.*—Mr. Coke and Sir Ronald Ferguson sat. Mr. Coke's head is the finest I ever saw—the only one I ever saw which I would choose for Aristides. This is a genuine unsophisticated opinion. He told some beautiful anecdotes of Fox. He said the first time he came into power he dined with him. He went on talking before the servants. After they were gone some one said, 'Fox, how can you go on so before the servants?' 'Why the devil,' said Fox, 'should they not know as much as myself?'

"Mr. Coke said he remembered a fox killed in Cavendish Square, and that where Berkeley Square now stands was an excellent place for snipes."

On the 17th Haydon sustained a bereavement in the death of one of his children, Alfred, a sickly but interesting boy between seven and eight years old.

"*August 20th.*—Alfred was buried. Dear Fanny's coffin was taken out quite uninjured, and Alfred put under. I cried when I saw them both put together, who had been together in life, and were now in death inseparable.

"*21st.*—I expect Mr. Pendarves, and ought to be preparing for him; but I am sitting still, staring at my picture, and musing on my boy's expression when he died.

"Mr. Tom Duncombe sat yesterday, but I was very languid in the drawing. It is a painful struggle.

"Put in Mr. Pendarves well. Yesterday visited the grave of my children, close to Mrs. Siddons', whose name is almost obliterated.* The birds were singing — thrush, blackbird, and linnet. It is the prettiest burial-ground in England, except Shakespeare's.

"Mr. Coke came late, and a most delightful sitting he gave me. He is full of reminiscences. He told me a story of Charles Fox. One night at Brookes's, he made some remark on government powder, in allusion to something that happened. Adams considered it a reflection and sent Fox a challenge. Fox went out, and took his station, giving a full front. Fitzgerald said, 'You must stand sideways.' Fox said, 'Why I am as thick one way as the other.' 'Fire,' was given — Adams fired, Fox did not; and when they said he must, he said, 'I'll be damned if I do. I have no quarrel.' They then advanced to shake hands. Fox said, 'Adams, you'd have killed me if it had not been government powder.' The ball hit him in the groin, and fell into his breeches.

"I asked him a question which interested him very much. I had heard Lord Mulgrave say at table it was a fact that Charles Fox would have agreed to come in under Mr. Pitt latterly, as Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Mr. Coke said there was such a report, and he wrote Fox, saying if it were so they must separate. Fox assured him on his honour it was not so, and he has the letter now.

"Mr. Coke said Fox was as fond of shooting as a school-boy. He went out one morning. It came on to rain. Fox stood under some firs with a gamekeeper, who was a great talker. All the day it rained incessantly. As the ladies were all waiting dinner in came Fox. 'Where have you been, Charles?' said Mr. Coke. 'Why talking to that fellow all day. There is hardly a man I can't get something from if he talks,' said Mr. Fox.

"Mr. Coke said George IV. swore he would knight him once, when a very violent petition was coming up, brought by Mr. Coke. Mr. Coke said he had made up

* In Paddington new church-yard.

his mind that if the King attempted it he would have knocked off the sword.

"*June* 13*th.* — Out. Went to the King's Bench. Called on poor D——. I found him just the same. While he was talking to me about his prospects of getting out again, a little girl behind took up a pipe, and began to blow bubbles. I never saw such a moral. It affected me. The bubble rose, glittering and trembling, hit against poor D——'s head, and burst. I gave him a little, and as I went down my old messenger was standing to receive me. He called out, 'God bless ye, Mr. Haydon; I was in hopes when I saw you, you had come in again.' 'Thank you, my hero, you are very good.' 'How d'ye do, sir,' said the turnkey, 'God bless you. You've quite deserted us.' 'Ah, Mr. Haydon,' said Joe Ward (one of the figures in Chairing the Member), 'You are looking quite fat and jolly.' I went away musing.

"17*th.* — Being exceedingly exhausted I went out to take air, and look at Sir Joshua. Sir Joshua always delights and improves me. Lawrence looks by his side like a miniature-painter in large, and West like a skilful sign-painter. Sir Joshua had the true feeling. Ottley, who remembered him, said the first time he saw Sir Joshua he showed him a picture of the Continence of Scipio. Ottley said it put him in mind of Parmigiano. Sir Joshua seemed angry, for it was stolen from that painter.

"While I was out the Duke of Sussex called. This is always the way. He sat quietly by himself looking at the picture. Lady Duncannon called. The Duke left word he would come in two or three days, and give me a sitting. Now I have hardly been out at that time of day for several weeks, and the first day I do in comes H. R. Highness.

"Lord Melbourne said the other night, 'I remember Reynolds. He was a hardworking old dog. When I sat to him, he worked too hard to be happy.'

"This is exactly Lord Melbourne! He is one of those three boys who are standing up in the picture.

"*20th.* — Mr. Coke sat with his two boys. He said when Burke was dying Fox went down to see him: but Burke would not see Fox. When he came back Mr. Coke was lamenting Burke's obstinacy. 'Ah,' said Fox, 'Never mind, Tom, I always find every Irishman has got a piece of potatoe in his head.'

"*July 2nd.* — Went to Lord Spencer's, by Lord Lyttleton's desire, to see first editions, vellum copies, rare Boccacios, unaccountable Dantes, impossible to be found Virgils, and not to be understood first editions of Homer!

"Met Sir C. Bagot, whom I remember Canning's private secretary for foreign correspondence (1807).

"Sir Charles Bagot said Michel Angelo's own copy of Dante, with a large margin and his designs, fell into the hands of the Bishop of Derry, and was lost going across to Marseilles.

"*July 6th.* — Captain Spencer and Lord Althorp called. I had a remarkable evidence of Lord Althorp's goodness of heart.

"The Whigs had been d——g Attwood for a radical and a fool, and begging me not to put him in.

"Lord Althorp said, 'Oh yes, he was prominent in the cause. He ought to be in.' This was noble; all party feelings vanished in his honest heart.

"Lord Althorp was much pleased.

"In reviewing my account of my sitters, they all seem to be amiable and delightful, and they really have been so. They came on terms of equality. I received and painted them like a gentleman; they did not pay me, so there was no disagreeable feeling of employer and employed. A more delightful time never artist had.

"*18th* — *19th.* — Attended Irish Church debate in the Lords closely, and with great advantage to the picture.

"The Duke spoke well and without hesitation. There was a manly honour about his air, and when he read a quotation, to see him deliberately take out his glasses and put them on was extremely interesting. He enforces what he says with a bend of his head, striking his hand

forcibly, and as if convinced, on the papers. He finished, and, to my utter astonishment, up started Lord Melbourne like an artillery rocket. He began in a fury. His language flowed out like fire. He made such palpable hits that he floored the Duke of Wellington as if he had shot him. But the moment the stimulus was over his habitual apathy got a-head. He stammered, hemmed, and hawed. But it was the most pictorial exhibition of the night. He waved his white hand with the natural grace of Talma; expanded his broad chest, looked right at his adversary like a handsome lion, and grappled him with the grace of Paris.

"*August* 10*th.* — Hard at work. Duke of Cleveland sat. On the 29th ult. I was just beginning to work, when in rushed two sheriffs' officers, saying they had an execution against my person. This was an affair of three years standing. I had been security — paid half — the rascal had neglected to pay the other half, and they sued me. Away I was hurried, almost bewildered. All my former agonies returned. I spent a day and a night of torture, absent from my family and children; I recovered my faculties, after very nearly putting an end to myself during the night. I wrote Mr. Ellice, who had expressed great sympathy. He sent Mrs. Haydon 50*l.*, which released me at once. He wrote to the Duke of Cleveland, 50*l.* more came from him, and in a few hours I was as happy and as hard at work again as ever.

"10*th.* — The picture is much advanced. Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Ellice, and Mr. Geo. Lamb sat to-day. Mr. Ellice told a story of old Lady Rosslyn. Mrs. —— was announced. When the women were bundling off, 'Sit still, sit still,' said old Lady R., 'It is na' catching.'

"12*th.* — Hard at work. Put in Charles Grey, and finished Mr. Poyntz. He said he lived formerly with Sheridan a great deal. Once when he was dining with him at Somerset-House, and they were all in high feather, in rushed the servant, and said, 'Sir, the house is on fire!'

'Bring another bottle of claret,' said Sheridan. 'It is not my house.'

"I really begin to get sick of sitters, and long to be at the general effect. The work is beginning to tire me; ninety-seven heads, all portraits: I have not had a moment's rest for nine months. Lord Grey seems half-worn out, but not so much so as last year.

"*September 26th.* — Lord Melbourne sat, and I began a sketch of him. We got on art. I said, 'Why do you leave out the Academy in this Commission on Corporations?' He replied, 'You may have it in, if you please.' *Nous verrons.* 'What would have been the state of art,' he asked, 'if no Academy had been founded?' I replied, 'When Reynolds, Hogarth, Wilson, and Gainsborough had started up without an Academy, did you found one to raise them? When Michel Angelo, Raffaele, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, and Tintoretto had flowered, they did the same in Florence and in Rome.' 'It was a great mistake,' Lord Melbourne replied.

"*27th.* — Lord Melbourne sat again to-day. I spoke to him about a series of national subjects. He said, 'Nothing but abuse would follow the selection of any individual.' And supposing it did? What moral cowardice! I showed him the subjects. He approved of all, but said, 'If we subscribed 100*l.* a-piece, every man has his favourite artist.' Of course: but the same complaints were made of Raffaele's selection. San Gallo and all the old boys complained that a young man had been employed. Would I had been born under a despot of taste! The will is wanting here.

"*October 11th.* — Lord Palmerston sat. We had a delightful conversation. I stuck it into him well about the Elgin Marbles. I showed him from his own wrist their truth in hands. I proved to him their science in the action of two feet and legs, and he acknowledged he now saw the cause of my enthusiasm. Lord Palmerston was sincere in this.

"*12th.* — Lord Palmerston sat finally. I bored him on

Greek art, which he listened to with the most amiable patience. I showed him drawings from dissections—explained to him principles of form, which he entered into. It varied the monotony of sitting, but I fear he thought me a nuisance.

"17*th*.—Dined at Lord Palmerston's. Met Baron Bulow, Baron Wessenburg, the American Minister, Lord Hill, and a distinguished party.

"I sat next to Lord Hill. I said, 'My Lord, I feel great interest in seeing your Lordship after reading so much about you.' 'Ah,' said Lord Hill, 'those days are past.' 'But,' said I, 'not forgotten.' He seemed pleased at my allusion, and came home with me to see the picture.

"While in the carriage I said, 'My Lord, was there ever any time of the day at Waterloo when you desponded?' 'Certainly not,' he replied. 'There never was any panic?' 'No. There was no time of the day.' I said, 'I apologise; but Sir Walter Scott asked the Duke the same thing, and he made the same reply.' Lord Hill said, in the simplest way, 'I dare say.'

"He went into my parlour, and saw the portrait of Lord Durham, with his own writing under. On the left Napoleon's bed; on the right, his column.

"He was pleased at Lord Grey's picture.

"21*st*.—Out the whole precious day in the city to beg time, and sign a cognovit, to get time for the balance of another. My sympathies involve me.

"'Why do you give bills?' because I want time. 'Why cognovits?' because people will not wait, first without bills, then without security; but this is the way I have been always ruined. Time never stops. A man should never rest in his labours, especially with a family. On rolls the wheel till its movement is too strong to be stopped.

"*November* 11*th*.—The scene at the Lord Mayor's dinner at Guildhall last night was exquisite—the mischievous air of over-politeness with which Lord B——

handed in the Lady Mayoress,—the arch looks of Lord Melbourne,—the supercilious sneer of Lord S—— at 'a city affair,' as he called it.

"In the ball-room I said to Lord S——, 'Lord Melbourne enjoys it.' 'There is nothing Lord Melbourne does not enjoy,' said he.

"Can there be a finer epitaph on a man? It is true of Lord Melbourne, who is all amiability, good-humour, and simplicity of mind.

"*17th.*—Lord Althorp sat, and a very pleasant chat we had. He said, 'Do you paint portraits?' 'Yes, my Lord.' 'I thought you were above it.' In the course of sitting, he said, 'Do you think you could paint a goodish portrait?' He has been tampered with.

"I sketched him successfully. We talked of Canning. I said, 'Do you think Canning would have stopped reform?' 'No,' said Lord Althorp, 'he might have postponed it. He could not have stopped it.' I said, 'What do you think of Canning?' 'A man of splendid talents, who would have been steady when he had realised his ambition by getting to the top,' said Lord Althorp. I remarked, 'He was not to be depended on.' He assented. I then said, 'He was haughty to his inferiors.' 'He was silent in general company,' said Lord Althorp. 'How Attwood has fallen,' said I. 'I always expected it,' said Lord Althorp. 'What would have been the result, my Lord,' said I, 'had his paper system been adopted?' 'A crash,' said Lord Althorp.

1834.

"*January 6th.*—Improved Lord Grey. Lady Grey did not call, as I expected. Faddled, and made a capital drawing from the naked model. My heart yearned with delight at seeing the naked figure again—its beautiful varieties, its unaffected grace.

"*11th.*—Lord Grey sat very pleasantly indeed, and I made, in my own opinion, and that of Lord Lansdowne, a

successful drawing. Sir W. Gordon came in, and suggested one or two things of great use. He said the basis of Lord Grey's character was excessive amiability, and it was this which attached others to him. He wished me to soften one or two things: 'for instance, the brow,' said he; 'if a man was dressed it would not be up.' Lord Grey smoothed it down. Sir Willoughby little thought what a principle of art was here concealed,—dressed! nature dressed!

"Velasquez would have gone 500 miles for such a brow and nostril as Lord Grey's, and to suit the weakness of modern effeminacy, I will not emasculate the one, or dress the other.

"I have often wondered at the reason of the power and vigour I see in the heads of Vandyke. The age was less fastidious and dandy. Perhaps the manners were grosser, but they were more native. There was at least none of that meretricious mania for softening and polishing down all expression and character into one universal smoothness, void alike of truth and strength.

"*14th.*—While we were talking on Saturday to Sir Willoughby Gordon, Lord Grey said, with the greatest simplicity of expression, 'What in God's name do you do with so many sentries? What is the use of a sentry in Downing Street? Why at the end of the passage there's one, and two by the Duke of York's column,—what is the use of that? When the east winds come you'll have all the men laid up. That place is like a funnel.'

"Lord Grey was quite right. It was fine to see his love of civil liberty playing in. Sir W. Gordon smiled excuses.

"*24th.*—I now close this book full of interesting matter. I have had opportunities of impressing the highest classes with the value of high design. But I found them, from Lord Grey downwards, Ministers and all, perfectly unimpressible.

"Lord Grey said to me the other day he did not see much the value of drawing. 'Look at Reynolds and

Corregio,' said he. This was not his own, but Shee's. I looked fiery, but did not speak, because I could not speak without making him ridiculous.

"Design is the basis of art, and a basis of such breadth that manufactures, as well as art, rest in its excellence.

"He does not see the utility of bringing the Cartoons into London. He does not see the utility of leaving room for future bequests of old works, or future purchases of fine national works. He does not see the danger of the junction of the Academy and National Gallery under one roof. In fact, he likes the Academy, its dinner, its portraits, its inefficiency.

"I have now put down my name for the Professorship of Design at the London University. Shall I get it? No — though I am certainly the most fit man in England. And here, as in art, I shall be driven to fling myself and my principles on public sympathy, and instead of influencing the people through the nobility, compel the nobility through the better taste and knowledge of the people. I await the result only, when I will do it.* Depressed I am not. It is not in my nature. I trust in God. He who inspired me for a great purpose, who has carried me through so many shocks, will not let me live in vain, but will render my life, death, or knowledge, available to a great reform in my country's art.

"*February* 16*th*.† — Called on Lord Althorp and found him as good-humoured as usual. Amidst all this row went in to Lord Grey, and found him on the point of setting off for Woburn. He looked capitally well; and I could not help thinking, as I looked at him, what a very interesting head he had got, — peaceable, delicate, and touching in expression. He agreed to come at the end of the week.

* How prophetic of my Lectures (1835). — B. R. H.

† Here begins the 20th volume of the journals (marked on the back "Whig Journal"), with the motto from Job, "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth, therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty."

" He objected to my putting Lord Durham's name on the standards. Lord Durham objects to be placed on the steps because he was Minister and at Petersburgh; and so, between the two, Lord Durham will be out where he ought to be most specifically in.

" Put in Lord Durham's name concealed on a standard. Lord Grey won't find it out till it is too late.

" One hundred years hence, when the picture is taken down to be cleaned, they'll say, 'Bless me, here's Lord Durham's name — and Bentham's.'

" *22nd.* — A very interesting day. At twelve I went to O'Connell's, and certainly his appearance was very different from what it is in the House of Commons. It was on the whole hilarious and good-natured. But there was a cunning look. He has an eye like a weasel. Light seemed hanging at the bottom, and he looked out with a searching ken, like Brougham, something, but not with his depth of insight.

" I was first shown into his private room. A shirt hanging by the fire, a hand-glass tied to the window-bolt, papers, hats, brushes, wet towels, and dirty shoes, gave intimation of 'Dear Ireland.' After a few moments O'Connell rolled in in a morning gown, a loose black handkerchief tied round his neck, God knows how, a wig, and a foraging cap bordered with gold lace. As a specimen of character, he began, 'Mr. Haydon, you and I must understand each other about this picture. They say I must pay for this likeness.' 'Not at all, sir.' This is the only thing of the sort that has happened to me.

" He sat down and I sketched him. We talked of repeal. 'What did ye think of me when I first started the question?' 'That you were mad,' said I. 'Do you not think, sir,' I said, 'that Ireland, being the smaller, must always be subject to England, the larger island?' 'No,' said O'Connell. 'Is not Portugal a smaller country than Spain?' 'Yes, but she is a separate country.'

" 'One great mistake of the Liberals,' said he, 'is their

infidelity. Now, there are no infidels in Ireland.' 'No,' said I, 'they are too poetical.' O'Connell looked at me as if the thought was new and true. I succeeded in his head. It is a head of hilarity and good-humour, while his nose and eyes denote keen cunning. His voice is melodious and persuasive, and there is a natural poetry about his mind that renders him interesting. There were no less than five papers in the room, in which O'Connell read alternately. He said, 'I got a scolding from Peel last night. I told him I spared him this once — but the next time —'

"*24th.* — A drawing-room. The Duke of Sussex, being excused on account of his eyes, sent word he would sit. Lord Saye and Sele sat first, and the Duke came at half-past two. I made the room comfortable for him — lighted a candle for his cigars — put a thick rug for his feet, and the Duke said he felt quite comfortable. He seemed so, and we got into a regular political talk. 'As far as the Catholic question for Ireland went, I go,' said the Duke, 'but no further. Directly they got this they talked of Repeal. Then I hesitate. So with the dissenters. The Test and Corporation acts were unjust: it was right to repeal them. But when the dissenters begin to make this repeal only a ground for encroachment, then I stop also.'

"We talked of royalty. He said he did not think it was quite fair, after giving up the Royal domains, that the Royal family should be obliged to sue *in formâ pauperis* for subsistence. He said, 'We begin in debt. I did not get an establishment till I was thirty.'

"*26th.* — Lady Grey called, but she was not satisfied. You can never please a lady in the portrait of her husband, unless you give him a spice of that expression which won her heart. Then she says it is exactly like him.

"*March 1st.* — O'Connell sat. Just before he sat Lord Spencer's secretary called. While he was yet with me O'Connell came in his best wig, and looking in great health and vigour. O'Connell has a head of great senti-

ment and power, but yet cunning. The instant he came in he looked at the picture, and said, 'Ah, there's Stanley,' with a smile I never yet saw on his countenance; — Melbourne, Graham, Russell, — Grey, but too handsome; — Althorp, the bitterest enemy of Ireland, — but he shall never legislate for her.'

"O'Connell was in great good-humour, and I begged him to give me a history of his early life. He did so immediately — explained their first meeting to consider the grievances of Catholics — their being interrupted by a company of soldiers, &c., &c. The poetical way in which he described the crashing of the muskets on the stones at 'Order arms' was characteristic. I said, 'It is somewhat ungrateful, after getting emancipation, to turn round and demand repeal.' 'Not in *me*,' said O'Connell, 'I always said repeal would be the consequence of emancipation, and I always avowed such to be my object.' 'Do you think you will carry it?' 'Not a doubt of it,' said O'Connell. 'If you get repeal, what will you do?' 'Have an Irish Parliament directly.' 'But an Irish Parliament,' said I, 'was always corrupt.' 'Yes,' said he, 'in borough-mongering times; but now there is a constituency. Besides, corrupt as it was, it carried important measures.'

"I then varied the conversation, and told him some Irish stories, which he laughed at and retorted. I told him the highest compliment which was ever paid me was by an Irishman:—'It is a pity that the hand which painted that picture should be ever under the turf.' O'Connell was amazingly pleased. He told me some capital stories. Some great big Irish counseller said to Curran, 'If you go on so I'll put you in my pocket.' 'By God, if you do,' said Curran, 'you'll have more law in your pocket than ever you had in your head.'

"'Upon my word,' I said, 'you take up more time in the House than you ought.' 'We can't help it,' said O'Connell. 'Don't you think the Irish people barbarous?' said I. O'Connell was shaken, and he tried to explain why they were not, but did not succeed. O'Con-

nell spoke of himself with great candour. He said, 'How could the Government expect, after the character and publicity I gained by emancipation, I could relapse into a poor barrister? Human vanity would not permit it.'

"He was pleased with my portrait, and said if I wished to paint him the size of life, he would give me an hour every Saturday. I shall begin him the size of life. I said, 'My room is a curious scene. I paint everybody from Lord Grey to ——' 'The poor radical like me,' said O'Connell. I was going to say, 'Humble committeeman.'

"'How they bore you,' said I, 'in the House about Barrett.' 'Ah,' said O'Connell, with one of his wicked arch smiles, 'Barrett and I understand each other. He makes 1500*l.* or 2000*l.* a-year by being my organ.'

"*April 14th.* — Five minutes before two, dear Harry died. God bless him.

"This boy was my favourite child. His character was noble, his talents great, he was as quick as lightning.

"His passion for the memory of Napoleon was extraordinary. He had a collection of Napoleon prints — two hundred — which every day after dinner he looked over. He used to stand for hours looking at my Napoleon musing.

"His organ of destructiveness was large, firmness great, and combativeness very large.

"He talked of a charge of cavalry with rapture.

"18*th.* — The death of this beautiful boy has given my mind a blow I shall never effectually recover. I saw him buried to-day, after passing four days sketching his dear head in the coffin — his beautiful head! What a creature! With a brow like an ancient god! His heart was noble, his intellect extraordinary, and his sensibility deep and touching, with a figure and form as fine as his beautiful head: —

"His day without a cloud was passed,
And he was lovely to the last."

"*23rd.* — Began Cassandra. God bless me through it. Amen.

"*24th.* — Advanced. Saw Lord Grey, and had a very interesting interview. I showed him my sketches to adorn the House of Lords, of a series of subjects to illustrate the best government for mankind. He replied, 'They are a fine series, but there is no intention I know of to take down the tapestry, and the House of Commons is in such a temper about expenditure, that I could not propose such a thing. For myself I have done as much as I can afford.' 'My Lord, I have no personal object with you individually. Do you think there is any prospect of such a mode of employment for me? Could you undertake to sanction it?' Lord Grey replied, 'I could not.' He then said, 'I have no doubt you would get through them, and do the country honour.'

"He said, 'How does your exhibition go on?' 'Badly, my Lord, I am losing money every day.' 'I am very sorry for it,' he said. I said, 'My Lord, the middle classes do not come.' Lord Grey mused with an air of anxiety, and then said, 'The picture is not liked.' I said, 'My Lord, it is not so: I have never painted a picture more liked by the artists or the visitors.'

"Lord Melbourne told me it was generally approved.

"The fact is, the Government is not popular, and the middle classes give this exhibition a political feeling.

"A respectable tradesman at Charing Cross told me so, as I returned.

"Here am I again, after nineteen months' fashion and prosperity, in necessity, with the chance of poverty and ruin!"

This refers to the picture of the Reform Banquet, which was exhibited towards this end of the month. But the agitation of the public mind was too great to allow them to feel interest in pictures — or at least this was the cause to which Haydon himself attributed a failure which left him once more in his usual straits.

"*May 2nd, 3rd, 4th.* — Hard at work, very much em-

barrassed about my exhibition. Lord Grey is anxious because it has failed. I am on the borders of ruin.

"*12th.* — Out the whole day on harassing pecuniary matters.

"It is really lamentable to see the effect of success and failure on people of fashion.

"Last year all was hope, exultation, and promise with me. My door was beset: my house besieged: my room inundated. It was an absolute fight to get in to see me paint. Ah, that was the curiosity. Well, out came the work,—the public felt no curiosity,—it failed, and my door is deserted, no horses, no carriages. I said to Edward Ellice, 'I hope they won't let me sink.' 'You may depend,' said he, 'you will not be let sink.' 'We shall see,' said I.

"The morning he and Lord Durham set out for Paris, he came to my exhibition, said Lord Grey was not a little pleased, and wished me a good month of it. I wrote to him to say it had failed. He says, 'I can give you no advice.' I remind him of our conversation. No reply. I tell him I am sinking. No answer.

"*15th.* — Hill, member for Hull, called on me, and begged I would be in the lobby of the House at five, as Ewart, member for Liverpool, was to bring on his motion for a committee of inquiry at the Academy, and he would get me under the gallery. I went down. Out came Hill with Ewart. Mr. Spring Rice had been spoken to, and had assured him in all probability the Academy would never get into the National Gallery at all. At any rate they would be tenants-at-will. So he had deferred his motion till next session."

Haydon had by this time begun a new picture, from the Agamemnon of Æschylus, of Cassandra, who, at the entrance of the palace of Mycenæ, meets Agamemnon returning victorious from Troy, and prophesies his impending fate.

"*June* 4th. — Began again at Cassandra, after it had dried a month.

"Now for executions, misery, insult, and wretchedness.

"I worked under continual depressions hardly to be borne. Mary is exasperated, what with nursing and harass, till her mind will certainly give in. My dear little infant Georgiana will be the sacrifice. In fact with such alternations of success and misfortune, first a palace, then a prison, a family can hardly be brought through. God only knows. I have sent a long letter to the Duke of Devonshire. No answer yet. Perhaps it will be thrown among the begging letters. Improved Cassandra.

"*7th.*—Mary and I in agony of mind. All my Italian books, and some of my best historical designs, are gone to a pawnbroker's. She packed up her best gown and the children's, and I drove away with what cost me 40*l.* and got 4*l.* The state of degradation, humiliation, and pain of mind in which I sat in the dingy hell of a back-room is not to be described. The Duke of Bedford had sat in the morning. I was in the House of Lords last night, the companion of princes, to-day in a pawnbroker's parlour.

"Came home in exhausted spirits, and found 50*l.* from the Duke of Sutherland, for a small commission. Such is life!"

Haydon had, some time before this, (as has been recorded,) offered himself as a candidate for the Professorship of Design, which it was the design of the Council of the London University to establish. He was informed that his application would be unsuccessful, and withdrew his name from the list of candidates. The design of founding such a Professorship was afterwards abandoned. As usual, Haydon attributed his want of success to the secret influence of the Academy. Meanwhile Cassandra was advancing, and to his great joy, on the 3d of July, he received a commission to paint it from the Duke of Sutherland, whose timely aid he had not now to acknowledge for the first time.

"*July 5th.*—Began the Cassandra for the Duke of Sutherland. God bless me through it. Amen."

In this month Lord Grey resigned. Haydon had con-

ceived a strong feeling of regard for him during the progress of the Banquet, and he was neither slow nor cold in his expression of it, on Lord Grey's retirement from office. I do not conceive, however, that I should be acting judiciously in inserting here any of Haydon's political disquisitions or letters, which at this time are both numerous and long. He was an ardent reformer, in spite of his old high Tory predilections, and the favours he had received from the leaders of the Reform Ministry had strengthened the influences originally derived from the spirit of the time. His political speculations sorely interfered with his painting, and the journals of last year and this show it in the diminished number of their sketches.

"*July* 19*th.*—Advanced Cassandra beautifully. The difficulty I have had to fall back into my old habits of study is scarcely to be believed. I was in a perpetual fever for nineteen months, excited by politics, mingling with political characters, regularly attending the House of Lords. I got so mixed up with public affairs that my art was almost forgotten; though all this gave me an insight into the state of the nobility as to art, not to be obtained otherwise.

"*August* 8*th.*—Out in the morning in great pecuniary anxiety. Advanced in the evening the Cassandra. Wrote Lord F. L. Gower offering him the Birmingham drawings.

"9*th.*—Heard from Lord F. L. Gower, who declined. Worked hard and finished Falstaff and Hal.

"10*th.*—Called on Wilkie; found him at work on Columbus. Wilkie's thin paintings are too apparent. We had an interesting conversation as usual.

"13*th.*—Worked hard. Wilkie called, looked interesting and kind. We had a grand consultation about Cassandra. I disapproved of the kneeling figure as too common. I showed the sketch where I had tried the horses alone. He suggested the altar, which I think may do. I'll try to-morrow. We were both pleased to see each other again consulting. It is a pity we ever separated

on academical politics. Perhaps we can never be so intimate as we were; though we both seem hankering. He admired my dear eldest daughter, baby, and dear Mary, and went away with great amiability.

"16*th*.—I awoke early. As I lay musing I thought 'Lord Grey leaves Downing Street to-day. It is my duty to go, and take a last look.' Lord Grey was at breakfast with Lady Georgina and some one else. Lord Grey shook my hand heartily. I was affected, and as I shook his I thanked him for all his goodness to me. He looked at me, and was touched also, for my voice began to break. I never saw him looking better, fresher or stronger—no longer that horrid, gasping anxiety. I took my leave, and wished him health and happiness. Lord Grey was receiving my adieu as an official thing, but the moment my voice gave evidence of my sensibility, I shall never forget the look of his keen eye as he examined my face. I am sure it must have convinced him of my sincere feelings. I shall never see him again there as First Lord.—Hail and farewell.

"He has done little for art. Let us see what I can do now with Lord Melbourne. Lord Grey, with the greatest simplicity, thought he was advancing the art by housing the National Gallery and Royal Academy under one roof. I first shook his belief, but it was too late for any good. They dine together, speechify, cajole, and gossip over their wine, and the art is jobbed and ruined.

"29*th*.—Closed my unfortunate exhibition. Lost 230*l*. by it. God knows if I shall recover this. God protect my dear children. If they should be stopped in their education it will be their ruin.

"The latter part of this month has been passed in harass and disappointment. To-morrow I am threatened with an execution for 18*l*. 6*s*.; 5*l*. of which is sheer law expenses. I have written the Duke, but if no answer comes to-morrow my ruin will be certain.

I undertook the picture of the Reform Banquet for 525*l*.
I have lost - - - - 230*l*.

"Thus the price is reduced to 295*l.* The city was to have had a copy, which it has not commissioned me to paint, and never will. But for the commission of the Duke of Sutherland, I should have been crushed. And but for the protection of my Great Protector in all things, I shall be crushed yet.

"30*th.* — Went into the city in great misery, having raised 1*l.* 10*s.* by pledging valuable studies. Fletcher, the chairman of the city committee, gave me 10*l.* for some sketch he is to call and select. This relieved my mind. I called on my creditor, and begged to pay this 18*l.* 6*s.* at 5*l.* a week. He referred me to his attorney. I saw the attorney, a humane and worthy young man, who seemed shocked at a man of my fame begging mercy for my family. He promised no execution till he heard, and I came home comparatively happy for this promise, but alas it will be the same over again on Monday. Time lost, mind jaded, spirit irritated.

"*September 2nd.* — In the city all the morning, and after some trouble got a severe creditor to wait till the 15th. While I was waiting for a friend who went to him for me, the New Post Office flashed in my mind as adapted for Agamemnon's palace. I bought a sixpenny book and borrowed a pencil of the shopman, and made a sketch: when I came home I rubbed in a new background, which I had been conceiving, and it is a great addition.

"*September 3rd.* — The background that the Post Office suggested yesterday is an immense improvement. To-day, after a week of misery, came 100*l.* from the Duke, and 10*l.* from Hill, M. P. for Hull, so that here I am up in key again. I drew for four hours with delight, and got all my figures nearly ready from the naked."

Lord Melbourne being now at the head of the administration, Haydon availed himself of his easy good-humour and accessible habits to urge on him, as he had done on his predecessors for twenty years, the duty of providing public employment for artists. But the charming *insouci-*

ance of Lord Melbourne was worse than the most frigid formality of any of his predecessors. He was always ready to listen when Haydon talked, but as to impressing him with any sense of the importance of the subject! Here is one example, out of many, of these conversations between the pleasant Minister and the passionate painter.

"*24th.*—Called on Lord Melbourne; was very glad to see him and he me. We had a regular set-to about art. I went on purpose. I said for twenty-five years I have been at all the Lords of the Treasury without effect. The First Lord who has courage to establish a system for the public encouragement of high art will be remembered with gratitude by the English people. He said, 'What d'ye want?' '2000*l.* a year.' 'Ah,' said Lord Melbourne, shaking his head and looking with his arch eyes, 'God help the Minister that meddles with art.' 'Why, my Lord?' 'He will get the whole Academy on his back.' 'I have had them on mine, who am not a minister and a nobleman, and here I am. You say the Government is poor: you voted 10,000*l.* for the Poles, and 20,000*l.* for the Euphrates.' 'I was against 10,000*l.* for the Poles. These things only bring over more refugees,' said Lord Melbourne. 'What about the Euphrates?' 'Why, my Lord, to try if it be navigable, and all the world knows it is not.' Then Lord Melbourne turned round, full of fun, and said, 'Drawing is no use, it is an obstruction to genius. Corregio could not draw, Reynolds could not draw.' 'Ah, my Lord, I see where you have been lately.' Then he rubbed his hands, and laughed again. 'Now, Lord Melbourne,' said I, 'at the bottom of that love of fun, you know you have a mine of solid sense. You know the beautiful letter you wrote me. Do let us have a regular conversation. The art will go out.' 'Who is there to paint pictures?' said he. 'Myself, Hilton, and Etty.' 'Etty! why he paints old ——,' said Lord Melbourne. 'Well, come on Sunday at eleven.' 'I am going out of town and will put my ideas clearly on paper.' 'Well, Sunday week. Will that do?' 'Yes, my Lord. Now;

my dear Lord, do be serious about it. 'I will,' said he, looking archly grave, with his handsome face, and fine naked neck, for he was just out of his bed, in his dressing-gown. 'Gad, it is something to get him to say he will really listen: he has more sagacity than any of them.

"I said, 'Do you occupy Downing Street?' He said, 'No,' with hesitation. I fancy he fears his lease; but he is a man fond of his leisure, and by keeping his house he is out of the way of bore till business hours. Lord Grey was always in it.

"*29th.*—Altered and improved the composition of Cassandra. My mind has recovered its tone, though that dear boy Harry haunts me, and my harassings are really dreadful; yet the lawyers are more disposed to be quiet, and to use me well."

A sorry comment on this occurs four pages later, where he has amused himself bitterly, by wafering on the leaves a half-dozen of lawyers' letters, in various moods of peremptoriness.

"*Oct. 6th.*—I am convinced long suffering from pecuniary necessity affects the imagination. It magnifies difficulties.

"*8th.*—Worked hard—advanced Cassandra better. Paid away right and left. Directly after the Duke's letter came with its enclosed cheque, an execution was put in for the taxes. I made the man sit for Cassandra's hand, and put on a Persian bracelet. When the broker came for his money, he burst out a-laughing. There was the fellow, an old soldier, pointing in the attitude of Cassandra—upright and steady, as if on guard. Lazarus' head was painted just after an arrest; Eucles finished from a man in possession; the beautiful face in Xenophon in the afternoon after a morning spent in begging mercy of lawyers; and now Cassandra's head was finished in agony not to be described, and her hand completed from a broker's man.

"*16th.*—Good God! I am just returned from the terrific burning of the Houses of Parliament. Mary and I

went in a cab, and drove over the bridge. From the bridge it was sublime. We alighted, and went into a room of a public-house, which was full. The feeling among the people was extraordinary—jokes and radicalism universal. If Ministers had heard the shrewd sense and intelligence of these drunken remarks! I hurried Mary away. Good God, and are that throne and tapestry gone with all their associations!

"The comfort is there is now a better prospect of painting a House of Lords. Lord Grey said there was no intention of taking the tapestry down—little did he think how soon it would go."

Here is another of those hopeless struggles with the elasticity of Lord Melbourne.

"19*th*.—Called on Lord Melbourne, and after a little while was admitted. He looked round with his arch face, and said, 'What now?' as much as to say, 'What the devil are you come about—art I suppose.' 'Now, my Lord,' said I, 'I am going to be discreet for the rest of my life, and take you for an example.' I got up, and was eagerly talking away, when he said, 'Sit down.' Down I sat, and continued, 'Do you admit the necessity of state support?' 'I do not,' said he; 'there is private patronage enough to do all that is requisite.' 'That I deny,' I replied, at which he rubbed his hands and said, 'Ha, ha.' He then went to the glass, and began to comb his hair. I went on: 'My Lord, that's a false view; private patronage has raised the school in all the departments where it could do service, but high art cannot be advanced by private patronage.' 'But it is not the policy of this country to interfere,' said he. 'Why?' 'Because it is not necessary,' said he. 'You say so, but I'll prove the contrary.' 'Well, let us hear,' said Lord Melbourne: 'where has art ever flourished? In Greece, Egypt, Italy. How? by individual patronage. 'No, my Lord, by the support of the state alone. Has it flourished in any country without it? No. How can your Lordship expect it in this.' He did not reply. 'Ergo,' said I, 'if it

has flourished in every country where state patronage accompanied it, and if it has never flourished here, where there has been no state patronage, what is the inference? High art does not end with itself. It presupposes great knowledge, which influences manufactures, as in France. Why is she superior in manufactures at Lyons? Because by state support she educates youth to design. It came out in committee, and Peel and Hume both acknowledged our general ignorance in design was the reason of our inferiority.'

"'You say you can't afford it. In Lord Bexley's time the same thing was said, and yet 30,000*l.* was spent to build an ophthalmic hospital — it failed — 5000*l.* was fetched by the sale of the materials, and 4000*l.* voted to Adams, for putting out the remaining eyes of the old veterans.' 'No doubt,' said Lord Melbourne, 'a great deal of money has been uselessly spent.' 'I take the excuse of poverty as a nonentity,' I said. He did not reply.

"'Now, my Lord, Lord Grey said there was no intention of taking down the tapestry. *It's down.* A new House must be built. Painting, sculpture, and architecture must be combined. Here's an opportunity that never can occur again. Burke said it would ultimately rest on a Minister. Have you no ambition to be that man?' He mused, but did not reply. 'For God's sake, Lord Melbourne, do not let this slip — for the sake of art — for your own sake — only say you won't forget art. I'll undertake it for support during the time I am engaged, because it has been the great object of my life. I have qualified myself for it, and be assured, if high art sinks, as it is sinking, all art will go with it.' No reply. 'Depend on my discretion. Not a word shall pass from me; only assure me it is not hopeless.' Lord Melbourne glanced up with his fine eye, and looked into me, and said, 'It is not.'

"There will be only a temporary building till Parliament meets. There's time enough."

"*20th.* — Out to battle with lawyers; pawned all my Birmingham studies for 5*l.*, and my lay-figures for 4*l.* This was a great help. I was able to pay off balances. I received 120*l.* a week ago, and it's all gone.

"If the Duke had not been so kind, God only knows what I should have done.

"*November 7th.* — All day at the background. Backgrounds are very serious affairs. The old masters put as little interest as possible into the background. Nothing but what would set-off and never interfere with the foreground. Now in the Agamemnon, victory and welcome from his people should be apparent, contrasted with the evil impending, and the inspired threatenings of Cassandra; and yet any mark of triumph in the streets, such as tapestry, people huzzaing, &c. &c., seems to overpower the interest in front instead of adding to it.

"*9th.* — Sent down in the morning to know if Lord Melbourne could see me. He sent me back word he would receive me at one. At one I called, and saw him. The following dialogue ensued, 'Well, my Lord, have you seen my petition to you?' 'I have.' 'Have you read it?' 'Yes.' 'Well, what do you say to it?' He affected to be occupied, and to read a letter. I said, 'What answer does your Lordship give? What argument or refutation have you?' 'Why, we do not mean to have pictures. We mean to have a building with all the simplicity of the ancients.' 'Well, my Lord, what public building of the ancients will you point out without pictures? I fear, Lord Melbourne, since I first saw you, you are corrupted. You meet Academicians at Holland House. I am sure you do.' He looked archly at me, and rubbed his hands. 'I do. I meet Calcott. He is a good fellow.' 'Good enough: but an Academician.' 'Ha, ha,' said Lord Melbourne. 'Now, my Lord, do be serious.' 'Well, I am: Calcott says he disapproves of the system of patrons taking up young men to the injury of the old ones; giving them two or three commissions, and letting them die in a workhouse.' 'But if young men

are never to be taken up, how are they to become known? But to return. Look at Guizot. He ordered four great pictures to commemorate the barricades for the government. Why will not the Government do that here? What is the reason, Lord Melbourne, that no English minister is aware of the importance of art to the manufactures and wealth of the country? I will tell you, my Lord, you want tutors at the Universities' — I was going on talking eagerly with my hand up. At that moment the door opened, and in stalked Lord Brougham. He held out his two fingers and said, 'How dy'e do, Mr. Haydon?' While I stood looking staggered, Lord Melbourne glanced at me and said, 'I wish you good morning.' I bowed to both and took my leave.

"I cannot make out Lord Melbourne, but I fear he is as insincere as the rest. The influence behind the curtain is always at work, and if he meets Academicians at Holland House, their art playing on his comparative ignorance chills him.

"The first great opportunity was the million voted for the new churches. I appealed to Vansittart. It came to nothing, though Lord Farnborough really exerted himself. This is the next, — the new Houses of Parliament, and yet this will end in smoke too. The soil is bad, uncultivated.

"11*th.* — Hardish at work; but no letter from the Duke to-day. Obliged to go out, in the middle of my dear delightful work, to see, argue and battle with lawyers. Came home in misery, and put in the drapery of Electra.

"12*th.* — Harassed; threatened with executions; Mary rushed away to an old friend and got 6*l.* I was obliged to take down my five best engravings, rubbed out all the names, and got 5*l.* more. Mary packed up everything she could spare, and we raised 3*l.* 10*s.* on 40*l.* worth of things.

"15*th.* — Let this day stand blessed in the calendar; the 'dear Duke'* (as the ladies call Wellington) has be-

* The Duke of Sutherland, who had advanced the balance of the price of Cassandra.

haved like a hero. I have tried his patience, but it was for his sake. God bless him and the Duchess, not forgetting me and Mary."

This month Lord Melbourne followed Lord Grey, and with him, for the present, went Haydon's hopes of state encouragement for high art.

"18*th*.—Spent the whole day in Lord Grey's room, Downing Street, sketching every article for the picture of A Statesman's Fireside. Lord Melbourne returned no more. Lord Grey's furniture was moving. I mused about the room with deep feeling. There he sat the morning after the banquet. There I shook hands with him and Lord Althorp. I recalled conversations I shall never forget, and feelings I am proud of. The Duke takes possession to-morrow. How exactly it has turned out as I prophesied in letters during the Reform contest,—'Let the Whigs beware an eagle on the watch does not pounce in, and carry off the laurel due to them.'

"I think I had now better conclude my political career, and for the remainder of my life stick to my art.

"28*th*.—Called on Lord Melbourne and found him as hearty as ever. We had a set-to about art. He advised me to try Peel, which I shall do. He would not open his lips about politics. Lord Melbourne said he had talked to several artists about a vote of money, and they all said it had better be let alone. 'Who?' said I. 'Portrait-painters in opulence. Why do you not give me an opportunity to meet these fellows? The fact is,' said I, 'you are corrupted, you know you are, since I first talked to you. Calcott after dinner at Lord Holland's has corrupted you, sneered you out of your right feelings over your wine.' He acknowledged there was a great deal of truth in this, and laughed heartily.

"He advised me to attack Peel, and told me how to proceed to get a sum in the estimates. This is exactly Lord Melbourne. He has no nerve himself; he seemed ashamed, and now, willing not to lose some of the credit, pushes me off on Peel. We shall see.

"*31st.*—Last day of 1834. Thank God I have got up to it, and Cassandra is done except two trifles, which I hope to accomplish before night. I shall review the year before twelve at night, and pray in, as I always do, the new year 1835. Now to work.

"Worked and completed Cassandra.

"Mary and I have endured this year great anxieties. The failure of Lord Grey's picture, and the rapid dispersion of the 400 guineas from the Duke of Sutherland's commission, to save ourselves from the bitter failure and loss, shook us horribly. I applied myself vigorously, finished Cassandra, trusted in God for subsistence, and up to this hour, this last hour of 1834, have had it most miraculously.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

LONDON:
SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW,
New-street-Square.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 06 February, 2016